THE

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## THE TRUMPETER.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

When the trumpets at Bisuka barracks sound retreat, the girls in the Meadows cottage, on the edge of the Reservation, begin to hurry with the supper things, and Mrs. Meadows, who has been young herself, says to her eldest daughter, "You go now, Callie; the girls and I can finish." Which means that Callie's colors go up as the colors on the hill come down; for soon the tidy infantrymen and the troopers with their yellow stripes will be seen, in the first blush of the afterglow, tramping along the paths that thread the sagebrush common between the barracks and the town; and Callie's young man will be among them, and he will turn off at the bridge that crosses the açéquia, and make for the cottage gate by a path which he ought to know pretty well by this time.

Callie's young man is Henniker, one of the trumpeters of K troop, ——th cavalry; *the* trumpeter, Callie would say, for though there are two of the infantry and two of the cavalry who stand forth at sunset, in front of the adjutant's office, and blow as one man the brazen call that throbs against the hill, it is only Henniker that Callie hears. That trumpet blare, most masculine of all musical utterances, goes straight from his big blue-clad chest to the heart of his girl, across the clear lit evening; but not to hers alone. There is only one Henniker, but there is more than one girl in the cottage on the common.

At this hour, nightly, a small dark head, not so high above the sage as Callie's auburn one, pursues its dreaming way, in the wake of two cows and a half-grown heifer, towards the hills where the town herd pastures. Punctually at the first call it starts out behind the cows from the home corral; by the second it has passed, very slowly, the foot-bridge, and is nearly to the corner post of the Reservation; but when "sound off" is heard, the slow-moving head stops still. The cheek turns. A listening eye is raised; it is black, heavily lashed; the tip of a silken eyebrow shows against the narrow temple. The cheek is round and young, of a smooth clear brown, richly under-tinted with rose, — a native wild flower of the Northwest. As the trumpets cease, and the gun fires, and the brief echo dies in the hill, the liquid eyes grow sad.

"Sweet, sweet! too sweet to be so short and so strong!" The dumb childish heart swells in the constriction of a new and keener sense of joy, an unspeakable new longing.

What that note of the deep-colored summer twilight means to her she hardly understands. It awakens no thought of expectation for herself, no definite desire. She knows that the trumpeter's sunset call is his good-by to duty on the eve of joy; it is the pæan of his love for Callie. Wonderful to be like Callie; who after all is just like any other

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girl, — like herself, just as she was a year ago, before she had ever spoken to Henniker.

Henniker was not only a trumpeter, one of four who made music for the small two-company garrison; he was an artist with a personality. The others blew according to tactics, and sometimes made mistakes; Henniker never made mistakes, except that he sometimes blew too well. Nobody with an ear listening nightly for taps could mistake when it was Henniker's turn, as orderly trumpeter, to sound the calls. He had the temperament of the joyous art; and with it the vanity, the passion, the forgetfulness, the unconscious cruelty, the love of beauty, and the love of being loved that made him the flirt constitutional as well as the flirt military, — which not all soldiers are, but which all soldiers are accused of being. He flirted not only with his fine gait and figure, and bold roving glances from under his cap-peak with the gold sabres crossed above it; he flirted in a particular and personal as well as promiscuous manner, and was ever new to the dangers he incurred, not to mention those to which his willing victims exposed themselves. For up to this time in all his life Henniker had never yet pursued a girl. There had been no need, and as yet no inducement, for him to take the offensive. The girls all felt his irresponsible gift of pleasing, and forgot to be afraid. Not one of the class of girls he met but envied Callie Meadows, and showed it by pretending to wonder what he could see in her.

It was himself Henniker saw, so no wonder he was satisfied, until he should see himself in a more flattering mirror still. The very first night he met her, Callie had informed him, with the courage of her bright eyes, that she thought him magnificent fun; and he had laughed in his heart, and said, "Go ahead, my dear!" And ahead they went headlong, and were engaged within a week.

Mother Meadows did not like it much, but it was the youthful way, in pastoral frontier circles like their own; and Callie would do as she pleased, — that was Callie's way. Father Meadows said it was the women's business; if Callie and her mother were satisfied, so was he.

But he made inquiries at the post, and learned that Henniker's record was good in a military sense. He stood well with his officers, had no loose, unsoldierly habits, and never was drunk on duty. He did not save his pay; but how much "pay" had Meadows ever saved when he was a single man? And within two years, if he wanted it, the trumpeter was entitled to his discharge. So he prospered in this as in former love affairs that had stopped short of the conclusive step of marriage.

Meta, the little cow-girl, the youngest and fairest, though many shades the darkest of the Meadows household, was not of the Meadows blood. On her father's side, her ancestry, doubtless, was uncertain; some said carelessly, "Canada French." Her mother was pure squaw of the Bannock breed. But Mother Meadows, whose warm Scotch-Irish heart nourished a vein of romance together with a feudal love of family, upheld that Meta was no chance slip of the murky half-bloods, neither clean wild nor clean tame. Her father, she claimed to know, had been a man of education and of honor on the white side of his life, a well-born Scottish gentleman, exiled to the wilderness of the Northwest in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. And Meta's mother had broken no law of her rudimentary conscience. She had not swerved in her own wild allegiance, nor suffered desertion by her white chief. He had been killed in some obscure frontier fight, and his goods, including the woman and child, were the stake for which he had perished. But Father Josette, who knew all things and all people of those parts, and had baptized the infant by the sainted name of Margaret,

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had traced his lost plant of grace and conveyed it out of the forest shades into the sunshine of a Christian white woman's home. Father Josette — so Mrs. Meadows maintained — had known that the babe would prove worthy of transplantation.

She made room for the little black-headed stranger, with soft eyes like a mouse (by the blessing of God she had never lost a child, and the nest was full), in the midst of her own fat, fair-haired brood, and cherished her in her place, and gave her a daughter's privilege.

In a wild, woodlandish way, Meta was a bit of an heiress in her own right. She had inherited through her mother a share in the yearly increase of a band of Bannock ponies down on the Salmon meadows; and every season, after the grand round-up, the settlement was made, — always with distinct fairness, though it took some time, and a good deal of eating, drinking, and diplomacy, before the business could be accomplished.

"What is a matter of a field worth forty shekels betwixt thee and me?" was the etiquette of the transaction, but the outcome was practically the same as in the days of patriarchal transfers of real estate.

Father Meadows would say that it cost him twice over what the maiden's claim was worth to have her cousins the Bannocks, with their wives and children and horses, camped on his borders every summer; for Meta's dark-skinned brethren never sent her the worth of her share in money, but came themselves with her ponies in the flesh, and spare ponies of their own, for sale in the town; and on Father Meadows was the burden of keeping them all good natured, of satisfying their primitive ideas of hospitality, and of pasturing Meta's ponies until they could finally be sold for her benefit. No account was kept, in this simple, generous household, of what was done for Meta, but strict account was kept of all that was Meta's own.

The Bannock brethren were very proud of their fair kinswoman who dwelt in the tents of Jacob. They called her, amongst themselves, by the name they give to the mariposa lily, the closed bud of which is pure white as the whitest garden lily; but as each Psyche-wing petal opens it is mooned at the base with a dark purplish stain which marks the flower with startling beauty, yet, to some eyes, seems to mar it as well. With every new bud the immaculate promise is renewed, but the leopard cannot change his spots nor the wild hill lily her natal stain.

This year the sale of pony flesh amounted to nearly a hundred dollars, which Father Meadows put away for Meta's future benefit, — all but one gold piece, which the mother showed her, telling her that it represented a new dress.

"You need a new white one for your best, and I shall have it made long. You're filling out so, I don't believe you'll grow much taller."

Meta smiled sedately. In spite of the yearly object lesson her dark kinsfolk presented, she never classed herself among the hybrids. She accepted homage and tribute from the tribe, but in her consciousness, at this time, she was all white. This was due partly to Mother Meadows's large-hearted and romantic theories of training, and partly to an accident of heredity. The woman who looks the squaw is the squaw, when it comes to the flowering time of her life. To Meta had succeeded the temperament of her mother expressed in the features of her father; whether Canadian trapper or Scotch grandee, he had owned an admirable profile.

A great social and musical event took place that summer in the town, and Meta's first long dress was finished in time to play its part, as such trifles will in the simple fates of girlhood. It was by far the prettiest dress she had ever put over her head; the work of a professional, to begin with. Then its length persuaded one that she was taller than

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nature had made her. Its short waist suited her youthful bust and flat back and narrow shoulders. The sleeves were puffed and stood out like wings, and were gathered on a ribbon which tied in a bow just above the bend of her elbow. Her arms were round and soft as satin, and pinkish-pale inside, like the palms of her small hands. All her skin, though dark, was as clear as wine in a colored glass. The neck was cut down in a circle below her throat, which she shyly clasped with her hands, not being accustomed to feel it bare. And as naturally as a bird would open its beak for a worm, she exclaimed to Mother Meadows, "Oh, how I wish I had some beads!" And before night she had strung herself a necklace of the gold-colored pompons with silver-gray stems that spangle the dry hills in June, — "butter-balls" the Western children call them, — and, in spite of the laughter and gibes of the other girls, she wore her sylvan ornament on the great gala night, and its amazing becomingness was its best defense.

So Meta's first long dress went, in company with three other unenvious white dresses and Father Meadows's best coat, to hear the "Coonville Minstrels," a company of amateur performers representing the best musical talent in the town, who would appear for one night only, for the benefit of the free circulating library fund.

Henniker was not in attendance on his girl as usual.

"What a pity," the sisters said, "that he should have to be on guard to-night!" But Meta remembered, though she did not say so, that Henniker had been on guard only two nights before, so it could not be his turn again, and that could not explain his absence.

But Callie was as gay as ever, and did not seem put out even at her father's bantering insinuations about some other possible girl who might be scoring in her place.

The sisters were enraptured over every number on the programme. The performers had endeavored to conceal their identity under burnt cork and names that were fictitious and humorous, but everybody was comparing guesses as to which was which, and who was who. The house was packed, and "society" was there. The feminine half of it did not wear its best frock to the show and its head uncovered, but what of that! A girl knows when she is looking her prettiest, and the young Meadowses were in no way concerned for the propriety of their own appearance. Father Meadows, looking along the row of smiling faces belonging to him, was as well satisfied as any man in the house. His eyes rested longer than usual on little Meta to-night. He saw for the first time that the child was a beauty; not going to be, — she was one then and there. Her hair, which she was accustomed to wear in two tightly braided pigtails down her back, had been released and brushed out all its stately maiden length, "crisped like a war-steed's encolure." It fell below her waist, and made her face and throat look pale against its blackness. A spot of white electric light touched her chest where it rose and fell beneath the chain of golden blossom balls, — orange gold, the cavalry color. She looked like no other girl in the house, though nearly every girl in town was there.

Part I. of the programme was finished; a brief wait, — the curtain rose, and behold the colored gentlemen from Coonville had vanished. Only the interlocutor remained, scratching his white wool wig over a letter which he begged to read in apology for his predicament. His minstrelsy had decamped, and spoilt his show. They wrote to inform him of the obvious fact, and advised him, facetiously, to throw himself upon the indulgence of the house, but "by no means to refund the money."

Poor little Meta believed that she was listening to the deplorable truth, and won-

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dered how Father Meadows and the girls could laugh.

"Oh, won't there be any second part, after all?" she despaired; at which Father Meadows laughed still more, and pinched her cheek, and some persons in the row of chairs in front half turned and smiled.

"Goosey," whispered Callie, "don't you see he 's only gassing? This is part of the fun."

"Oh, is it?" sighed Meta, and she waited for the secret of the fun to develop.

"Look at your programme," Callie instructed her. "See, this is the Impressario's Predicament The Wandering Minstrel comes next. He will be splendid, I can tell you."

"Mr. Piper Hide-and-Seek," murmured Meta, studying her programme. "What a funny name!"

"Oh, you child!" Callie laughed aloud, but as suddenly hushed, for the sensation of the evening, to the Meadows party, had begun.

A very handsome man, in the gala dress of a stage peasant, of the Bavarian Highlands possibly, came forward with a short, military step, and bowed impressively. There was a burst of applause from the bluecoats in the gallery, and much whistling and stamping from the boys.

"Who is it?" the lady in front whispered to her neighbor.

"One of the soldiers from the post," was the answer.

"Really!"

But the lady's accent of surprise conveyed nothing beside the speechless admiration of the Meadows family. Callie, who had been in the exciting secret all along, whispered violently with the other girls, but Meta had become quite cold and shivery. She could not have uttered a word.

Henniker made a little speech in an assumed accent which astonished his friends almost more than his theatrical dress and bearing. He said he was a stranger, piping his way through a foreign land, but he could "spik ze Engleesh a leetle." Would the ladies and gentlemen permit him, in the embarrassing absence of better performers, to present them with a specimen of his poor skill upon a very simple instrument? Behold!

He flung back his short cloak, and filled his chest, standing lightly on his feet, with his elbows raised.

No rattling trumpet blast from the artist's lips to-night, but, still and small, sustained and clear, the pure reed note trilled forth. Willow whistles piping in springtime in the stillness of deep meadow lands before the grass is long, or in flickering wood paths before the full leaves darken the boughs, — such was the pastoral simplicity of the instrument with which Henniker beguiled his audience. Such was the quality of sound, but the ingenuity, caprice, delicacy, and precision of its management were quite his own. They procured him a wild encore.

Henniker had been nervous at the first time of playing; it would have embarrassed him less to come before a strange house, for there were the captain and the captain's lady, and the lieutenants with their best girls; and forty men he knew were nudging and winking at one another; and there were the bonny Meadowses, with their eyes upon him and their faces all aglow. But who was she, the little big-eyed dark one in their midst? He took her in more coolly as he came before the house the second time; and this time he knew her, but not as he ever had known her before.

Is it one of nature's revenges that in the beauty of their women lurks the venom of the dark races which the white man has put beneath his feet? The bruised serpent has its sting; and we know how from Moab and Midian down the daughters of the heathen have been the un-

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happy instruments of proud Israel's fall, and how the shaft of his punishment reaches him through the body of the woman who cleaves to his breast.

That one look of Henniker's at Meta, in her strange yet familiar beauty, sitting captive to his spell, went through his flattered senses like the intoxication of strong drink. He did not take his eyes off her again. His face was pale with the complex excitement of a full house that was all one girl, and all hushed through joy of him. She sat so close to Callie, his reckless glances might have been meant for either of them; Callie thought at first they were for her, but she did not think so long.

Something followed on the programme at which everybody laughed, but it meant nothing at all to Meta. She thought the supreme moment had come and gone, when a big Zouave in his barbaric reds and blues marched out and took his stand, back from the footlights, between the wings, and began that amazing performance with a rifle which is known as the "Zouave drill."

The dress was less of a disguise than the minstrel's had been, and it was a sterner, manlier transformation. It brought out the fighting look in Henniker. The footlights were lowered, a smoke arose behind the wings, strange lurid colors were cast upon the figure of the soldier magician.

"The stage is burning!" gasped Meta, clutching Callie's arm.

"It's nothing but red fire. You must n't give yourself away so, Meta; folks will take us for a lot of Sagebrushers."

Meta settled back in her place with a fluttering sigh, and poured her soul into this new wonder.

But Henniker was not doing himself justice to-night, his comrades thought. No one present was so critical of him or so proud of him as they. A hundred times he had put himself through this drill before a barrack audience, and it had seemed as if he could not make a break. But to-night his nerve was not good. Once he actually dropped his piece, and a groan escaped the row of uniforms in the gallery. This made him angry; he pulled himself up and did some good work for a moment, and then — "Great Scott! he 's lost it again! No, he has n't. Brace up, man!" The rifle swerves, but Henniker's knee flies up to catch it; the sound of the blow on the bone makes the women shiver; but he has his piece, and sends it savagely whirling, and that miss was his last. His head was like the centre of a spinning-top or the hub of a flying-wheel. He felt ugly from the pain of his knee, but he made a dogged finish, and only those who had seen him at his best would have said that his drill was a failure.

Henniker knew, if no one else did, what had lost him his grip in the rifle act. His eyes, which should have been glued to his work, had been straying for another and yet one more look at Meta. Where she sat so still was the storm centre of emotion in the house, and when his eyes approached her they caught the nerve shock which shook his whole system and spoiled his fine work. He cared nothing for the success of his piping when he thought of the failure of his drill. The failure had come last, and, with other things, it left its sting.

On the way home to barracks, the boys were all talking, in their free way, about Meta Meadows, — the little broncho, they called her, in allusion to her great mane of hair, — which made Henniker very hot.

He would not own that his knee pained him, he would not have it referred to, and was ready, next day, to join the riders in squad drill, a new feature of which was the hurdles and ditch-jumping and the mounted exercises, in which, as usual, Henniker had distinguished himself.

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The Reservation is bounded on the southeast side, next the town, by an irrigation ditch, which is crossed by as many little bridges as there are streets that open out upon the common. (All this part of the town is laid out in "additions," and is sparsely built up.) Close to this division line, at right angles with it, are the dry ditches and hurdle embankments over which the stern young corporals put their squads, under the eye of the captain.

Out in the centre of the plain other squads are engaged in the athletics of horsemanship, a series of problems in action which embraces every sort of emergency a mounted man may encounter in the rush and throng of battle, and the means of instantly meeting it, and of saving his own life or that of a comrade. So much more is made in these days of the individual powers of the man and horse that it is wonderful to see what an exact yet intelligently obedient combination they have become; no less effective in a charge as so many pounds of live momentum to be hurled on the bayonet points, but much more self-reliant on scout service, or when scattered singly, in defeat, over a wide, strange field of danger.

On the regular afternoons for squad and troop drill, the ditch bank on the town side would be lined with spectators: ladies in light cotton dresses and beflowered hats, small barelegged boys and muddy dogs, the small boys' sisters dragging bonnetless babies by the hand, and sometimes a tired mother who has come in a hurry to see where her little truants have strayed to, or a cowboy lounging sideways on his peaked saddle, condescending to look on at the riding of Uncle Sam's boys. The crowd assorts itself as the people do who line the barriers at a bullfight: those who have parasols, to the shadow; those who have barely a hat, to the sun.

Here, on the field of the gray-green plain, under the glaring tent roof of the desert sky, the national free circus goes on, to the screaming delight of the small boys, the fear and exultation of the ladies, and the alternate pride and disgust of the officers who have it in charge.

A squad of the boldest riders are jumping, six in line. One can see by the way they come that every man will go over: first the small ditch, hardly a check in the pace; then a rush at the hurdle embankment, the horses' heads very grand and Greek as they rear in a broken line to take it. Their faces are as strong and wild as the faces of the men. Their flanks are slippery with sweat. They clear the hurdles, and stretch out for the wide ditch.

"Keep in line! Don't crowd!" the corporal shouts. They are doing well, he thinks. Over they all go; and the ladies breathe again, and say to each other how much finer this sport is because it is work, and has a purpose in it.

Now the guidon comes, riding alone, and the whole troop is proud of him. The signal flag flashes erect from the trooper's stirrup; the horse is new to it, and fears it as if it were something pursuing him; but in the face of horse and man is the same fixed expression, the sober recklessness that goes straight to the finish. If these do not go over, it will not be for want of the spur in the blood.

Next comes a pale young cavalryman just out of the hospital. He has had a fall at the hurdle the week before and strained his back. His captain sees that he is nervous and not yet fit for the work, yet cannot spare him openly. He invents an order, and sends him off to another part of the field where the other squads are manœuvring.

If it is not in the man to go over, it will not be in his horse, though a poor horse may put a good rider to shame; but the measure of every man and every horse is taken by those who have watched them day by day.

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The ladies are much concerned for the man who fails, — "so sorry" they are for him, as his horse blunders over the hurdle, and slackens when he ought to go free; and of course he jibs at the wide ditch, and the rider saws on his mouth.

"Give him his head! Where are your spurs, man?" the corporal shouts, and adds something under his breath which cannot be said in the presence of his captain. In they go, floundering, on their knees and noses, horse and man, and the ladies cannot see, for the dust, which of them is on top; but they come to the surface panting, and the man, whose uniform is of the color of the ditch, climbs on again, and the corporal's disgust is heard in his voice as he calls, "Ne-aaxt!"

It need not be said that no corporal ever asked Henniker where were *his* spurs. To-day the fret in his temper fretted his horse, a young, nervous animal who did not need to know where his rider's heels were quite so often as Henniker's informed him.

"Is that a non-commissioned officer who is off, and his horse scouring away over the plain? What a dire mortification," the ladies say, "and what a consolation to the bunglers!"

No, it is the trumpeter. He was taking the hurdle in a rush of the whole squad; his check-strap broke, and his horse went wild, and slammed himself into another man's horse, and ground his rider's knee against his comrade's carbine. It is Henniker who is down in the dust, cursing the carbine, and cursing his knee, and cursing the mischief generally.

The ladies strolled home through the heat, and said how glorious it was and how awfully real, and how one man got badly hurt; and they described in detail the sight of Henniker limping bareheaded in the sun, holding on to a comrade's shoulder; how his face was a "ghastly brown white," and his eyes were bloodshot, and his black head dun with dust.

"It was the trumpeter who blew so beautifully the other night, — who hurt his knee in the rifle drill," they said. "It was his knee that was hurt to-day. I wonder if it was the same knee?"

It was the same knee, and this time Henniker went to the hospital and stayed there; and being no malingerer, his confinement was bitterly irksome and a hurt to his physical pride.

The post surgeon's house is the last one on the line. Then comes the hospital, but lower down the hill. The officer's walk reaches it by a pair of steps that end in a slope of grass. There are moisture and shade where the hospital stands, and a clump of box-elder trees is a boon to the convalescents there. The road between barracks and canteen passes the angle of the whitewashed fence; a wild syringa bush grows on the hospital side, and thrusts its blossoms over the wall. There is a broken board in the fence, which the syringa partly hides.

After three o'clock in the afternoon this is the coolest corner of the hospital grounds; and here, on the grass, Henniker was lying, one day of the second week of his confinement.

He had been half asleep when a soft, light thump on the grass aroused him. A stray kitten had crawled through the hole in the fence, and, feeling her way down with her forepaws, had leaped to the ground beside him.

"Hey, pussy!" Henniker welcomed her pleasantly, and then was silent. A hand had followed the kitten through the hole in the fence, — a smooth brown hand no bigger than a child's, but perfect in shape as a woman's. The small fingers moved and curled enticingly.

"Pussy, pussy? Come, pussy!" a soft voice cooed. "Puss, puss, puss? Come, pussy!" The fingers groped about in empty air. "Where are you, pussy?"

Henniker had quietly possessed him

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self of the kitten, which, moved by these siren tones, began to squirm a little and meekly to "miew." He reached forth his hand and took the small questing one prisoner; then he let the kitten go. There was a brief speechless struggle, quite a useless one.

"Let me go! Who is it? Oh *dear!*"

Another pull. Plainly, from the tone, this last was feminine profanity.

Silence again, the hand struggling persistently, but in vain. The soft bare arm, working against the fence, became an angry red.

"Softly, now. It 's only me. Did n't you know I was in hospital, Meta?"

"Is it you, Henniker?"

"Indeed it is. You would n't begrudge me a small shake of your hand, after all these days?"

"But you are not in hospital now?"

"That 's what I am. I 'm not in bed, but I 'm going on three legs when I 'm going at all. I 'm a house-bound man." A heavy sigh from Henniker.

"Have n't you shaken hands enough now, Henniker?" beseechingly from the other side. "I only wanted kitty; please put her through the fence."

"What 's your hurry?"

"Have you got her there? Callie left her with me. I must n't lose her. Please?"

"Has Callie gone away?"

"Why, yes, did n't you know? She has gone to stay with Tim's wife." (Tim Meadows was the eldest, the married son of the family.) "She has a little baby, and they can't get any help, and father would n't let mother go down because it 's bad for her to be over a cook stove, you know."

"Yes, I know the old lady feels the heat."

"We are quite busy at the house. I came of an errand to the quartermaster-sergeant's, and kitty followed me, and the children chased her. I must go home now," urged Meta. "Really, I did not think you would be so foolish, Henniker. I can't see what fun there is in this!"

"Yes, but Meta, I 've made a discovery, — here in your hand."

"In my hand? What is it? Let me see." A violent determined pull, and a sound like a smothered explosion of laughter from Henniker.

"Softly, softly, now. You 'll hurt yourself, my dear."

"Is my hand dirty? It was the kitten, then; her paws were all over sand."

"Oh no. Great sign! It 's worse than that. It 'll not come off."

"I *will* see what it is!"

"But you can't see unless I was to tell you. I 'm a hand reader, did you know it? I can tell your fortune by the lines on your palm. I 'm reading them off here just like a book."

"Good gracious! what do you see?"

"Why, it 's a most extraordinary thing! Your head line is that mixed up with your heart line, 'pon me word I can't tell which is which. Which is it, Meta? Do you choose your friends with your head entirely, or is it the other way with you, dear?"

"Oh, is that all? I thought you could tell fortunes really. I don't care what I *am*; I want to know what I 'm going to *do*. Don't you see anything that 's going to happen to me?"

"Lots of things. I see something that 's going to happen to you right now. I wonder did it ever happen to you before?"

"What is it? When is it coming?"

"It has come. I will put it right here in your hand. But I shall want it back again, remember; and don't be giving it away, now, to anybody else."

A mysterious pause. Meta felt a breath upon her wrist, and a kiss from a mustached lip was pressed into the hollow of her hand.

"Keep that till I ask you for it," said Henniker quite sternly, and closed her hand tight with his own. The hand became an expressive little fist.

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"I think you are just as mean and silly as you can be! I 'll never believe a word you say again."

"Pussy," remarked Henniker, in a mournful aside, "go ask your mistress will she please forgive me. Tell her I 'm not exactly sorry, but I could n't help it. Faith, I could n't."

"I 'm not her mistress," said Meta.

It was a keen reminder, but Henniker did not seem to feel it much.

"Go tell Meta," he corrected. "Ask her please to forgive me, and I 'll take it back, — the kiss, I mean."

"I 'm going now," said Meta. "Keep the kitten, if you want her. She is n't mine, anyway."

But now the kitten was softly crowded through the fence by Henniker, and Meta, relenting, gathered her into her arms and carried her home.

It was certainly not his absence from Callie's side that put Henniker in such a bad humor with his confinement. He grew morbid, and fell into treacherous dreaming, and wondered jealously about the other boys, and what they were doing with themselves these summer evenings, while he was loafing on crutches under the hospital trees. He was frankly pining for his freedom before Callie should return. He wanted a few evenings which he need not account for to anybody but himself; and he got his freedom, unhappily, in time to do the mischief of his dream, to put vain, selfish longings into the simple heart of Meta, and to spoil his own conscience toward his promised wife.

Henniker knew the ways of the Meadows cottage as well as if he had been one of the family. He knew that Meta, having less skill about the house than the older girls, took the part of chore-boy, and fetched and drove away the cows.

It were simple enough to cross her evening track through the pale sagebrush, which betrayed every bit of contrasting color, the colors of Meta's hair-ribbon and her evening frock; it were simple enough, had she been willing to meet him. But Meta had lost confidence in the hero of the household. She had seen Henniker in a new light; and whatever her heart line said, her head line told her that she had best keep a good breadth of sagebrush between herself and that particular pair of broad blue shoulders that moved so fast above it. So as Henniker advanced the girl retreated, obscurely, with shy doublings and turnings, carefully managed not to confess that she was running away; for that might vex Henniker, and she was still too loyal to the family bond to wish to show her sister's lover an open discourtesy. She did not dream of the possibility of his becoming her own lover, but she thought him capable of going great lengths in his very peculiar method of teasing.

As soon as he understood her tactics Henniker changed his own. Without another glance in her direction he made off for the hills, but not too far from the trail the cows were taking; and choosing a secluded spot, behind a thickset clump of sage, he took out his rustic pipe and waited, and when he saw her he began to play.

Meta's heart jumped at the first note. She stole along, drinking in the sounds, no one molesting or making her afraid. Ahead of her, as she climbed, the first range of hills cast a glowing reflection in her face; but the hills beyond were darker, cooler, and the blue-black pines stood out against the sky like trees of a far cloud-country cut off by some aerial gulf from the most venturesome of living feet.

Henniker saw the girl coming, her face alight in the primrose glow, and he threw away all moments but the present. His breath stopped; then he took a deep inspiration, laid his lips to the pipe, and played, softly, subtly, as one who thinks himself alone.

She had discovered him, but she could not drag herself very far away from those

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sounds. She sat down upon the ground, at last, and gave herself up to listening. A springy sagebush supported her as she let herself sink back; one arm was behind her head, to protect it from the prickly shoots.

"Meta," said Henniker, "are you listening? I 'm talking to you now."

It was all the same; his voice was like another phrase of music. He went on playing, and Meta did not stir.

Another pause. "Are you there still, Meta? I was lonesome to-night, but you ran away from me. Was that friendly? You like my music; then why don't you like me? Well, here 's for you again, ungrateful!" He went on playing.

The cows were wandering wide of the trail, towards the upper valley. Meta began to feel herself constrained, and not in the direction of her duty. She rose, cast her long braids over her shoulder, and moved resolutely away.

Henniker was absorbed in what he was saying to her with his pipe. When he had made a most seductive finish he paused, and spoke. He rose and looked about him. Meta was a long way off, down the valley, walking fast. He bounded after her, and caught her rudely around the waist.

"See here, little girl, I won't be made game of like this! I was playing to you, and you ran off and left me tooting like a fool. Was that right?"

"I had to go; it is getting late. The music was too sweet. It made me feel as if I could cry." She lifted her long-lashed eyes swimming in liquid brightness. Henniker caught her hand in his.

"I was playing to you, Meta, as I play to no one else. Does a person steal away and leave another person discoursin' to the empty air? I did n't think you would want to make a fool of me."

Meta drew away her hand and pressed it in silence on her heart. No woman of Anglo-Saxon blood, without a vast amount of training, could have said so much and said it so naturally with a gesture so hackneyed.

Henniker looked at her from under his eyebrows, biting his mustache. He took a few steps away from her, and then came back.

"Meta," he said, in a different voice, "what was that thing you wore around your neck, the other night, at the minstrels, — that filigree gold thing, eh?"

The girl looked up, astonished; then her eyes fell, and she colored angrily. No Indian or dog could hate to be laughed at more than Meta; and she had been so teased about her innocent make-believe necklace! Had the girls been spreading the joke? She had suddenly outgrown the childish good faith that had made it possible for her to deck herself out in it, and she wished never to hear the thing mentioned again. She hung her head and would not speak.

Henniker's suspicions were characteristic. Of course a girl like that must have a lover. Her face confessed that he had touched upon a tender spot.

"It was a pretty thing," he said coldly. "I wonder if I could get one like it for Callie?"

"I don't think Callie would wear one even if you gave it to her," Meta answered with spirit.

"I say, won't you tell me which of the boys it is, Meta? Won't I wear the life out of him, just!" he added to himself.

"Is what?"

"Your best fellah; the one who gave you that."

"There is n't any. It was nothing. I won't tell you what it was! I made it myself, there! It was only 'butter-balls.'"

"Oh, good Lord!" laughed Henniker.

Meta thought he was laughing at her. It was too much! The sweetness of his music was all jangled in her nerves. Tears would come, and then more tears because of the first.

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Had Meta been the child of her father, she might have been sitting, that night, in one of the vine-shaded porches of the houses on the line, with several young lieutenants at her feet, and in her wildest follies with them she would have been protected by all the traditions and safeguards of her class. As she was the child of her mother, instead, she was out on the hills with Henniker. And how should the squaw's daughter know the difference between protection and pursuit?

When Henniker put his arm around her and kissed the tears from her eyes, she would not have changed places with the proudest lady of the line, — captain's wife, lieutenant's sweetheart, or colonel's daughter of them all. Her chief, who blew the trumpet, was as great a man in Meta's eyes as the officer who buckled on his sabre in obedience to the call.

As for Henniker, no girl's head against his breast had ever looked so womanly dear as Meta's; no shut eyelids that he had ever kissed had covered such wild, sweet eyes. He did not think of her at all in words, any more than of the twilight afterglow in which they parted, with its peculiar intensity, its pang of color. He simply felt her; and it was nearest to the poetic passion of any emotion that he had ever known.

That night Meta deceived her foster-mother, and lying awake beside Callie's empty cot, in the room which the two girls shared together, she treacherously prayed that it might be long before her sister's return. The wild white lily had opened, and behold the stain!

It had been a hard summer for Tim Meadows's family, -- the second summer on a sagebrush ranch, their small capital all in the ground, the first hay crop ungathered, and the men to board as well as to pay. The boarding was Mrs. Tim's part; yet many a young wife would have thought that she had enough to do with her own family to cook and wash for, and her first baby to take care of.

"You 'll get along all right," the older mothers encouraged her. "A summer baby is no trouble at all."

No trouble, when the trouble is twenty years behind us, among the joys of the past. But Tim's wife was wondering if she could hold out till cool weather came, when the rush of the farm work would be over, and her "summer baby" would be in short clothes and able to sit alone. The heat in their four-roomed cabin, in the midst of the treeless land, was an ordeal alone. To sleep in the house was impossible; the rooms and the windows were too small to admit enough air. They moved their beds outside, and slept like tramps under the stars; and the broad light awoke them at earliest dawn, and the baby would never sleep till after ten at night, when the dry Plains wind began to fan the face of the weary land. Even Callie, whose part in the work was subsidiary, lost flesh, and the roses in her cheeks turned sallow, in the month she stayed on the ranch; but she would have been ashamed to complain, though she was heartsick for a word from Henniker. He had written to her only once.

It was Mrs. Meadows who thought it high time that Callie should come home. She had found a good woman to take her daughter's place, and arranged the matter of pay herself. Tim had said they could get no help, but his mother knew what that meant; such help as they could afford to pay for was worse than none.

It seemed a poor return to Callie for her sisterly service in the valley to come home and find her lover a changed man. Mrs. Meadows said he was like all the soldiers she had ever known, — light come, light go. But this did not comfort Callie much, nor more to be reminded what a good thing it was she had found him out in time.

Henniker was not scoundrel enough

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to make love to two girls at once, two semi-sisters, who slept in the same room and watched each other's movements in the same looking-glass. It was no use pretending that he and Callie could "heat their broth over again;" so the coolness came speedily to a breach, and Henniker no longer openly, in fair daylight, took the path to the cottage gate. But there were other paths.

He had found a way to talk to Meta with his trumpet. He sent her messages at guard-mounting, as the guard was forming, when, as senior trumpeter, he was allowed a choice in the airs he played; and when he was orderly trumpeter, and could not come himself to say it, he sent her his good-night in the plaintive notes of taps.

This was the climax of Henniker's flirtations: all that went before had been as nothing, all that came after was much worse than nothing. It was the one sincere as it was the one poetic passion of his life; and had it not cost him his self-respect through his baseness to Callie, and the treachery and dissimulation he was teaching to an innocent child, it might have made him a faithful man. As it was, his soldier's honor slept; it was the undisciplined part of him that spoke to the elemental nature of the girl; and it was fit that a trumpet's reckless summons, or its brief inarticulate call, like the note of a wild bird to its mate, should be the language of his love.

Retreat had sounded, one evening in October, but it made no stir any more in the cottage where the girls had been so gay. Callie, putting tea on the table, remembered, as she heard the gun fire, how in the spring Henniker had said that when "sound off" was at six he would drop in to supper some night, and show her how to make *chili con carne*, a dish that every soldier knows who has served on the Mexican border. Her face grew hard, for these foolish, unsleeping reminders were as constant as the bugle calls.

The women waited for the head of the house; but as he did not come, they sat down and ate quickly, saving the best dish hot for him.

They had finished, and the room was growing dusk, when he came in breezily, and called at once, as a man will, for a light. Meta rose to fetch it. The door stood open between the fore-room and the kitchen, where she was groping for a lamp. Mr. Meadows spoke in a voice too big for the room. He had just been conversing across the common with the quartermaster-sergeant, as the two men's footsteps diverged by separate paths to their homes.

"I hear there 's going to be a change at the post!" he shouted. "The ——th is going to leave this department, and C troop of the Second is coming from Custer. Sergeant says they are looking for orders any day now."

Mrs. Meadows, before she thought, glanced at Callie. The girl winced, for she hated to be looked at like that. She held up her head and began to sing audaciously, drumming with her fingers on the table: —

"'When my mother comes to know
That I love the soldiers so,
She will lock me up all day,
Till the soldiers march away.'"

"What sort of a song is that?" asked her father sharply.

Callie looked him in the eyes. "Don't you know that tune?" said she. "Henniker plays that at guard-mount; and sometimes he plays this: —

'Oh, whistle, and I 'll come to you, my lad,
Though father and mither and a' should go mad.'"

"Let him play what he likes," said the father angrily. "His saucy jig tunes are nothing to us. I 'm thankful no girl of mine is following after the army. It 's a hard life for a woman, I can tell you, in the ranks."

Callie pushed her chair back, and

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looked out of the window as if she had not heard.

"Where 's Meta with that lamp? Go and see what 's keeping her."

"Sit still," said Mrs. Meadows. She went herself into the kitchen, but no one heard her speak a word, yet the kitchen was not empty.

There was a calico-covered lounge that stood across the end of the room; Meta sat there, quite still, her back against the wall. Mrs. Meadows took one look at her; then she lighted the lamp and carried it into the dining-room, and went back and shut herself in with Meta.

"'When my mother comes to know,'" hummed Callie. Her face was pale. She hardly knew that she was singing.

"Stop that song!" her father shouted. "Go and see what 's the matter with your sister."

"Sister?" repeated Callie. "Meta is no sister of mine."

"She 's your tent-mate, then. Ye grew nest-ripe under the same mother's wing."

"Meta can use her own wings now, you will find. She grew nest-ripe very young."

Father Meadows knew that there was trouble inside of that closed door, as there was trouble inside the white lips and shut heart of his frank and joyous Callie, but it was "the women's business." He went out to attend to his own.

Irrigation on the scale of a small cottage garden is tedious work. It has intervals of silence and leaning on a hoe while one little channel fills or trickles into the next one; and the water must be stopped out here, and floated longer there, like the bath over the surface of an etcher's plate. Water was scarce and the rates were high, that summer, and there was a good deal of "dry-point" work with a hoe in Father Meadows's garden.

He had come to one of the discouraging places where the ground was higher than the water could be made to reach without a deal of propping and damming with shovelfuls of earth. This spot was close to the window of the kitchen chamber, which was "mother's room." She was in there talking to Meta. Her voice was deep with the maternal note of remonstrance; Meta's was high and sharp with excitement and resistance. Her faintness had passed, but Mother Meadows had been inquiring into causes.

"I am married to him, mother! He is my husband as much as he can be."

"It was never Father Magrath married you, or I should be knowing of it before now."

"No; we went before a judge, or a justice, in the town."

"In town! Well, that is something; but be sure there is a wrong or a folly somewhere when a man takes a young girl out of her home and out of her church to be married. If Henniker had taken you 'soberly, in the fear of God'" —

"He *was* sober!" cried Meta. "I never saw him any other way."

"Mercy on us! I was not thinking of the man's habits. He 's too good to have done the way he has. That 's what I have against him. I don't know what I shall say to Father Josette. The disgrace of this is on me, too, for not looking after my house better. 'Never let her be humbled through her not being all white,' the father said when he brought you to me, and God knows I never forgot that your little heart was white. I trusted you as I would one of my own, and was easier on you for fear of a mother's natural bias toward her own flesh and blood; and now to think that you would lie to me, and take a man in secret that had deceived your sister before you, — as if nothing mattered so that you got what you wanted! And down in the town, without the priest's blessing or a kiss from any of us belonging to you! It 's one way to get married, but it 's not the right way."

"Did no white girl ever do as I have?" asked Meta, with a touch of sullenness.

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"Plenty of them, but they did n't make their mothers happy."

Meta stirred restively on the bed. "Will Father Magrath have to talk to me, and Father Josette, and *all* the fathers?" she inquired. "He said he never would have married Callie anyway, — not even if he could n't have had me."

"And the more shame to him to say such a thing to one sister of another! Callie is much the best off of you two." Mrs. Meadows rose and moved heavily away from the bed. "Well," she said, "most marriages are just one couple more. It 's very little of a sacrament there is about the common run of such things, but I hoped for something better when it came to my girls' turn. However, sorrow is the sacrament God sends us, to give us a chance to learn a little something before we die. I expect you 'll learn your lesson."

She came back to the bed, and Meta moaned as she sat down again, to signify that she had been talked to enough. But the mother had something practical to say, though she could not say it without emotional emphasis, for her outraged feelings were like a flood that has come down, but has not yet subsided.

"If there 's any way for you to go with Henniker when the troop goes, it 's with him you ought to be; but if he has married without his captain's consent, he 'll get no help at barracks. Do you know how that is, Meta?"

Meta shook her head; presently she forced herself to speak the truth. She did know that Henniker had told no one at the post of his marriage. She had never asked him why, nor had thought that it mattered.

"Oh my! I was afraid of that," said Mrs. Meadows. "The major knows it was Callie he was engaged to. Father went up to see him about Henniker, and the major as good as gave his word for him that he was a man we could have in the family. A commanding officer does n't like such goings-on with respectable neighbors."

Mrs. Meadows possibly overestimated the post commandant's interest in these matters, but she had gratefully remembered his civility to her husband when he went to make fatherly inquiries. The major was a father himself, and had seemed to appreciate their anxiety about Callie's choice. It was just as well that Meta should know that none of the constituted authorities were on the side of her lover's defection.

Meta said nothing to all this. It did not touch her only as it bore on the one question, Was Henniker going to leave her behind him?

"How long is it since you have seen him, that he has n't told you this news himself?" asked the mother.

"Last night; but perhaps he did not know."

Henniker had known, as Mrs. Meadows supposed, but having to shift for himself in the matter of transportation for the wife he had never acknowledged, and seeing no way of providing for her without considerable inconvenience to himself, he had put off the pain of breaking to her the parting that must come. In their later consultations Meta had mentioned her "pony money," as she called it, and Henniker had privately welcomed the existence of such a fund. It lightened the pressure of his own responsibility in the future, in case — but he did not formulate his doubts. There are more uncertainties than anything else, except hard work, in the life of an enlisted man.

Father Meadows purposely would not speak of Meta's resources. He felt that Henniker had not earned his confidence in this or any other respect where his girls were concerned. Till Meta should come of age, — she was barely sixteen, — or until it could be known what sort of a husband she had got in Henniker, her bit of money was safest in her guardian's hands.

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So the orders came, and the transfer of troops was made; and now it was the trumpeter of C troop that sounded the calls, and Henniker's bold messages at guard-mounting and his tender good-night at taps called no more across the plain. The summer lilies were all dead on the hills, and the common was white with snow. But something in Meta's heart said, —

"'Weep no more! Oh, weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.'"

And she dried her eyes. The mother was very gentle with her, and Callie, hard-eyed, saying nothing, watched her, and did her little cruel kindnesses that cut to the quick of her soreness and her pride.

When the Bannock brethren came, late in September, the next year, she walked the sagebrush paths to their encampment with her young son in her arms. They looked at the boy and said that it was good; and when they asked after the father, and Meta told them that he had gone with his troop to Fort Custer, and that she waited for word to join him, they said it was not good, and they turned away their eyes in silence from her shame. The men did, but the women looked at her in a silence that said different things. Her heart went out to them, and their dumb soft glances brought healing to her wounds. What sorrow, what humiliation, was hers that they from all time had not known? The men took little notice of her after that: she had lost caste both as maid and wife; she was nothing now but a means of existence to her son. But between her and her dark sisters the natural bond grew strong. Old lessons that had lain dormant in her blood revived with the force of her keener intelligence, and supplanted later teachings that were of no use now except to make her suffer more.

It was impossible that Mother Meadows should not resent the wrong and insult to her own child; she felt it increasingly as she came to realize the girl's unhappiness. It grew upon her, and she could not feel the same towards Meta, who kept herself more and more proudly and silently aloof. She was one alone in the house, where no one spoke of the past to reproach her, where nothing but kindness was ever shown. The kindness was like the hand of pardon held out to her. Why did they think she wanted their forgiveness? She was not sorry for what she had done. She wanted nothing, only Henniker. So she crept away with her child and sat among the Bannock women, and was at peace with them whom she had never injured; who beheld her unhappiness, but did not call it her shame.

When she walked the paths across the common, her eyes were always on the skyward range of hills that appeared to her farther away than ever, beyond a wider gulf, now that their tops were white and the clouds came low enough to hide them. Often yellow gleams shot out beneath the clouds and turned the valleys green. It seemed to her that Henniker was there; he was in the cold, bright north, and the trumpets called her, but she could not go, for the way was very long. Such words as these she would sometimes whisper to her dark sisters by the camp-fire, and once they said to her, "Get strong and go; we will show you the way."

Henniker was taking life as it comes to an enlisted man in barracks. He thought of Meta many times, and of his boy, very tenderly and shamefully; and if he could have whistled them to him, or if a wind of luck could have blown them thither, he would have embraced them with joy, and shared with them all that he had. There was the difficulty. He had so little besides the very well fitting clothes on his back. His pay seemed to melt away, month by month, and where it went to the mischief only knew. Canteen got a good deal of it. Henniker was one of the popular men in barracks, with his physical expertness,

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his piping and singing and story-telling, and his high good humor at all times with himself and everybody else. He did not drink much except in the way of comradeship, but he did a good deal of that. He was a model trumpeter, and a very ornamental fellow when he rode behind his captain on full-dress inspection, more bedight than the captain himself with gold cords and tags and bullion; but he was not a domestic man, and the only person in the world who might perhaps have made him one was a very helpless, ignorant little person, and — she was not there.

It was a bad season for selling ponies. The Indians had arrived late with a larger band than usual, which partly represented an unwise investment they had made on the strength of their good fortune the year before. Certain big ditch enterprises had been starting then, creating a brisk demand for horses at prices unusual, especially in the latter end of summer. This year the big ditch had closed down, and was selling its own horses, or turning them out upon the range, and unbroken Indian ponies could hardly be given away.

The disappointment of the Bannocks was very great, and their comprehension of causes very slow. It took some time for them to satisfy themselves that Father Meadows was telling them a straight tale. It took more time still for consultations as to what should now be done with their unsalable stock. The middle of October was near, and the grumbling chiefs finally decided to accept their loss and go hunting. The squaws and children were ordered home to the Reservation by rail, as wards of the nation travel, to get permission of the agent for the hunt, and the men, with their ponies, were to ride overland and meet the women at Eagle Rock.

Thus Meta learned how an Indian woman may pass unchallenged from one part of the country to another, clothed in the freedom of her poverty. In this way the nation acknowledges a part of its ancient indebtedness to her people. No word had come from Henniker, though he had said that he should get his discharge in October. Meta's resolve was taken. The Bannock women encouraged her, and she saw how simple it would be to copy their dress and slip away with them as far as their roads lay together; and thence, having gained practice in her part and become accustomed to its disguises, to go on alone to Custer, where her chief, her beautiful trumpeter, was sounding his last calls. She was wise in this resolution to see her husband, at whatever cost, before the time of his freedom should come; but she was late in carrying it out.

Long before, she had turned over fruitlessly in her mind every means of getting money for this journey besides the obvious way of asking Father Meadows for her own. She had guessed that her friends were suspicious of Henniker's good faith, and believed that if they should come to know of her intention of running away to follow him they would prevent her for her own good, — which was quite the case.

That was the point Father Meadows made with his wife, when she argued that Meta, being a married woman now, ought to learn the purchasing power of money and its limitations by experimenting with a little of her own.

"We shall do wrong if we keep her a child now," she said.

"But if she has money, she 'll lay it by till she gets enough to slip off to her soldier with. There 's that much Injun about her; she 'll follow to heel like a dog."

Father Meadows could not have spoken in this way of Meta a year ago. She had lost caste with him, also.

"Don't, father," the mother said, with a hurt look. "She 'll not follow far with ten dollars in her pocket; but that much I want to try her with. She 's like a child about shopping. She 'll



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take anything at all, if it looks right and the man persuades her. And those Jew clerks will charge whatever they think they can get."

Mrs. Meadows had her way, and the trial sum was given to Meta one day, and the next day she and the child were missing.

At dusk, that evening, a group of Bannock squaws, more or less encumbered with packs and children, climbed upon one of the flat cars of a freight train bound for Pocatello. The engine steamed out of the station, and down the valley, and away upon the autumn plains. The next morning the Bannocks broke camp, and vanished before the hoar frost had melted from the sage. Their leave-taking had been sullen, and their answers to questions about Meta, with which Father Meadows had routed them out in the night, had been so unsatisfactory that he took the first train to the Fort Hall Agency. There he waited for the party of squaws from Bisuka; but when they came, Meta was not with them. They knew nothing of her, they said; even the agent was deceived by their counterfeit ignorance. They could tell nothing, and were allowed to join their men at Eagle Rock, to go hunting into the wild country around Jackson's Hole.

Father Meadows went back and relieved his wife's worst fear, — that the girl had fulfilled the wrong half of her destiny, and gone back to hide her grief in the bosom of her tribe.

"Then you 'll find her at Custer," said she. "You must write to the quartermaster-sergeant. And be sure you tell him she 's married to him. He may be carrying on with some one else by this time."

Traveling as a ward of the nation travels; suffering as a white girl would suffer, from exposure and squalor, weariness and dirt, but bearing her misery like a squaw, Meta came at last to Custer station. In five days, always on the outside of comforts that other travelers pay for, she had passed from the lingering mildness of autumn in southern Idaho into the early winter of the hard Montana north.

She was only fit for a sick-bed when she came into the empty station at Custer, and learned that she was still thirty miles away from the fort. In her make-believe broken English, she asked a humble question about transportation. The station-keeper was called away that moment by a summons from the wire. It was while she stood listening to the tapping of the message, and waiting to repeat her question, that she felt a frightening pain, sharp, like a knife sticking in her breast. She could take only short breaths, yet longed for deep ones to brace her lungs and strengthen her sick heart. She stepped outside and spoke to a man who was wheeling freight down the platform. She dared not throw off her fated disguise and say, "I am the wife of Trumpeter Henniker. How shall I get to the fort?" for she had stolen a ride of a thousand miles, and she knew not what the penalty of discovery might be. She had borrowed a squaw's wretched immunity, and she must pay the price for that which she had rashly coveted. She pulled her blanket about her face and muttered, "Which way — Fort Custer?"

The freight man answered by pointing to the road. Dark wind clouds rolled along the snow-white tops of the mountains. The plain was a howling sea of dust.

"No stage?" she gasped.

The man laughed and shook his head. "There 's the road. Injuns walk." He went on with his baggage-truck, and did not look at her again. He had not spoken unkindly: the fact and his blunt way of putting it were equally a matter of course. Squaws who "beat" their way in on freight trains do not go out by stage.

Meta crept away in the lee of a pile

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of freight, and sat down to nurse her child. The infant, like herself, had taken harm from exposure to the cold; his head passages were stopped, and when he tried to nurse he had to fight with suffocation and hunger both, and threw himself back in the visible act of screaming, but his hoarse little pipe was muted to a squeak. This, which sounds grotesque in the telling, was acute anguish for the mother to see. She covered her face with her blanket, and sobbed and coughed, and the pain tore her like a knife. But she rose, and began her journey. She had little conception of what she was undertaking, but it would have made no difference; she must get there on her feet, since there was no other way.

She no longer carried her baby squaw-fashion. She was out of sight of the station, and she hugged it where the burden lay heaviest, on her heart. Her hands were not free, but she had cast away her bundle of food; she could eat no more; and the warmth of the child's nestling body gave her all the strength she had, — that and her certainty of Henniker's welcome. That he would be faithful to her presence she never doubted. He would see her coming, perhaps, and he would run to catch her and the child together in his arms. She could feel the thrill of his eyes upon her, and the half groan of joy with which he would strain her to his breast. Then she would take one deep, deep breath of happiness, — ah, that pain! — and let the anguish of it kill her if it must.

The snows on the mountains had come down and encompassed the whole plain; the winter's siege had begun. The winds were iced to the teeth, and they smote like armed men. They encountered Meta carrying some precious hidden thing to the garrison at Custer; they seized her and searched her rudely, and left her, trembling and disheveled, sobbing along with her silly treasure in her arms. The dust rose in columns, and traveled with mocking becks and bows before her, or burst like a bomb in her face, or circled about her like a band of wild horses lashed by the hooting winds.

Meantime, Henniker, in span-new civilian dress, was rattling across the plain on the box seat of the ambulance, beside the soldier driver. The ambulance was late to catch the east-bound train, and the paymaster was inside; so the four stout mules laid back their ears and traveled, and the heavy wheels bounded from stone to stone of the dust-buried road. Henniker smoked hard in silence, and drew great breaths of cold air into his splendid lungs. He was warm and clean and sound and fit, from top to toe. He had been drinking bounteous farewells to a dozen good comrades, and though sufficiently himself for all ordinary purposes, he was not that self he would have wished to be had he known that one of the test moments of his life was before him. It was a mood with him of headlong, treacherous quiet, and the devil of all foolish desires was showing him the pleasures of the world. He was in dangerously good health; he had got his discharge, and was off duty and off guard, all at once. He was a free man, though married. He was going to his wife, of course. Poor little Meta! God bless the girl, how she loved him! Ah, those black-eyed girls, with narrow temples and sallow, deep-fringed eyelids, they knew how to love a man! He was going to her by way of Laramie, or perhaps the coast. He might run upon a good thing over there, and start a bit of a home before he sent for her or went to fetch her; it was all one. She rested lightly on his mind, and he thought of her with a tender, reminiscent sadness, — rather a curious feeling considering that he was to see her now so soon. Why was she always "poor little Meta" in his thoughts?

Poor little Meta was toiling on, for "Injuns walk." The dreadful pain of

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coughing was incessant. The dust blinded and choked her, and there was a roaring in her ears which she confused with the night and day burden of the trains. She was in a burning fever that was fever and chill in one, and her mind was not clear, except on the point of keeping on; for once down, she felt that she could never get up again. At times she fancied she was clinging to the rocking, roaring platforms she had ridden on so long. The dust swirled around her — when had she breathed anything but dust! The ground swam like water under her feet. She swayed, and seemed to be falling, — perhaps she did fall. But she was up and on her feet, the blanket cast from her head, when the ambulance drove straight towards her, and she saw him —

She had seen it coming, the ambulance, down the long, dizzy rise. The hills above were white as death; a crooked gash of color rent the sky; the toothed pines stood black against that gleam, and through the ringing in her ears, loud and sweet, she heard the trumpets call. The cloud of delirium lifted, and she saw the uniform she loved; and beside the soldier driver sat her white chief, looking down at her who came so late with joy, bringing her babe, — her sheaves, the harvest of that year's wild sowing. But he did not seem to see her. She had not the power to speak or cry. She took one step forward and held up the child.

Then she fell down on her face in the road, for the beloved one had seen her, and had not known her, and had passed her by. And God would not let her make one sound.

How in Heaven's name could it have happened! Could any man believe it of himself? Henniker put it to his reason, not to speak of conscience or affection, and never could explain, even to himself, that most unhappy moment of his life. If he had not a heart for any helpless thing in trouble, who had? He was the joke of the garrison for his softness about dogs and women and children. Yet he had met his wife and baby on the open road, and passed them by, and owned them not, and still he called himself a man.

What he had seen at first had been the abject figure of a little squaw facing the wind, her bowed head shrouded in her blanket, carrying something which her short arms could barely meet around, — a shapeless bundle. He did not think it a child, for a squaw will pack her baby always on her back. He had looked at her indifferently, but with condescending pity; for the day was rough, and the road was long, even for a squaw. Then, in all the disfigurement of her dirt and wretchedness and wild attire, it broke upon him that this creature was his wife, the rightful sharer of his life and freedom; and that animal-like thing she held up, that wrung its face and squeaked like a blind kitten, was his son.

Good God! He clutched the driver's arm, and the man swore and jerked his mules out of the road, for the woman had stopped right in the track where the wheels were going. The driver looked back, but could not see her; he knew that he had not touched her, only with the wind of his pace, so he pulled the mules into the road again, and the ambulance rolled on.

"Stop; let me get off. That woman is my wife." Henniker heard himself saying the words, but they were never spoken to the ear. "Stop; let me get down," the inner voice prompted; but he did not make a sound, and the curtains flapped and the wheels went bounding along. They were a long way past the spot, and the station was in sight, when Henniker was heard to say hoarsely, "Pick her up, can't you, as you go back?"

"Pick up which?" asked the driver.

"The — that woman we passed just now."

"I 'll see how she 's making it," the

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man answered coolly. "I ain't much stuck on squaws. Acted like she was drunk or crazy."

Henniker's face flushed, but he shuddered as if he were cold.

"Pick her up, for the child's sake, by God!" No man was ever more ashamed of himself than he as he took out a gold piece and handed it to the soldier. "Give her this, Billy, — from yourself, you know. I ain't in it."

Billy looked at Henniker, and then at the gold piece. It was a double eagle; all that the husband had dared to offer as alms to his wife, but more than enough to arouse the suspicions that he feared.

"Ain't in it, eh?" thought the soldier. "You knew the woman, and she knew you. This is conscience money." But aloud he said, "A fool and his money are soon parted. How do you know but I 'll blow it in at canteen?"

"I 'll trust you," said Henniker.

The men did not speak to each other again.

"She 's one of them Bannocks that camped by old Pop Meadows's place, down at Bisuka, I bet," said the soldier to himself.

Henniker went on fighting his fight as if it had not been lost forever in that instant's hesitation. A man cannot bethink himself: "By the way, it strikes me that was my wife and child we passed on the road!" What he had done could never be explained without grotesque lying which would deceive nobody.

It could not be undone; it must be lived down. Henniker was much better at living things down than he was at explaining or trying to mend them.

After all, it was the girl's own fault, putting up that wretched squaw act on him. To follow him publicly, and shame him before all the garrison, in that beastly Bannock rig! Had she turned Bannock altogether and gone back to the tribe? In that case let the tribe look after her; he could have no more to do with her, of course.

He stepped into the smoking-car, and lost himself as quickly as possible in the interest of new faces around him, and the agreeable impressions of himself which he read in eyes that glanced and returned for another look at so much magnificent health and color and virility. His spot of turpitude did not show through. He was still good to look at; and to look the man that one would be goes a long way toward feeling that one is that man.

*Mary Hallock Foote.*

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## SEWARD'S ATTITUDE TOWARD COMPROMISE AND SECESSION, 1860–1861.

Of the great leaders of the war period, none has been so commonly misunderstood and so frequently misrepresented as William H. Seward. This has been chiefly due to an erroneous conception of his attitude toward compromise and secession during the five months between the election of 1860 and the outbreak of the civil war. Personal jealousies, party rivalries, and sectional prejudices are a part of history, but they should not be allowed to distort it. The reader of to-day desires to learn the facts; and it is the sole purpose of this paper to give a brief and unbiased narrative of those which best show Seward's acts and opinions during that critical time.

It was a new epoch in our history that began in November, 1860, when South

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Carolina took her first steps toward secession. Except in Kansas, the political conflicts for many years had been essentially constitutional and peaceful. Now they were revolutionary and threatened to be violent. Unfortunately, those who favored the resistance of slavery at every step were to be in a helpless minority for three months, while the secessionists had the advantage of the same period of time in which to prepare for the final contest. The radical Republicans insisted that, as their party had not violated the Constitution, they must yield neither to the demands for compromise nor to secession, but that all the States must remain in the Union and abide the effect of the changing opinion of the North.

As the weeks advanced, the breach widened and the strength of disunion increased. Many of the Garrisonian abolitionists welcomed separation as the means of realizing their dogma, "No Union with slaveholders." The New York Tribune proclaimed that if several States should decide to secede, they should be allowed to depart in peace, in deference to the sacred right of revolution. The Bell-Everett party and most of the Democrats were opposed to enforcing the laws at any point where the secessionists offered resistance. And practically all of the inhabitants of the Southern border States demanded at least the adoption of measures — best expressed in the Crittenden compromise propositions — that would make slavery secure where it then existed, and in every part of the United States south of the Missouri Compromise line, and that would remove the obstructions to the return of fugitive slaves. With one voice the thousand commercial interests of the great Northern cities also called upon Congress to avoid war by making some such concession to the South. The danger of war had frightened so many that it looked as if the victorious party would come into power with its strength much reduced since November, with an organized confederacy of several States before it, and with an opposition at home that would make any attempt to resist secession futile, if not foolhardy.

Appearances soon indicated that Buchanan's indecision and the anger of the coercionists would render haste on the part of the secessionists both easy and urgent. If the Union was to be maintained, it must be done under the leadership of Republicans. Yet the members of the other parties felt confident that the ulterior purpose was to make unconstitutional inroads upon slavery; therefore they were unwilling to support them in a policy of force. But the Republicans could not even command all their own partisans. Hence it was evident to all calm observers that they could begin a war, but that defeat was almost certain. Their logic and courage were admirable, but their statesmanship was inadequate.

I.

Seward was one of the first Republicans to perceive that the dilemma was a serious one; but never for a moment did he consider the obstacles insurmountable. His past no less than his present position in his party gave him special responsibilities and opportunities in such a crisis. His political leadership since 1849 had been such that every one regarded him as the foremost Republican. At times he had debated like a radical, but he had always acted upon the maxim that the highest statesmanship consists in getting the best results from actual conditions. He had never looked to other than lawful and peaceful means of ridding the country of slavery. He had both great optimism and great patience. In spite of the bitter political hatred which the South had felt toward him, no one on his side of the Senate had such pleasant personal relations with the other members of Congress. Although he was not offered the Secretaryship of State until after Congress convened, it

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was universally believed that he would be the real leader of the coming administration. Quite independent of his own wishes, and because of his preëminence, the country had settled down to the belief that he would have some leading plans to announce, and that his actions would be indicative of Lincoln's present opinions and future policy.

The rumors of the secession movement called Seward to Washington before the end of November. There he found, as he wrote, that the madcaps of the South wanted to be inflamed, so as to make their secession irretrievable, but that the Republicans did not appreciate their designs or the real dangers. Before Congress had time to consider any of the many compromises proposed, the leading secessionists issued an appeal urging every slaveholding State to seek "speedy and absolute separation from the unnatural and hostile Union." This stirred up and fed the Southern fires. On December 20, 1860, South Carolina passed her ordinance of secession. Then she sent commissioners to Washington to seek recognition of her independence, and dispatched agents to urge other States to hurry into secession and to choose delegates to a Southern Congress. The business interests of the North were greatly affected. No one could anticipate events for more than a few hours. Yet secession was still in a theoretical stage; there had been no overt act, although many were threatened. Buchanan had not made clear what his position would be under such circumstances. Naturally, Lincoln had as yet shaped no definite policy, and did not want to be held responsible for one before his time.

Such was the political status when the New England dinner was held in New York, December 22. Expecting to spend Christmas in Auburn, Seward had declined an invitation to be present. However, senatorial duties had made it necessary for him to be in Washington Monday, December 24. Leaving home Saturday morning, the 22d, late that evening he arrived at the Astor House, where the New England Society was still at table. As soon as his presence in the hotel became known, a special committee was sent to fetch him. He went with reluctance, and was received with such enthusiasm that he was compelled to speak.

Although history seems quite to have overlooked it, Seward was a great wit in private life. With a humor in perfect harmony with the circumstances of his impressment and the mood of the banqueters over their liqueurs and cigars, he began by saying that he had heard they were all Yankees, and he inferred that they would therefore want to know all about him. In colloquial phrases, with a pun or two, and with amusing repartee at their interjected questions, he made several diverting references to some of those present, and to a few questions in state and national politics. He believed that the old centripetal force of common interest which had drawn the States into a confederation, and which the fathers had concisely expressed in *E Pluribus Unum*, still existed. Therefore secession must be a passion, a delusion, a "humbug," even, which could not withstand a calm debate. If the North would keep cool, the suns of sixty days would give a much brighter and more cheerful atmosphere.

Seward has been severely criticised because he was jovial, patient, and over-optimistic, rather than grave, vigorous, and precise. This censure disregards two most important facts: that it was still too soon for the Republican leaders to have shaped a definite policy; and that, in any case, this occasion would have been a most unfit one on which to explain it. It was necessary for Seward to speak in order to prevent damaging inferences; he had spoken extemporaneously, and without creating excitement or announcing a definite policy. His opinions were soothing and tentative,

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and the very extraordinary applause with which they were received was good evidence that they were opportune.

During the holidays the excitement in Washington greatly increased. It was rumored, and widely believed, that the capital was to be seized by the secessionists. Seward's intimate relations with loyal Democrats in the Cabinet, in the Senate, and in the South enabled him to keep himself informed of all that was occurring; and he made frequent reports to Lincoln. By January 3, 1861, the secessionists had gained such strength at the White House and in some of the Departments that Seward considered it necessary to "assume a sort of dictatorship for defense," and to work night and day against the contemplated revolution.

The question of separation was hotly discussed in all the slave States; and it was everywhere alleged that the Republicans intended to put anti-slavery ideas into practice after the inauguration. However, in North Carolina, Arkansas, and the border States, the majority deprecated the dissolution of the Union. Fortunately, Virginia still favored remaining in the Union unless slavery or state rights should be interfered with. The very fact that the leaders of the cotton States were riding with whip and spur aroused a considerable feeling of resentment. But without encouragement this was sure to disappear; for everywhere in the South there was a strong prejudice against the North, and a very sensitive predilection for a slave-holding confederacy. Before the end of January, Charles Sumner had become convinced that it was not improbable that all the slave States, except possibly Maryland (and Delaware, doubtless), would be out of the Union very soon. There were but two rational courses of action for the Republicans. Sumner saw the two horns of the dilemma as plainly as Seward, and expressed the exact problem a few days later by writing, "People are anxious to save our forts, to save our national capital; but I am anxious to save our principles." Talking of force and of saving principles served a good purpose in keeping up the flagging spirit of many at the North, but it also helped to fuse, rather than separate, the different forces at the South.

II.

The enthusiasm and applause in Washington had been almost entirely on the side of the Southerners. The angry but ineffectual logic of the Northerners had naturally been no match for the picturesque and defiant declamation of their opponents. Time and the discussion of constitutional grievances had deepened Southern convictions and exhibited the helplessness of the Republicans. It was announced that Seward would speak on January 12. His opinions were awaited with the greatest anxiety, and it was said that so many people had never before assembled in the Senate Chamber.

Seward announced his purpose to seek a truce from dogmatic battles, and to appeal to the country — to the seceding South no less than to the acceding North — on the question of union. Lest any might interpret his mildness to mean acquiescence in secession, he said, "I avow my adherence to the Union in its integrity and with all its parts, with my friends, with my party, with my State, with my country, or without either, as they may determine; in every event, whether of peace or of war; with every consequence of honor or dishonor, of life or death." The only way to dissolve the Union, he maintained, was by constitutional amendment; but Congress should, if it could, redress any real grievances, and then supply the President with all the means necessary to defend the Union.

For thirty years Seward had believed and frequently declared that the Union was natural and necessary, as well as a political and economical advantage. He

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considered our people homogeneous, and our government cohesive and beneficent. Disunion would bring us humiliation abroad, and civil war and ruin at home. It would endanger slavery, rather than preserve it; for it would forfeit all but a small fraction of the territory of the United States, and remove every constitutional restriction against a direct attack upon slavery. Dissolution would not only arrest, but extinguish the greatness of our country; it would drop the curtain before all our national heroes; public prosperity would give place to retrogression, for standing armies would consume our substance; and our liberty, now as wide as our grand territorial dimensions, would be succeeded by the hateful and intolerable espionage of military despotism. The issue, then, was really between those who cherished the Union and those who desired its dissolution by force. Thus the question became simplified, and the names and interests of parties were really subordinate to the welfare of the country. He pledged himself so to regard it.

We shall not see Seward's real statesmanship if we fail to note that it was as much his duty to avoid saying anything that could be turned to the advantage of secession as it was to urge considerations that would strengthen the Union directly. He now averred that there was no political good which he would seek by revolutionary action. Then, in those sentences which are sure to be misunderstood if it be forgotten that his chief purpose was to soothe the South, he announced, "If others shall invoke that form of action to oppose and overthrow government, . . . I can afford to meet prejudice with conciliation, exaction with concession which surrenders no principle, and violence with the right hand of peace."

As evidence of what he was willing to do for the sake of peace and harmony, he formulated his views under five heads: —

First, he acknowledged the full force of the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution, but thought that the special provisions for its execution should be so modified as not to endanger the liberty of free blacks, or to compel private citizens to assist in the capture of slaves. He also favored the repeal both of the personal liberty laws of the free States, and of the laws of the slave States restraining the liberties of citizens from the other States, where they contravened the Constitution.

Second, slavery in the States was free from congressional control, and he was willing to make it so permanently by constitutional amendment.

Third, after the admission of Kansas as a free State, he would consent to the consolidation of all the Territories into two States, and admit them without restriction as to slavery, if the right to make subdivisions into several convenient States could be reserved. But he thought that the Constitution did not permit such reservation. So this had no practical bearing. If it were feasible, he would prefer to have the present difficulties settled in a regular constitutional convention, "when the eccentric movements of secession and disunion shall have ended, in whatever form that end may come, and the angry excitement of the hour shall have subsided, . . . then, and not till then, — one, two, three years hence."

Fourth, he would favor laws to prevent invasion of any State by citizens of any other State.

Fifth, as he regarded physical bonds, such as highways, railroads, rivers, and canals, as vastly more powerful than any covenants, he would support measures for a Northern and a Southern railroad to the Pacific.

This was Seward's "compromise." None but those who had unconstitutional aims could object to the first point. The Republicans of the Senate committee on the state of the country had approved

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the substance of the first four, excepting the clause about a constitutional convention, which would have been considered above criticism. The last Republican platform had declared that the control of "domestic institutions" (of which slavery was the chief) by the State was "essential to [the] . . . endurance of our political fabric." It had also denounced lawless invasion, and favored "a railroad to the Pacific." The proposition to consolidate the Territories into two States, and then admit them without restriction as to slavery, would have been contrary to the unwritten pledge of the Republican party if it had been likely that either would come in as a slave State. If the right to subdivide those two States could have been reserved, the result would surely have been to the advantage of freedom. But Seward considered the plan impracticable.

If this had been a "compromise" speech, would not Lincoln have perceived it? In a letter of January 19, 1861, strangely enough still unpublished, he clearly approved of it. Only a few others among Seward's friends were in a mood to understand the speech. In the House there was talk of condemning it in a party caucus. In the excitement, nearly every one demanded a declaration that would mean permanent peace or an early war. The zeal of the abolitionists and of the secessionists had bred a fanaticism that made the importance of the Union seem small indeed. While Garrison attacked Seward, he called upon the North to "recognize the fact that *the Union is dissolved.*"

But, as Seward had announced, his purpose was to appeal from the dogmatic leaders to the unprejudiced people, to array unionists everywhere against secessionists, so that the proposed Confederacy, instead of the Federal government, should be fronted by a vast and compact opposition. Did this speech and a somewhat similar one of January 31 improve the situation? Thenceforth hundreds of thousands of Northern Democrats saw that they and the conservative Republicans had a common cause. Intimate relations with many of his old Southern Whig associates revived and brought important information to Seward and strengthened the Union. Within a week from the first speech Virginia — although both of her Senators were determined secessionists — invited all the States to join her in a peace conference in Washington, February 4. North Carolina and every border State welcomed the proposal. This of itself was a practical guarantee against revolutionary movements in these States and in Washington pending the conference. On February 2, Kentucky requested the Southern States to stop the revolution, protested against federal coercion, proposed a national convention to amend the Constitution, and declined to call a state convention to consider secession. On the 8th, Tennessee decided against a state convention by a popular majority of over thirteen thousand. About the same date, Virginia chose a large majority of unionist delegates to a state convention. Later in the month, North Carolina rejected a proposition for a convention. The other Southern border States became calmer, and hoped for the Union. History may some day make it plain that it was Seward who stemmed and turned back the flood for a time, but here it is only maintained that not one of all these points would have been gained if Seward had spoken like a partisan and a coercionist.

Neither in Seward's words nor in his actions was there any timid supplication for peace. About the middle of January he voted for Senator Clark's resolution, insisting upon the preservation of the Union as it was, in opposition to Crittenden's, which implored harmony by making great concessions to slavery. When, on January 31, he presented a memorial praying for a peaceful adjustment of the disturbances, he told the

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Senate that he had asked the committee who had brought it to manifest, on their return to New York, their devotion to the Union above all other interests and sentiments, by speaking for it, by lending it money if it needed it, and, in the last resort, by fighting for it. For several years slavery in the Territories had received the support of all three branches of the government. During that time, Oregon, Minnesota, and Kansas had been admitted as free States, while the number of the slave States had not been increased; and there were but twenty-four slaves in all the Territories. What had been a vital question in 1850 had, he believed, now ceased to be a practical one. In lieu of it there had come up the fearful question of dissolution. If all that he had mentioned should fail, and if the Union was to stand or fall by the force of arms, he advised his people, and decided for himself, to stand or fall with it.

III.

After his public utterances on the crisis, nearly five weeks intervened before the Republicans came into power. A feverish unrest still pervaded Congress. Every day brought forth angry debates and startling rumors. Since December, Seward had been in the most confidential relations with Attorney-General Stanton, Secretary Holt, and General Scott, who were working together and collecting troops to be able to resist any attempts at forcible revolution. Lincoln had expressed special fear lest, at the time for counting the electoral votes, the revolt might begin with Congress. But before that day had arrived, the peace movements and the alertness of a committee of the House, which Stanton and Seward had inspired, rendered such a plan impracticable. Seward knew that as long as the peace conference could be kept in session all the States there represented could be held in the Union, and he privately urged the leader of the radical Republicans to avoid remarks that would excite the Southerners. His untiring efforts for a policy of peace, patriotism, and union reached out in all directions. At a dinner at Senator Douglas's he proposed this toast: "Away with all parties, all platforms of previous committals, and whatever else will stand in the way of the restoration of the American Union!" In concert with Stanton, he caused the flag to be displayed throughout the entire North on Washington's Birthday, 1861. Perceiving that the best way to save Washington from attack indefinitely was to keep the Virginia convention out of the control of the secessionists, from the time it assembled, February 13, he followed and greatly influenced its action from day to day, much as if it had been a political one before which he was a candidate.

After Lincoln came to Washington, February 23, he submitted a copy of his prospective inaugural address to Seward for criticism. In it Lincoln had planted himself firmly upon the last Republican platform. In several places sentences were lacking in tact, and occasional phrases and words had a flavor of dogmatism or severity, considering the times. It concluded with the suggestive sentence, "With you, and not with me, is the solemn question of 'Shall it be peace or a sword?'" It was all intended in a kindly spirit, and some passages were generous and touching, but the other parts would have more than counteracted them.

Seward went through the entire copy, making a sentence here and there less positive, rounding many of the phrases, and softening some of the adjectives. He counseled the omission of a few careless and useless sentences; and where Lincoln had gone so far as to say, "A disruption of the Federal Union is menaced, and, so far as can be on paper, is already effected," Seward changed the last part into "heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted." Seward suggested that, in lieu of the conclusion

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quoted, the address should end with "some words of affection, some of calm and cheerful confidence," and wrote the wonderful paragraph about "our bonds of affection" and "the mystic chords," which Lincoln adopted, and which, only slightly changed, has gone into political literature as one of Lincoln's most touching passages. In returning the copy, Seward frankly stated his belief that if the passages referring to the platform were retained, even in a modified form, Virginia and Maryland would secede; that within sixty or ninety days Washington would have to rely for its defense upon a divided North; and that there would not be one loyal magistrate or ministerial officer south of the Potomac. Lincoln adopted nearly all of Seward's suggestions, and omitted the objectionable passages. The well-balanced firmness of the speech gave confidence to the North, and its fraternal and generous sentiments had a good effect upon the whole South.

The peaceful installation of a Republican administration marked the passage of the first objective point in Seward's policy. Viewed in the light of the sober facts, his policy, up to the 4th of March, was governed by statesmanship and skill such as no other man was able to command. The very prudence and tactfulness with which he had met the questions of this trying time provoked the most damaging but mistaken criticism upon his attitude. His utterances were sometimes diplomatic, even enigmatic and contradictory. He was often silent when many thought the occasion demanded speech. As to any specific action of the government regarding its lost property or toward the seceded States he spoke no word, because he knew that his opinion would not improve the status. His was not the silence of uncertainty or of assent, but of calm judgment, — of the practical philosopher when he sees that speech will add new complications.

Lincoln, although he had favored retaking the government property that had been seized, had offered to concede to slavery more than Seward and other Republican leaders would approve. He frankly wrote that he was practically indifferent about fugitive slaves, the slave trade between the States, and slavery in the District of Columbia, if what was done was not altogether outrageous. On the point which Seward left uncertain Lincoln said, "Nor do I care much about New Mexico, if further exclusion were hedged against."

Salmon P. Chase probably stood third among the Republicans. He took for his motto at this time, "Inauguration first, adjustment afterwards," — overlooking the evident danger that the revolution might meantime advance so far as to prevent both. He was especially indignant at the idea of "surrendering New Mexico to slavery," but he was willing to adopt a Douglas-like plan of organizing all the Territories without any mention of slavery. At one time he was in favor of frankly recognizing the principle that slavery was a state institution, but at another he was very indignant at the proposition to make the Constitution unalterable on this point except by consent of every slave State. He first urged General Scott to make himself military dictator in order to save one fort in Charleston harbor, but finally he was willing to let seven States depart in peace if the loyalty of the border States could be secured.

Charles Sumner was one of the noblest and most brilliant of the Republicans, yet the best that his statesmanship could offer at this time was to write privately of "backbone," and of being "*firm*, FIRM, FIRM." He did not venture to make a speech on the crisis, because he knew that it would be more serviceable to secession than to the Union!

IV.

After March 4 the Republicans had the means for effectual action, and were

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therefore responsible. As the Postmaster-General, Montgomery Blair, was the only member of the Cabinet who favored anything like real coercion, there were but two courses open: to defend what was still within our possession and to collect the revenue; or to avoid whatever would precipitate war, in the belief that all, or most, of the border States would soon come out clearly and frankly against secession, and that this would shortly result in the disintegration of the Confederacy itself. Seward thought that a continuance of the conciliatory policy would not dissuade the Republicans from the use of force as a last resort, and that it would be most likely to bring all others at the North and many at the South up to it, if necessary. The Confederacy had been organized but a few days when loud protests were made in many places against the slave-trade prohibition in the provisional constitution, against the tariff, against the export duty on raw cotton, and against several other features of the new government. In the Southern border States, unionists insisted that if violence between the Federal government and the Confederacy could be prevented a little longer the strength of secession would rapidly decline. Seward credited this, while he rejected their doctrine that coercion in any form would be unconstitutional. The consummation of his policy would require time, patience, and the avoidance of irritating incidents.

The best informed military and naval authorities in the United States service declared that it would be impossible to provision Fort Sumter without a larger land and naval force than could be commanded at that time. This led the new administration to believe that its evacuation was so probable that an announcement to that effect was given out in order to prepare the public mind for it. Virginia continued to be the key to the situation. The state convention was still in session in Richmond, with a majority of about two to one against secession under existing circumstances. The unionists expected to adjourn until autumn, after calling a convention of the loyal slave States at Frankfort. Seward continued to support and encourage them. At the same time he refused to hold any official intercourse with the Confederate commissioners who were seeking recognition.

As yet Lincoln had not finally decided about abandoning or reinforcing Sumter. On March 15, he requested each member of his Cabinet to give a written opinion on the question. Seward expressed his belief that loyalty would revive, even in South Carolina, if the unionists in the slave States were supported so as to indicate that the alarms put forth by the disunionists were groundless and false. He thought that it was the policy of conciliation which had caused the dismemberment to be arrested, and to the preservation of this policy a little longer he looked as the only peaceful means of keeping the border States in the Union. Through their good and patriotic offices he expected to see the Union sentiment revived and the seceding States brought back. He saw that they had no right to expect such patience, and that there were conditions under which they would forget their loyalty, yet he considered it would be wise administration to be tolerant a little longer.

If the relief of Sumter should be attempted, the fact would become known in advance, he maintained, and the fort would be taken before the expedition arrived; that if the attempt should be successful, the benefit would not be commensurate with the evil effects sure to flow from the civil war which it would inaugurate, and which, he thought, the administration could not prosecute to a successful end. "I would not provoke war in any way *now*," he said. "I would resort to force to protect the collection of the revenue, because that is a necessary as well as legitimate public object. Even then it should be only a naval force

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that I would employ for that necessary purpose, while I would defer military action on land until a case should arise where we would hold the defensive. In that case, we should have the spirit of the country and the approval of mankind on our side."

Of the six other members of the Cabinet, Blair alone positively and clearly favored provisioning Sumter, on the ground that evacuation would demoralize Northern unionists and encourage Southern secessionists. Chase also answered the question affirmatively, but he would not have done so had he not drawn his conclusions from misapprehensions.

There was in Seward's opinions a policy peculiar to himself. His efforts to hold the border slave States in line were closely related to his declared intention to avoid using force, except for the purpose of collecting the revenue. The expressions of no other member of the Cabinet clearly implied that the task of saving slave States, still loyal, might warrant the evacuation of other forts near Confederate territory. As the time was revolutionary, the most liberal view would permit the overlooking of the letter of the Constitution, and the bringing of Seward's plan to the revolutionary touchstone of necessity and probable success. That it was not necessary to the preservation of the Union was proved by later events. Its success depended upon whether it would satisfy those for whom it was devised.

The Confederate President and Secretary of State had already decided upon the three following points as the prerequisites of continued peace: first, the United States should agree not to reinforce any of the forts they still occupied, pending a delay of twenty days; second, if the question between the Confederacy and the Federal government should be referred to the Senate, or later, to Congress, all the forts within the Confederacy should meantime be evacuated; and, third, the Confederate tariff laws should be enforced. One of the stanchest Union men in the South was John A. Gilmer. On March 7 he wrote to Seward, "The seceders in the border States and throughout the South already desire some collision of arms in attempts to collect the revenue or in some way about the fortifications;" and he added that if there should be any fighting, the Union men would be "swept away in a torrent of madness." Judge Summers, who was the head and front of the Union party in the Virginia convention, had told that convention, four days before, that secession was "an existing fact," and that the Confederacy was "now performing the functions of an independent government." Moreover, the committee on federal relations in that convention had already reported, and subsequently passed, a proposition which expressly stated, as a condition of continued loyalty, that no attempt should be made to exact payment of imports upon commerce. Seward was therefore resting upon a broken reed.

Lincoln still hesitated. Office-seekers were consuming nearly his entire time. It was daily becoming clearer that the larger part of the loyalty of the slave States depended upon a recognition of the right of secession. The fighting courage of the Confederacy was now rapidly growing, while that of the North was beginning to wane. Before the month had elapsed trustworthy information showed that the supposed sentiment for the Union in Charleston was a myth. About the same time General Scott recommended that Fort Pickens, as well as Fort Sumter, should be surrendered.

On March 29 Lincoln again requested written opinions. Seward's views as to Fort Sumter were unchanged, but he favored calling in a younger adviser than Scott, and added, "I would at once, and at every cost, prepare for war at Pensacola [Fort Pickens] and Texas: to be taken, however, only as a consequence of

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maintaining the possessions and authority of the United States." The opinions of the Cabinet exhibited an agreement on one point, — that secession was to be confronted with force; and that meant that the Confederacy would have to begin a war or confess its weakness. There had been a radical change in Seward's policy. Lincoln favored his suggestion about Fort Pickens, and gave him what was practically *carte blanche* in arranging a speedy and secret expedition for its relief. At the same time, by Lincoln's order, Captain Fox was preparing an expedition to be sent to Fort Sumter in case it should be decided to provision it.

Up to April 1 Lincoln had adopted no active policy, except in the one instance when Seward had taken the lead and done all but the technical planning. Perhaps this was due to Seward more than to any one else, but the fact remained. Confederate commissioners were about to ask recognition of the Confederacy from the leading powers of Europe. Spain had just seized San Domingo; France, Spain, and England were contemplating intervention in Mexico; and Russia was alleged to have given assurances of friendly support to the Confederacy. The necessity for decision and activity in foreign affairs was hardly less than in domestic. This, together with Seward's preëminence in the past, his general recognition as "premier," and Lincoln's slight political experience, doubtless convinced him that circumstances would warrant his laying before the President some careful suggestions about a definite policy. He thought that further delay to adopt and prosecute measures for foreign and domestic affairs would bring scandal upon the administration and danger upon the country. He favored hurrying through with applicants for office, changing the question from slavery to "*Union* or *Disunion*." Excepting Sumter, he "would maintain every fort and possession in the South." Evidently, in the expectation that the possibility of a foreign war would relieve Southern unionists from the embarrassments which reinforcing Southern forts would cause them, and make retreat for the secessionists less difficult, he suggested that we "demand explanations from Spain and France categorically at once; . . . seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia; and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America to rouse a vigorous continental spirit of independence . . . against European intervention; and if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France, would convene Congress and declare war against them." He thought that, whatever policy might be adopted, it should be the duty of some one to be incessantly active in it, and that all the others should "agree and abide." These propositions showed how fondly — desperately, even — Seward cherished the belief that a civil war could be avoided. Unfortunately, this new plan involved the possibility of a war between the eastern and western hemispheres. Lincoln rejected Seward's propositions in a kind but not complimentary manner.

The expedition to Fort Pickens — Seward's in conception — was dispatched with entire secrecy and success. Captain Fox was soon ordered to supply Fort Sumter. As Seward had prophesied, it was assaulted and captured before relief could reach it; and as he had also foretold, this marked the beginning of a civil war.

V.

The severest reproaches that have been cast upon Seward's actions during these months have been the assertions that, in order to save the Union, he was ready to surrender the vital principle on which was based all that was best in his own senatorial career, namely, hostility to the expansion of slavery; and that, after his party had assumed control, he himself recognized officially that seven States were out of the Union.

As to the first point, it may be per-

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tinent to add to the foregoing narrative that a careful study of all the accessible material on the subject, both in print and in manuscript, and correspondence or conversation with a score or two of Seward's intimates of that time, have not brought to the writer's knowledge a scrap of reliable evidence to show that Seward would, under any circumstances, have favored the Crittenden compromise, or any compromise whatever that would have deprived Congress of the claimed right to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia or in the national forts; that would have guaranteed slavery anywhere outside of the States, or have granted to it anything that would materially have checked the steady and constitutional development of a policy which, in time, would surely have led to its extinguishment. To call that a compromise which did not involve a sacrifice of one of these points is a misuse of words. However, it is only fair to say that Seward, Lincoln, Chase, Wade, Fessenden, Trumbull, and practically all of the Republicans not affected with the frenzy of abolitionism would have been willing to yield any or all of the minor party aims, if they could have been assured that they would have satisfied the South, and prevented the dangers and miseries of a civil war. The essence of statesmanship is to save the vital principles, and to concede whatever else may be necessary to making progress without revolution.

The assertion that Seward recognized disunion is generally based upon a passage in a dispatch of April 10, 1861, to our minister to England, which has often been quoted by those who had special pleas to make. On its face one sentence seems to bear out the charge, but subsequent sentences indicate the contrary so explicitly and positively that only the self-deluded and those who have not read the whole have made or will make the unwarrantable accusation. Any other conclusion would accept the absurdity that Seward had contradicted for the moment, merely, the opinion of all his past and future years.

In some matters of tactics and judgment, Seward, like all of his associates who were constantly active, made several serious mistakes. The policy that was statesmanlike and all-important before March 4 led straight into one that was weak, delusive, and dangerous after that date. It would have been about equally difficult to maintain the Union long without the policy of January 12 and with that of March 15 or of April 1. Yet he was so undogmatic and resourceful that it is not altogether improbable that he might have turned from a dangerous course before it was too late, had one been adopted. This was shown by his versatility and energy on March 29 and after April 1. However, it is fortunate that he ruled where he was right, and was overruled where he was wrong.

Envious rivals of Seward and overzealous biographers of his contemporaries have united in magnifying his mistakes, and in overlooking or depreciating his services and abilities. All who wish to judge him fairly must remember that during these months circumstances placed greater expectations and responsibilities upon him than upon any other Republican; and none of his colleagues was so energetic, so inquiring, and so liberal minded in his efforts to save the Union. And neither Lincoln nor any member of his Cabinet had a policy that suited the circumstances of both the period before and that just after the 4th of March.

*Frederic Bancroft.*

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# FROM MY JAPANESE DIARY.

I.

*July* 25. Three extraordinary visits have been made to my house this week.

The first was that of the professional well-cleaners. For once every year all wells must be emptied and cleansed, lest the God of Wells — Suijin-Sama — be wroth. On this occasion I learned some things relating to Japanese wells and the tutelar deity of them, who has two names, being also called Mizuhanome-no-mikoto.

Suijin-Sama protects all wells, keeping their water sweet and cool, provided that house-owners observe his laws of cleanliness, which are rigid. To those who break them sickness comes, and death. Rarely the god manifests himself, taking the form of a serpent. I have never seen any temple dedicated to him. But once each month a Shintō priest visits the homes of pious families having wells, and he repeats certain ancient prayers to the Well-God, and plants *nobori* — little paper flags, which are symbols — at the edge of the well. After the well has been cleaned, also, this is done. Then the first bucket of the new water must be drawn up by a man; for if a woman first draw water, the well will always thereafter remain muddy.

The god has little servants to help him in his work. These are the small fishes the Japanese call *funa*.[1] One or two funa are kept in every well, to clear the water of larvæ. When a well is cleaned, great care is taken of the little fish. It was on the occasion of the coming of the well-cleaners that I first learned of the existence of a pair of funa in my own well. They were placed in a tub of cool water while the well was refilling, and thereafter were replunged into their solitude.

The water of my well is clear and ice-cold. But now I can never drink of it without a thought of those small white lives circling always in darkness, and startled through untold years by the descent of plashing buckets.

The second curious visit was that of the district firemen, in full costume, with their hand-engines. According to ancient custom, they make a round of all their district once a year during the dry spell, and throw water over the hot roofs, and receive some small perquisite from each wealthy householder. There is a belief that when it has not rained for a long time roofs may be ignited by the mere heat of the sun. The firemen played with their hose upon my roofs, trees, and garden, producing considerable refreshment, and in return I bestowed on them wherewith to buy *saké*.

The third visit was that of a deputation of children asking for some help to celebrate fittingly the festival of Jizō, who has a shrine on the other side of the street, exactly opposite my house. I was very glad to contribute to their fund, for I love the gentle god, and I knew the festival would be delightful. Early next morning, I saw that the shrine had already been decked with flowers and votive lanterns. A new bib had been put about Jizō's neck, and a Buddhist repast set before him. Later on, carpenters constructed a dancing-platform in the temple court for the children to dance upon, and before sundown the toy-sellers had erected and stocked a small street of booths inside the precincts. After dark I went out into a great glory of lantern fires to see the children dance, and I found, perched before my gate, an enormous dragonfly more than three feet long. It was a token of the children's gratitude for the little help I had given them, — a *kazari*, a decoration. I was startled for the moment by the realism of the thing, but upon close examination I dis-

[1] A sort of small silver carp.



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covered that the body was a pine branch wrapped with colored paper, the four wings were four fire-shovels, and the gleaming head was a little teapot. The whole was lighted by a candle so placed as to make extraordinary shadows, which formed part of the design. It was a wonderful instance of art sense working without a speck of artistic material, yet it was all the labor of a poor little child only eight years old!

II.

*July* 30. The next house to mine, on the south side, a low, dingy structure, is that of a dyer. You can always tell where a Japanese dyer is by the long pieces of silk or cotton stretched between bamboo poles before his door to dry in the sun, — broad bands of rich azure, of purple, of rose, pale blue, pearl gray. Yesterday my neighbor coaxed me to pay the family a visit, and, after having been led through the front part of their little dwelling, I was surprised to find myself looking from a rear veranda at a garden worthy of some old Kyōtō palace. There was a dainty landscape in miniature, and a pond of clear water peopled by goldfish having wonderfully compound tails.

When I had enjoyed this spectacle awhile, the dyer led me to a small room fitted up as a Buddhist chapel. Though everything had had to be made on a reduced scale, I did not remember to have seen a more artistic display in any temple. He told me it had cost him about fifteen hundred yen. I could not understand how that sum could have sufficed. There were three elaborately carven altars, a triple blaze of gold lacquer work; a number of charming Buddhist images, many exquisite vessels, an ebony reading-desk, a *mokugyō*,[1] two fine bells, — in short, all the paraphernalia of a temple in miniature. My host had studied at a Buddhist temple in his youth, and knew the sutras, of which he had all that are used by the Jōdo sect. He told me that he could celebrate any of the ordinary services. Daily, at a fixed hour, the whole family assembled in the chapel for prayers, and he generally read the Kyō for them. But on extraordinary occasions a Buddhist priest from the neighboring temple would come to officiate.

He told me a queer story about robbers. Dyers are peculiarly liable to be visited by robbers; partly by reason of the value of the silks entrusted to them, and also because the business is known to be lucrative. One evening the family were robbed. The master was out of the city; his old mother, his wife, and a female servant were the only persons in the house at the time. Three men, having their faces masked and carrying long swords, entered the door. One asked the servant whether any of the apprentices were still in the building, and she, hoping to frighten the invaders away, answered that the young men were all still at work. But the robbers were not disturbed by this assurance. One posted himself at the entrance, the other two strode into the sleeping-apartment. The women started up in alarm, and the wife asked, "Why do you wish to kill us?" He who seemed to be the leader answered, "We do not wish to kill you; we want money only. But if we do not get it, then it will be this," striking his sword into the matting. The old mother said, "Be so kind as not to frighten my daughter-in-law, and I will give you whatever money there is in the house. But you ought to know there cannot be much, as my son has gone to Kyōtō." She handed them the money drawer and her own purse. There were just twenty-seven yen and eighty-four sen. The head robber counted it, and said, quite gently, "We do not want to frighten you. We know you are a very devout believer in Buddhism, and we think you would not tell a lie. Is this all?" "Yes, it is all," she answered. "I am, as you say, a

[1] A hollow wooden block shaped like a fish, which is struck in offering prayer before Buddha.

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believer in the teaching of the Buddha, and if you come to rob me now, I believe it is only because I myself, in some former life, once robbed you. This is my punishment for that fault, and so, instead of wishing to deceive you, I feel grateful at this opportunity to atone for the wrong which I did to you in my previous state of existence." The robber laughed, and said, "You are a good old woman, and we believe you. If you were poor, we would not rob you at all. Now we only want a couple of *kimono* and this," laying his hand on a very fine silk overdress. The old woman replied, "All my son's kimono I can give you, but I beg you will not take that, for it does not belong to my son, and was confided to us only for dyeing. What is ours I can give, but I cannot give what belongs to another." "That is quite right," approved the robber, "and we shall not take it."

After receiving a few robes, the robbers said good-night, very politely, but ordered the women not to look after them. The old servant was still near the door. As the chief robber passed her, he said, "You told us a lie, — so take this," and struck her senseless. None of the robbers were ever caught.

III.

*August* 29. When a body has been burned, according to the funeral rites of certain Buddhist sects, search is made among the ashes for a little bone called the *Hotoke-San*, or "Lord Buddha," popularly supposed to be a little bone of the throat. What bone it really is I do not know, never having had a chance to examine such a relic.

According to the shape of this little bone when found after the burning, the future condition of the dead may be predicted. Should the next state to which the soul is destined be one of happiness, the bone will have the form of a small image of Buddha. But if the next birth is to be unhappy, then the bone will have either an ugly shape, or no shape at all.

A little boy, the son of a neighboring tobacconist, died the night before last, and to-day the corpse was burned. The little bone left over from the burning was discovered to have the form of three Buddhas, — *San-Tai*, — which may have afforded some spiritual consolation to the bereaved parents.[1]

IV.

*September* 13. The old man who used to supply me with pipestems died yesterday. (A Japanese pipe, you must know, consists of three pieces, usually, — a metal bowl large enough to hold a pea, a metal mouthpiece, and a bamboo stem which is renewed at regular intervals.) He used to stain his pipestems very prettily: some looked like porcupine quills, and some like cylinders of snake-skin. He lived in a queer narrow little street at the verge of the city. I know the street, because in it there is a famous statue of Jizō called Shiroko-Jizō, — "White-Child-Jizō," — which I once went to see. They whiten its face, like the face of a dancing-girl, for some reason which I have never been able to find out.

The old man had a daughter, O-Masu, about whom a story is told. O-Masu is still alive. She has been a happy wife for many years; but she is dumb. Long ago, an angry mob sacked and destroyed the dwelling and the storehouses of a rice speculator in the city. His money, including a quantity of gold coin (*koban*), was scattered through the

[1] At the great temple of Tennōji, at Ōsaka, all such bones are dropped into a vault; and according *to the sound each makes in falling*, further evidence about the *Gōsho* is said to be obtained. After a hundred years from the time of beginning this curious collection, all these bones are to be ground into a kind of paste, out of which a colossal statue of Buddha is to be made.

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street. The rioters — rude, honest peasants — did not want it: they wished to destroy, not to steal. But O-Masu's father, the same evening, picked up a koban from the mud, and took it home. Later on a neighbor denounced him, and secured his arrest. The judge before whom he was summoned tried to obtain certain evidence by cross-questioning O-Masu, then a shy girl of fifteen. She felt that if she continued to answer she would be made, in spite of herself, to give testimony unfavorable to her father; that she was in the presence of a trained inquisitor, capable, without effort, of forcing her to acknowledge everything she knew. She ceased to speak, and a stream of blood gushed from her mouth. She had silenced herself forever by simply biting off her tongue. Her father was acquitted. A merchant who admired the act demanded her in marriage, and supported her father in his old age.

V.

*October* 10. There is said to be one day — only one — in the life of a child during which it can remember and speak of its former birth.

On the very day that it becomes exactly two years old, the child is taken by its mother into the most quiet part of the house, and is placed in a *mi*, or rice-winnowing basket. The child sits down in the mi. Then the mother says, calling the child by name, "*Omae no zensé wa, nande adakane? — iute, gōran.*" Then the child always answers in one word. For some mysterious reason, no more lengthy reply is ever given. Often the answer is so enigmatic that some priest or fortune-teller must be asked to interpret it. For instance, yesterday, the little son of a coppersmith living near us answered only "Umé" to the magical question. Now *umé* might mean a plum-flower, a plum, or a girl's name, "Flower-of-the-Plum." Could it mean that the boy remembered having been a girl? Or that he had been a plum-tree? "Souls of men do not enter plum-trees," said a neighbor. A fortune-teller this morning declared, on being questioned about the riddle, that the boy had probably been a scholar, poet, or statesman, because the plum-tree is the symbol of Tenjin, patron of scholars, statesmen, and men of letters.

VI.

*November* 17. An astonishing book might be written about those things in Japanese life which no foreigner can understand. Such a book should include the study of certain rare but very terrible results of anger.

As a national rule, the Japanese seldom allow themselves to show anger. Even among the common classes, any serious menace is apt to take the form of a smiling assurance that your favor shall be remembered, and that its recipient is grateful. (Do not suppose, however, that this is ironical, in our sense of the word; it is only euphemistic, ugly things not being called by their real names.) But this smiling assurance may possibly mean death. When vengeance comes, it comes unexpectedly. Neither distance nor time, within the empire, can offer any obstacles to the avenger who can walk fifty miles a day, whose whole baggage can be tied up in a very small towel, and whose patience is almost infinite. He may choose a knife, but is much more likely to use a sword, — a Japanese sword. This, in Japanese hands, is the deadliest of weapons, and the killing of ten or twelve persons by one angry man may occupy less than a minute. It does not often happen that the murderer thinks of trying to escape. Ancient custom requires that, having taken another life, he should take his own; wherefore to fall into the hands of the police would be to disgrace his name. He has made his preparations beforehand, written his letters, arranged for his funeral, perhaps — as in one appalling instance last year — even chiseled

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his own tombstone. Having fully accomplished his revenge, he kills himself.

There has just occurred, not far from the city, at the village called Sugikami-mura, one of those tragedies which are difficult to understand. The chief actors were, Narumatsu Ichirō, a young shopkeeper; his wife, O-Noto, twenty years of age, to whom he had been married only a year; and O-Noto's maternal uncle, one Sugimoto Kasaku, a man of violent temper, who had once been in prison. The tragedy was in four acts.

ACT I. *Scene: Interior of public bathhouse. Sugimoto Kasaku in the bath. Enter Narumatsu Ichirō, who strips, gets into the smoking water without noticing his relative, and cries out,* —

"*Aa!* as if one should be in Jigoku, so hot this water is!"

(The word "Jigoku" signifies the Buddhist hell, but, in common parlance, it also signifies a prison, this time an unfortunate coincidence.)

*Kasaku* (terribly angry). "A raw baby, you, to seek a hard quarrel! What do you not like?"

*Ichirō* (surprised and alarmed, but rallying angrily against the tone of Kasaku). "Nay! What? That I said need not by you be explained. Though I said the water was hot, your help to make it hotter was not asked."

*Kasaku* (now dangerous). "Though, for my own fault, not once, but twice in the hell of prison I had been, what should there be wonderful in it? Either an idiot child or a low scoundrel you must be!"

(*Each eyes the other for a spring, but each hesitates, although things no Japanese should suffer himself to say have been said. They are too evenly matched, the old and the young.*)

*Kasaku* (growing cooler as Ichirō becomes angrier). "A child, a raw child, to quarrel with *me!* What should a baby do with a wife? Your wife is my blood, mine, — the blood of the man from hell! Give her back to my house."

*Ichirō* (desperately, now fully assured Kasaku is physically the better man). "Return my wife! You say to return her? Right quickly shall she be returned, — at once!"

So far everything is clear enough. Then Ichirō hurries home, caresses his wife, assures her of his love, tells her all, and sends her, not to Kasaku's house, but to that of her brother. Two days later, a little after dark, O-Noto is called to the door by her husband, and the two disappear in the night.

ACT II. *Night scene. House of Kasaku closed; light appears through chinks of sliding shutters. Shadow of a woman approaches. Sound of knocking. Shutters slide back.*

*Wife of Kasaku* (recognizing O-Noto). "*Aa! aa!* Joyful it is to see you! Deign to enter, and some honorable tea to take."

*O-Noto* (speaking very sweetly). "Thanks indeed. But where is Kasaku San?"

*Wife of Kasaku.* "To the other village he has gone, but must soon return. Deign to come in and wait for him."

*O-Noto* (still more sweetly). "Very great thanks. A little, and I come. But first I must tell my brother."

(*Bows, and slips off into the darkness, and becomes a shadow again, which joins another shadow. The two shadows remain motionless.*)

ACT III. *Scene: Bank of a river at night; fringed by pines. Silhouette of the house of Kasaku far away. O-Noto and Ichirō under the trees; Ichirō with a lantern. Both have white towels tightly bound round their heads; their robes are girded well up, and their sleeves caught back with tasuki cords, to leave the arms free. Each carries a long sword.*

It is the hour, as the Japanese most expressively say, "when the sound of the river is loudest." There is no other

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sound, but a long occasional humming of wind in the needles of the pines; for it is late autumn, and the frogs are silent. The two shadows do not speak, and the sound of the river grows louder.

Suddenly there is the noise of a plash far off, — somebody crossing the shallow stream; then an echo of wooden sandals, irregular, staggering, the footsteps of a drunkard, coming nearer and nearer. The drunkard lifts up his voice; it is Kasaku's voice. He sings,

"*Suita okata ni suirarete;*
*Ya-ton-ton!*"[1]

— a song of love and wine.

Immediately the two shadows start toward the singer at a run; a noiseless flitting, for their feet are shod with *waraji*. Kasaku still sings. Suddenly a loose stone turns under his feet; he twists his ankle, and utters a growl of anger. Almost in the same instant a lantern is held close to his face. Perhaps for thirty seconds it remains there. No one speaks. The yellow light shows three strangely inexpressive masks rather than visages. Kasaku sobers at once, recognizing the faces, remembering the incident of the bath-house, and seeing the swords. But he is not afraid, and presently bursts into a mocking laugh.

"Hé! hé! The Ichirō pair! And so you take me, too, for a baby? What are you doing with such things in your hands? Let me show you how to use them."

But Ichirō, who has dropped the lantern, suddenly delivers, with the full swing of both hands, a sword-slash that nearly severs Kasaku's right arm from the shoulder; and as the victim staggers, the sword of the woman cleaves through his left shoulder. He falls with one fearful cry, "*Hitogoroshi!*" which means "murder." But he does not cry again. For ten whole minutes the swords are busy with him. The lantern, still glowing, lights the ghastliness. Two belated pedestrians approach, hear, see, drop their wooden sandals from their feet, and flee back into the darkness without a word. Ichirō and O-Noto sit down by the lantern to take breath, for the work was hard.

The son of Kasaku, a boy of fourteen, comes running to find his father. He had heard the song, then the cry, but, though so young, he is not afraid. The two suffer him to approach. As he nears O-Noto, the woman seizes him, flings him down, twists his slender arms under her knees, and clutches the sword. But Ichirō, still panting, cries, "No! no! Not the boy! He did us no wrong!" O-Noto releases him. He is too stupefied to move. She slaps his face terribly, crying, "Go!" He runs, not daring to shriek.

Ichirō and O-Noto leave the chopped mass, walk to the house of Kasaku, and call loudly. There is no reply; only the pathetic, crouching silence of women and children waiting death. But they are bidden not to fear. Then Ichirō cries, —

"Honorable funeral prepare! Kasaku, by my hand, is now dead!"

"And by mine!" shrills O-Noto.

Then the footsteps recede.

Act IV. *Scene: Interior of Ichirō's house. Three persons kneeling in the guest-room: Ichirō, his wife, and an aged woman, who is weeping.*

*Ichirō.* "And now, mother, to leave you alone in this world, though you have no other son, is indeed an evil thing. I can only pray your forgiveness. But my uncle will always care for you, and to his house you must go at once, since it is time we two should die. No common, vulgar death shall we have, but an elegant, splendid death, — *Rippana!* And you must not see it. Now go."

She passes away, with a wail. The doors are solidly barred behind her. All is ready.

O-Noto thrusts the point of the sword

[1] The meaning is, "Give to the beloved one a little more [wine]." The "*Ya-ton-ton*" is only a burden, without exact meaning, like our own "*With a hey! and a ho!*" etc.

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into her throat. But she still struggles. With a last kind word Ichirō ends her pain by a stroke that severs the head.

And then?

Then he takes his writing-box, prepares the inkstone, grinds some ink, chooses a good brush, and, on carefully selected paper, composes five poems, of which this is the last: —

> "*Meido yori*
> *Yu dempō ga*
> *Aru naraba,*
> *Hayaku an chaku*
> *Mōshi okuran.*" [1]

Then he cuts his own throat perfectly well.

Now, it was clearly shown, during the official investigation of these facts, that Ichirō and his wife had been universally liked, and had been from their childhood noted for amiability.

The scientific problem of the origin of the Japanese has never yet been solved. But sometimes it seems to me that those who argue in favor of a partly Malay origin have some psychological evidence in their favor. Under the submissive sweetness of the gentlest Japanese woman — a sweetness of which the Occidental can scarcely form any idea — there exist possibilities of hardness absolutely inconceivable without ocular evidence. A thousand times she can forgive, can sacrifice herself in a thousand ways unutterably touching; but let one particular soul-nerve be stung, and fire shall forgive sooner than she. Then there may suddenly appear in that frail-seeming woman an incredible courage, an appalling, measured, tireless purpose of honest vengeance. Under all the amazing self-control and patience of the man there exists an adamantine something very dangerous to reach. Touch it wantonly, and there can be no pardon. But resentment is not likely to be excited by any mere hazard. Motives are keenly judged. Any error can be forgiven; deliberate malice, never.

In the house of any rich family the guest is likely to be shown some of the heirlooms. Among these are almost sure to be certain articles belonging to those elaborate tea ceremonies peculiar to Japan. A pretty little box, perhaps, will be set before you. Opening it, you see only a beautiful silk bag, closed with a silk running-cord decked with tiny tassels. Very soft and choice the silk is, and elaborately figured. What marvel can be hidden under such a covering? You open the bag, and see within another bag, of a different quality of silk, but very fine. Open that, and lo, a third, which contains a fourth, which contains a fifth, which contains a sixth, which contains a seventh bag, which contains the strangest, roughest, hardest vessel of Chinese clay that you ever beheld. Yet it is not only curious, but precious; it may be more than a thousand years old.

Even thus have centuries of the highest social culture wrapped the Japanese character about with many priceless soft coverings of courtesy, of delicacy, of patience, of sweetness, of moral sentiment. But underneath these charming multiple coverings there remains the primitive clay, hard as iron, kneaded perhaps with all the mettle of the Mongol and all the dangerous suppleness of the Malay.

### VII.

*December* 28. Beyond the high fence inclosing my garden in the rear rise the thatched roofs of some very small houses occupied by families of the poorest class. From one of these little dwellings there continually issues a sound of groaning, — the deep groaning of a man in pain. I have heard it for more than a week, both night and day, but latterly the sounds have been growing longer and louder, as if every breath were an agony. "Somebody there is very sick," says Manyemon,

[1] The meaning is about as follows: "If from the Meido it be possible to send letters or telegrams, I shall write and forward news of our speedy safe arrival there."

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my old interpreter, with an expression of extreme sympathy.

The sounds have begun to make me nervous. I reply, rather brutally, "I think it would be better for all concerned if that somebody were dead."

Manyemon makes three times a quick, sudden gesture with both hands, as if to throw off the influence of my wicked words, mutters a little Buddhist prayer, and leaves me with a look of reproach. Then, conscience-stricken, I send a servant to inquire if the sick person has a doctor, and whether any aid can be given. Presently the servant returns with the information that a doctor is regularly attending the sufferer, and that nothing else can be done.

I notice, however, that, in spite of his cobwebby gestures, Manyemon's patient nerves have also become affected by those sounds. He has even confessed that he wants to stay in the little front room, near the street, so as to be away from them as far as possible. I can neither write nor read. My study being in the extreme rear, the groaning is there almost as audible as if the sick man were in the room itself. There is always in such utterances of suffering a certain ghastly timbre by which the intensity of the suffering can be estimated; and I keep asking myself, How can it be possible for the human being making those sounds by which I am tortured, to endure much longer?

It is a positive relief, later in the morning, to hear the moaning drowned by the beating of a little Buddhist drum in the sick man's room, and the chanting of the *Namu myō ho renge kyō* by a multitude of voices. Evidently there is a gathering of priests and relatives in the house. "Somebody is going to die," Manyemon says. And he also repeats the holy words of praise to the Lotos of the Good Law.

The chanting and the tapping of the drum continue for several hours. As they cease, the groaning is heard again. Every breath a groan! Toward evening it grows worse — horrible. Then it suddenly stops. There is a dead silence of minutes. And then we hear a passionate burst of weeping, — the weeping of a woman, — and voices calling a name. "Ah! somebody is dead!" Manyemon says.

We hold council. Manyemon has found out that the people are miserably poor; and I, because my conscience smites me, propose to send them the amount of the funeral expenses, a very small sum. Manyemon thinks I wish to do this out of pure benevolence, and says pretty things. We send the servant with a kind message, and instructions to learn, if possible, the history of the dead man. I cannot help suspecting some sort of tragedy; and a Japanese tragedy is generally interesting.

*December* 29. As I had surmised, the story of the dead man was worth learning. The family consisted of four, — the father and mother, both very old and feeble, and two sons. It was the eldest son, a man of thirty-four, who had died. He had been sick for seven years. The younger brother, a *kurumaya*, had been the sole support of the whole family. He had no vehicle of his own, but hired one, paying five sen a day for the use of it. Though strong and a swift runner, he could earn little: there is in these days too much competition for the business to be profitable. It taxed all his powers to support his parents and his ailing brother; nor could he have done it without unfailing self-denial. He never indulged himself even to the extent of a cup of saké; he remained unmarried; he lived only for his filial and fraternal duty.

This was the story of the dead brother: When about twenty-five years of age, and following the occupation of a fish-seller, he had fallen in love with a pretty servant at an inn. The girl returned his affection. They pledged

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themselves to each other. But difficulties arose in the way of their marriage. The girl was pretty enough to have attracted the attention of a man of some wealth, who demanded her hand in the customary way. She disliked him; but the conditions he was able to offer decided her parents in his favor. Despairing of union, the two lovers resolved to perform *jōshi*. Somewhere or other they met at night, renewed their pledge in wine, and bade farewell to the world. The young man then killed his sweetheart with one blow of a sword, and immediately afterward cut his own throat with the same weapon. But people rushed into the room before he had expired, took away the sword, sent for the police, and summoned a military surgeon from the garrison. The would-be suicide was removed to the hospital, skillfully nursed back to health, and after some months of convalescence was put on trial for murder.

What sentence was passed I could not fully learn. In those days, Japanese judges used a good deal of personal discretion when dealing with emotional crime; and their exercise of pity had not yet been restricted by codes framed upon Western models. Perhaps in this case they thought that to have survived a jōshi was in itself a severe punishment. Public opinion is less merciful, in such instances, than law. After a certain term of imprisonment the miserable man was allowed to return to his family, but was placed under perpetual police surveillance. The people shrank from him. He made the mistake of living on. Only his parents and brother remained to him. And soon he became a victim of unspeakable physical suffering; yet he clung to life.

The old wound in his throat, although treated at the time as skillfully as circumstances permitted, began to cause terrible pain. After its apparent healing, some slow cancerous growth began to spread from it, reaching into the breathing passages above and below where the sword-blade had passed. The surgeon's knife, the torture of the cautery, could only delay the end. But the man lingered through seven years of continually increasing agony. There are dark beliefs about the results of betraying the dead, — of breaking the mutual promise to travel together to the Meido. Men said that the hand of the murdered girl always reopened the wound, — undid by night all that the surgeon could accomplish by day. For at night the pain invariably increased, becoming most terrible at the precise hour of the attempted *shinjū*.

Meanwhile, through abstemiousness and extraordinary self-denial, the family found means to pay for medicines, for attendance, and for more nourishing food than they themselves ever indulged in. They prolonged by all possible means the life that was their shame, their poverty, their burden. And now that death has taken away that burden, they weep!

Perhaps all of us learn to love that which we train ourselves to make sacrifices for, whatever pain it may cause. Indeed, the question might be asked whether we do not love most that which causes us most pain.

*Lafcadio Hearn.*

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# THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN INFLUENCE OVER ENGLAND.

THERE can be no doubt that the triumph of the American Revolution was greeted with a passionate enthusiasm by the democratic portion of the English community; that for the working classes in particular the United States became for many years a veritable Land of Promise. In literature two names chiefly personify that influence: Tom Paine, who, though an Englishman, first attained to celebrity in America, and Franklin. The works of the latter, with his own memoir of his early life (three volumes), were published in London in 1806.[1] His private correspondence appeared in two volumes in 1817, and six volumes of memoirs of his life and writings in 1833. Marshall's Life of Washington, in five octavo volumes, had indeed been published in London in 1804, and I can only say for myself that one of the historical figures whom in my childhood I was earliest taught to reverence was America's first President. Again, Jefferson's Memoirs, Correspondence, etc., were published in London in 1829, and his life by Tucker in 1837.

So far, American influence upon English thought had been mainly political; for, however admirably lucid and simple might be Franklin's style, he was far surpassed as a writer by our Cobbett. In literature proper, the first really popular American writer amongst us was Washington Irving, all whose works were successively published in London, from the Sketch-Book in 1820 and Bracebridge Hall in 1822 to the Life and Poetical Remains of Margaret Miller Davidson which he edited in 1842, and may thus have paved a way to the publication of Jefferson's Memoirs, etc. Yet, besides that Irving's earlier republished works were on English subjects, he was himself, so far as style and turn of thought were concerned, rather an Englishman born out of England than an American. But the delight he gave to our cultivated classes tended, I think, greatly to soften their hearts towards the great transatlantic rebel, as I am afraid they for the most part still considered America.

But Washington Irving's popularity was confined mainly to those cultivated classes, and it required a literary taste to appreciate him. A far more widespread popularity was achieved by Fenimore Cooper, and that by works distinctively American in subject. I remember beginning my novel-reading in 1827 (at the mature age of six) with Walter Scott and Cooper simultaneously, and feeling a far more rapt interest in Uncas and Leatherstocking than in any of Walter Scott's heroes. Nor has any subsequent American novelist, except Mrs. Stowe, — not even Hawthorne, immeasurably superior to Cooper in genius, — ever, I believe, been so widely read in England.

The next American influence was a religious one, that of Channing, — singular in one respect as proceeding from the circumference to the centre of English thought, since his works were published both at Glasgow (1841) and at Belfast (1863) before they were published in London. Nor was it less singular in its contrast to another great religious influence which had proceeded from America to the mother country in pre-Revolutionary times, — that of Jonathan Edwards, whose works had been first printed in London in 1765. But Jonathan Edwards had addressed himself to a sect only; Channing addressed himself to all men. His Self-Culture was at one time in almost every English

[1] For this date and many of the subsequently given dates of publication I rely on the catalogue of the London Library.

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house not absolutely steeped in ignorance and frivolity.

Then Longfellow revealed America to England as a land capable of poetry (London edition, 1848). This, I say, was Longfellow's revelation; not forgetting that Bryant's poems had been published in London as early as 1832, but without exciting more than a little curiosity amongst cultivated people; of influence the poems had not a particle. Longfellow's influence, on the other hand, was very great, chiefly indeed over the young and the imperfectly educated, whose bad taste especially gloated over the two most absurd of his pieces, that Psalm of Life which finds sublimity in leaving footsteps on sand, like a gull or a crab, to be washed out by the next tide, and that Excelsior which calls upon us to admire an idiot climbing the Alps at night with a banner in his hand.[1] Later on, indeed, Hiawatha convinced the more educated that Longfellow really had added something to the permanent literature of the world.

I ought perhaps to have mentioned Emerson before Longfellow, as the edition of his Essays introduced by Carlyle appeared in London as early as 1841. But his was a much more slow-growing influence than that of Channing or Longfellow. Through him America revealed herself in ethics and philosophy to the mother country.

I cannot separate the next two names, widely different as are the types of character which they embody, — Lowell and Mrs. Stowe. Both represent the revelation of America in the field of political ethics: the one through humorous satire, the other through dramatic presentment; the one to the English-speaking races only, the other to all mankind. The anti-slavery societies in both countries were in full touch of sympathy, and as early as 1840 I had heard Garrison and Wendell Phillips speak from a London platform. But they had addressed themselves only to those who felt with them already. Channing, Longfellow, Emerson, had all prepared the way for the new-comers. But what had been a side issue for those was by these thrust into the forefront. The Biglow Papers, indeed, at first reached but few in this country, since the first English edition was not published till 1859. But I cannot describe the passionate delight with which they were hailed by some of the younger generation of the day, when one who was then only Henry Sumner Maine, afterwards the Sir Henry Maine of world-wide juridical fame, first reviewed them in the Morning Chronicle, I think in 1848. How deeply the book has influenced many contemporary English writers it would be difficult to say. Thomas Hughes, for one, is simply saturated with Biglowism. On the other hand, Uncle Tom's Cabin took the heart of the people by storm. One hundred thousand copies were sold. It was everywhere. No single English novel had ever had such a success. It reached every unossified human heart.

About this time, or a little earlier, Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter — the first book of his that was reprinted in England, soon succeeded by the Mosses from an Old Manse — had been making a conquest over the more cultivated few parallel to that of Mrs. Stowe over the many. In spite of the popularity of Cooper's novels twenty years before, it was Hawthorne who first raised for us the American novel into the category of works of literary art, securing for him a distinct and permanent place in the history of fiction.

Meanwhile, however, other influences from over the western ocean were at work upon the English people. The pouring forth, during many years, of

[1] Mr. Ludlow states bluntly the judgment of many besides himself; but there is a symbolism in poetry as well as in other arts, and the symbolism of Excelsior should not be made to do service as realism. — Ed. Atlantic Monthly.

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emigrants into the United States had produced a reflex action, which began, probably, with the sending over of copies of American newspapers — often in place of a letter — from emigrants to their families in the old country. This grew into the subscribing regularly for such papers, and to the establishment of offices for their sale. In the autumn of 1851, I traveled, mostly on foot, through a large portion of the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, mixing chiefly with workingmen, and in many cases received at their homes. I was amazed at the large diffusion of American newspapers. I was told that in the factory districts there were nearly as many American papers as English sold to workingmen; that there was scarcely an operative's home where at least a copy of one was not to be found. And as these came almost solely from the North, the foundation was laid of that marvelous sympathy of our manufacturing population with the North in the American war for the Union, — a steadfast sympathy, based upon knowledge and combined with true insight, — which held in check not only the Southern proclivities of our aristocratic and moneyed classes, but the indifference and self-interest of that portion of our working population which was not so directly connected with America.[1]

Paradoxical as it may appear, I do not hesitate to say that nothing since the separation of the North American colonies from the mother country brought England and America so closely together, made England feel how nearly and indissolubly she was knit to her revolted colonies, as the war for the Union. I believe this sense of indestructible connection was shown as much in the Southern sympathies of the one part of the nation as in the Northern sympathies of the other. For on each side there was a passion which I have never witnessed in connection with any Continental struggle. Between English Tories and American Confederates, between English democrats and the American North, there was a feeling of active brotherhood which no really foreign nation could have called forth. And when the final act of the tragedy of war took place, it would be impossible to exaggerate the effect it produced in this country. Very genuine sympathy was called forth among us, a short time ago, by the assassination of President Carnot. But it was as the last faint ripple on the beach compared to that towering wave of grief and horror which swept over the land, from palace to cottage, on the news of Abraham Lincoln's martyr death.

It was at the time of the civil war, I believe, that most of the great American newspapers first established offices in London. It was certainly at this time that the American monthly magazines began to be largely taken in among us. Before, they were to be found on club tables; now, Harper's and Scribner's (not yet the Century) began to be seen in every bookseller's shop, in many a private drawing-room. The literature of the two countries grew more and more to be practically one.

There remained one more link to be established. Individual Americans had been popular. From the days of Charles Sumner's visit to England, many Americans had been for the time being "stars" in English society; Mrs. Stowe was a lion of first-rate magnitude. But American representatives had been simply foreign ambassadors who spoke English. I remember the days when Mr. Stevenson's sharp sayings were quoted in drawing-rooms. For example, some one had said before him that Lord Brougham was mad. "I wish he 'd bite me," was the American's reply. But personally he was considered disagreeable. The tradition still remains of Washington Irv-

[1] A noted labor leader among the Scotch miners was, I was informed by one who had full opportunities of knowing, deeply interested in blockade running.

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ing's popularity when secretary of legation. But otherwise not even Mr. C. F. Adams — typical elderly Englishman though he was in appearance — had attained to anything like the friendly footing among us of a German, Chevalier Bunsen, as representative of Prussia. But when Lowell came, all barriers were broken down. The humorist whose righteous satire had added a new type to the world's literature, the poet whose Commemoration Ode claimed a place in the literature of English-speaking peoples between the masterpieces of Milton and of Wordsworth, was found to be the most lovable of guests. I do not think the most passionate Tory bore him a grudge for hard things said of us. He was popular, not as some foreign hero of the hour, some Kossuth, some Garibaldi, but as one who was bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. I do not remember half a dozen of our public men who were so absolutely welcome wherever they might go. And this without any sacrifice of his Americanism; simply by showing that he lived at the heart of that deeper unity — that unity of blood "thicker than water," according to the saying of the noble American sailor — which binds the two nations indissolubly together with links such as no art of man could forge with any other. And Lowell's example has been worthily followed by his successors, Mr. Phelps especially, and Mr. Bayard. The American minister among us holds henceforth — unless he chooses to repudiate it — a very different position from that of any other representative.

In the sphere of religious teaching one other name must be mentioned, that of Phillips Brooks. His influence, if less widespread, went far deeper than that of Channing. I say, if less widespread, and even that is doubtful. Crowds hung on his lips wherever he went, though his too quick delivery did scant justice to his matter. He took the old country by storm, for my copy of the first volume of his sermons reprinted in England (in 1879) is of the "tenth thousand." A Boston clergyman was recognized far and wide as one of the leading divines of the English race. And he too was loved wherever he was known, — I might say, wherever he was seen. In his massive strength he seemed to embody the description of Scripture, "a lionlike man of Judah." But the lion nature in him was a glorified one, joining all sweetness with all strength.

Another American influence has yet to be named, this time working in the field of economics, — that of Henry George. Belated protectionists among us had been fond of quoting Carey against free-traders. American free-traders, on the other hand, had been made much of at the Cobden Club. But Henry George was the first to lay hold on the sympathies of a large portion of the English masses. The forcible truth of much of his criticism on existing social arrangements seemed with the less educated to accredit the correctness of his conclusions; the simplicity of those conclusions was a powerful attraction for shallow minds; the man's own narrow sincerity, and his faculty of never knowing when he was beaten, had for many the effect of invincible power. I do not hesitate to say that Henry George's teaching represents now an element in popular English thought which has to be seriously reckoned with.

In the above brief sketch I have left out the names of men of merely transient popularity, like that of Henry Ward Beecher, and influences strong over a few only among us, like that of Theodore Parker or that of Walt Whitman. I have also left on one side the field of history, — in which, since the days of Washington Irving, America has held her own, — simply because I do not trace any distinct influence exerted by the American masters, Prescott, Motley, Parkman. It may indeed be otherwise with Captain Mahan's works, which have

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received among us an unprecedented greeting. The same applies to jurisprudence, though Story's rather thin Commentaries were, in my youth at all events, more widely read by English lawyers than many far abler works of German or French jurists. In art, whilst West is a mere name, and Bierstadt was admired, but not followed, Mr. Sargent appears really to represent a rising influence among our younger painters. Of the field of pure science I do not feel competent to speak. In that of applied science the quicker inventiveness of the American is freely acknowledged.

In matters of business America has had only too much influence upon us. As a latest development, the "trusts" which we have borrowed from her have yet to vindicate their moral title to existence. But it would require special knowledge to treat adequately of this side of the subject. How closely the interests of the two countries are connected in the field of business, how powerfully American troubles react upon England, may be shown by the words to me, the other day, of the senior member of one of our most eminent publishing firms. He was saying that he had never known such a dull publishing season as that of 1894, and assigned as the reason for it the labor disturbances in America. "You mean," I said, "that you cannot enter into contracts with American publishers?" "Partly that," he replied, "but rather that people are waiting to see whether the thing may not spread to England." The fear, I believe, is unfounded, but its existence is noteworthy.

And now, what are the results upon the thought of the mother country of all these various influences from her tall daughter beyond the seas?

It is in many respects very difficult to say. One thing, however, will, I think, be universally admitted. The best literature of the two countries is henceforth one. Every American work of merit is sure of republication in England; some are republished which scarcely deserve it. Marion Crawford, W. D. Howells and Henry James, Frank Stockton and Mark Twain, Elizabeth Phelps and Kate Wiggin, are as widely read among us as any English authors of fiction. Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson (the order of names is that of their popularity, not of their merit), are to be found in the library of almost every English home.

Socially, there is a much closer intermixture of the two peoples. I can remember the day when an American hostess in an English house was a notable singularity; the presentation at court of an American lady not directly connected with the legation a subject of astonishment. Now American ladies preside over many an English household, and the presentation of several at every drawing-room is a thing of course.

Still, the relation between the two countries, however altered within my experience, is not reversed. England has dared to look down upon America, an attitude which to a large extent prevailed till the close of the American war for the Union, whether among those who scorned, or among those who loved and pitied. But England does not look up to America. The period of corruption in politics which followed the triumph of the North was a terrible cause of disillusion to many. The feeling is now more one of equality, of brotherhood. No Englishman, I think, would hesitate or feel pained to admit that this or that is better done in America than in England. But I doubt if there be any one who does not feel convinced that many things are better done still in the old country than in the new. No one now rejoices when misfortune overtakes America. But the passionate admiration for her as the great champion of democracy, which once existed in a portion of our working class, subsists, I think, no longer; nay, what remains of it is outside of that class. The relations between the two countries have become so intimate that emigration to America has

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come largely to be a mere migration to and fro, to such an extent that, through the cheapness of fares on the ocean steamers, thousands of English workmen habitually divide each year between the two countries. Our English workingmen are thus most intimately acquainted with the conditions of the American labor market; and, so far as I can ascertain, they believe at present that the labor relation is generally more strained in the United States than in the mother country, that the average transatlantic employer is harder and more unscrupulous, that transatlantic workingmen's combinations are worse regulated than the English. The violence of the late labor conflicts in the United States is, I find, generally disapproved by our labor leaders. Indeed, a friend of mine who has spent many years in the United States, and is still obliged frequently to cross the Atlantic for business purposes, was saying to me the other day that if you were to take an English and an American railway employee at random, and put them side by side, you could tell the Englishman at once by the look of greater contentment on his face. But there is, I think, a much deeper and more general interest than formerly in American matters, a more general concern for American troubles, a more intimate feeling of the community of race.

Unless through the mere fact of the centennial existence of the United States, I do not think that America has made us more democratic. England seems to me to be evolving her own ideas of democracy out of her own "inner consciousness," her own experience. Outside of Ireland, the movement towards federal home rule of the last decade does not, I think, arise from any transatlantic influence. If it had done so, the movement towards what is called "imperial federation" would not merely have grown *pari passu*, but would have absorbed the other. Very few Englishmen have as yet, I fear, realized the fact that the development of the United States has been largely a process of organized colonization, through the wide and far-reaching provisions of the Constitution for the admission of new Territories and States, so that the American protective system itself implies absolute free-trade throughout two thirds of a continent. Even thoughtful journals cannot take in the idea that a Canadian should be looked upon simply as an Englishman in Canada, an Australian as an Englishman in Australia; that every colony which attains a certain development has a right to a share in the government of the empire. It was not long ago that the Spectator delivered itself of this sentiment: "We have no objection to the colonies giving specially favorable treatment to our goods, . . . but we can never return the favor in kind." So utterly lost upon it is the spectacle of the American Union; so far is it from realizing the idea of an imperial unity, every part of which should join in forming one country, and taking its proportionate share in the government.

And yet that idea is growing, and beyond it a grander one still, — that of a league of all English-speaking peoples, in which America should take her place beside England for preserving the freedom and safety of the seas, for the promotion of international justice and international peace. A dream, no doubt, at present; but the dreams of one century are often the facts of the next.

In the mean while both countries have much to do, England as well as America, in raising the standard of political life, of commercial morality; America more than England in making the law strong and respected. She must depose Judge Lynch for good.

*J. M. Ludlow.*

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# ROSA.

## A STORY OF SICILIAN CUSTOMS.

ALL that night Rosa had not closed her eyes for thinking that before another night he would have left her.

To live without him, not to see him for four, five months, as many as it would take to go to America, — oh, this was a thorn in the heart of the poor girl!

And yet she must be resigned. Totò, though still very young, was an able seaman. As a boy he had been a great worker, and had never shunned labor, however hard or dangerous it might appear to him. He had almost always sailed in small freight ships, taking cargoes of wine at Castellamare del Golfo, coal at Follonica or at Castiglione, wood at Trieste; and he had always done his duty. That was why, when he sought to embark in a large vessel, and captain Giuseppe wished to look at his hands, the latter was well satisfied with those rough and callous palms, finding there the surest signs of the industry of the lad.

Totò had also another merit, that of being the son of a sailor, — which means that he had in his blood, as is the saying, the art of seamanship.

The girl knew all this, and she also knew that, with his uncommon abilities, he would make his way, and some day might sail as boatswain. And then, what a fine thing to be the wife of the boatswain of a brigantine or of a ship!

The next morning, when Totò came to take leave, Rosa had not the strength to speak. Her heart beat so hard that it seemed as if it would set itself free from her breast; her face was aflame, and her eyes were dilated.

"Do not grieve," her mother told her. "Do not take it like this, my child. Two or three months pass quickly, and you will see Totò safe and well. May the Madonna go with him, and the Souls of the Beheaded Bodies help him on his voyage!"

"And nowadays," said Totò, "what distance is there between Palermo and America? Once, indeed, those might be called long voyages, when it took three months to go and three to come, without any tidings. But now! I know how to write, and before the Maria is out of the strait of Gibraltar, in one way or another, I shall send you a sheet of paper. There is always some ship to be met on the ocean, and who knows" —

"And then," added donna Maricchia, the mother of Rosa, "with the steamships returning this way, you might even have a letter every day. America and Palermo are like adjoining rooms, as the saying is. Do you understand, my daughter? There is no longer any distance."

Rosa was silent, and two great tears shone in her eyes.

"But can we go on like this, blood of the devil! Since two years we are betrothed, and at every new parting we have the same scenes. As true as the Lord, I repent that I" —

Rosa did not let that oath be finished, for she gave a sudden start as if by a magnetic spring; and her eyes, which until then she had not had strength to lift, were now fixed upon his face with a look of reproof and tenderness as if to say, "Would you repent, perhaps, of having loved me?"

Totò gazed at the ground, and after a brief pause kissed the hand of his future mother-in-law, pressed that of Rosa, and went away. Rosa burst into tears.

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In the afternoon, before twilight, the father, mother, and daughter took a rowboat at Santa Lucia in order to go to

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wish Totò a good voyage. The father of Rosa was an old sea-dog, and because of that had consented to the marriage of his daughter to a sailor; for he never would have permitted a match with a youth of the land. "What are these landsmen!" he thought. "Quarrelsome folks, and full of follies. They love cards and women; they mix with bad companions. May the Lord save all good Christians from such! And in the evening, soaked with drink, they fight about nothing, and beat their wives and children. Give us sea-room from them, give us sea-room. What say our Sicilian proverbs? 'Take your neighbor's sweepings and put them in your house;' and, 'Like to like, and each to his own.'"

The boat cleaved placidly the blue waves, which were lightly crisped by the wind that, at Palermo, is apt to blow during the later hours of the day. The slow and measured beat of the oars was translated upon Rosa's face in a certain agitation which might well have been interpreted as impatience to reach the Maria as soon as possible. The father divined as much, and, striding over the bench against which the boatman braced his feet, he took one of the oars and gave a stroke so powerful that it turned the boat to one side, obliging the boatman to strain his oars, so that in a few moments they reached the ship lying at anchor.

Totò, who was watching at the prow, was not slow to perceive them; and when they came alongside he was ready to appear at the rail. What was said between him and the newly arrived is easy to imagine. Rosa, who before had been red with uneasiness, was now white as a washed rag, and had only a few broken words for her lover, who looked at her again and again without being able fully to account for her unusual agitation. The visit was brief, because the father, as a man of the world, well knew that when a parting has to take place, it is better to cut short all delays.

"It is late; let us go," he said, in a tone which admitted of no reply. And the customary good wishes having been exchanged, — "Good journey and happy return!" "Good luck stay with you, and may we meet again in health!" — the small boat put forth for shore.

Rosa was completely overcome; she could not utter a word, she could not weep. Totò mounted again upon the forward bridge, shading his eyes with his left hand, and saluting with his right. Rosa's parents also made salutations; the man cutting the air from right to left with his hand, the woman opening and shutting her fingers. But as the rowboat went farther away from the ship, and the figure of Totò lost, in the uncertain light, its distinct outlines, a remembrance came to trouble Rosa's mind: those last words, "I repent of"— and she gave a start which frightened her poor parents.

The young man, for his part, having gone sadly down below, forward, was recalling with an ineffable melancholy a certain song which he had often heard sung by sailors at their departure: —

"How sad is parting, what a bitter woe!
To-morrow, who can tell where I may be!
The ship is making ready now to go,
With sails all black, dismal and dark to see.
When I reach port, I 'll write to let you know;
And you, dear girl, each hour remember me.
If Death shall spare to shoot me with his bow,
I will return, — believe it certainly."

It is the custom of Palermitan mariners never to set sail on a Friday; and this custom is not only from respect to the old proverb, "Of a Friday and of a Tuesday, neither marry nor go on a journey," but also in memory of the hapless fate of a captain from the Molo, who, presuming to disregard the prejudice, would sail on a Friday, and was miserably drowned. The ships wait, therefore, for the earliest hours of Saturday morning, and then sail. So did the Maria, of whose crew was Totò.

During the night, in the home of Rosa,



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the only one who slept was the father; he, having swallowed a few mouthfuls of salad — his usual supper since he had left off going to sea — and smoked his favorite pipe, went to bed and began to snore. Rosa lay awake all night in agitation, and counted every quarter hour as it was struck by the clock of the parish church of Santa Lucia. What a long night that was! From Ave Maria to midnight she saw with her mind's eyes her Totò, motionless, bewildered, not knowing what to do; after midnight had struck, she saw him arise with agility, await the pilot's cry, "Weigh anchor!" and run, first of all the sailors, to turn the handle of the capstan; among the voices of the crew she could distinguish clearly his, and she herself joined in the strange chant that accompanies that task: —

"Urrò simarò,
Simarella, carolina."

She saw him climb rapidly among the yards, give a hand to unfurl the sails; and, watching him, she trembled for his life, at that hour, in that thick darkness, and with the ship already beginning to pitch. Then she remembered that there are blessed souls who watch over the poor sailors; and to them she uttered a prayer, the warmest prayer that she ever had made, promising them a "journey" if they would bring him back safe to her. The "Souls of the Beheaded Bodies" could not fail to aid Totò, if they help all the devout who recommend themselves to them.

"Yes, we will go to the church of the Beheaded, my daughter," her mother whispered to her, "and you shall see that, by virtue of them, Totò will have a fine voyage, and will return safe and happy."

"Surely we will go, mamma, and we will also go to the church of the Madonna of the Drowned."

"But that of course!" replied the mother. "Does one go to the Beheaded without stopping at the church of the Drowned? Every one says that it is not a real journey unless a stop is made at that church."

The dialogue went on, growing warmer, upon the subject of Totò, his voyage, and the Souls of the Beheaded.

"But will you never make an end of these discourses, tireless ravens!" suddenly broke out the father, who had been awakened from his first sleep by the unaccustomed chatter, although the women had endeavored to speak in an undertone. "You have talked all night long without once stopping. Think whether, on account of a passage from here to New York, there has to be made such a fuss. If it is to go on like this every night, it will be cold weather for me."

Rosa was silent, and donna Maricchia replied coldly, "Sleep, sleep. When you have nothing to say, you talk against your own flesh and blood. Do we annoy you?"

"Do you annoy me! The whole night long you are here at my bedside as if to mourn for a death. Totò is not dead, is he?"

Rosa started, and said no more.

The next morning, very early, the old sailor went to the fishing-ground at the Borgo, and, straining his lynx eyes, he could not discover anything along the whole horizon. Raisi Peppi, a fisherman of his acquaintance, who guessed the reason of his coming at that hour, told him that the Maria had gone away with a good wind, and now, he added, was certainly making ten knots an hour.

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The life of the seafaring people of Sicily has little in common with that of the landsmen, and differs from it in sentiments, in customs, and in habits.

Of a character superior to that of any other Sicilian working class, the sailor, the fisherman, occupies himself only with his family and with his business. The land, however he may invoke it in moments of peril, has no attraction for him, does not interest him, does not give him any thought except for his beloved wife

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and children. The fisherman, who in stormy days is obliged to draw his boat to the beach, has there his favorite haunt where he passes the entire day, now smoking a castaway cigar stump or taking a pinch from his faithful pewter snuffbox, now mending broken nets and seines and worn-out floats. He takes little thought of public affairs, as of a thing which does not concern him; he does not care for the personages and acts of the national and the city government (which he always confuses in his mind as one). He respects the law rather by instinct than upon reflection. Peace and quiet, natural, not the consequences of political disturbance, are dear to him; and he resigns himself, unconscious of any sacrifice, to the privations and hardships to which he is condemned by the treacherous sea, sometimes because of the scarcity of fish, sometimes because of the impossibility of going out to cast the nets.

Nor is the sailor unlike the fisherman in the avoidance of quarrels and in the love of patriarchal peace. When he has shipped as seaman and has taken the advance for the coming voyage, he puts all the money into the hands of his wife, or, if unmarried, of his mother, — keeping for himself what little may suffice for his needs. He is, proverbially, as ready to break his oaths as he is to make them; as soon as he sets foot on land, he is weary, impatient to return to the dangers which he had lately sworn never to challenge again. His house, during the few days that he dwells in it, is his sacred temple; and he does not leave it until he sails again for some port, where he will expect, on his arrival, to receive good news from his family.

The women lead a singular life during the absence of the husbands, the betrothed, the brothers. They who are accustomed to live out of doors, in front of their houses, from the moment that their dear ones take leave shut themselves inside, and nothing is seen of them. However long the voyage may be, they never show themselves, do not even visit each other. Only on Sundays and festival days they break in upon this cloistral life, going to confession or to hear mass. But they never do this in broad daylight; instead, they go to the first mass, in the morning darkness, when no indiscreet eye can gaze upon them.

Those months and days are a continual agitation for them. When they receive visits from their near relatives, they always inquire about the weather, whether it is good or bad; about the sea, whether it is quiet and favorable for vessels outward or inward bound; how many days other ships have taken to reach Gibraltar, and such like matters. They anxiously await replies, as they sew, or sweep the room, or set the dishes in order on the shelves. Morning and evening they recite their prayers with devotion; and they never forget, in repeating the rosary, to mention the dear voyager, in whose favor they propitiate the souls of purgatory by ejaculations, or the Virgin with an Ave Maria.

Three months and more had elapsed since Totò quitted Palermo; and not only Rosa, but also donna Maricchia had refrained from sitting, as is the custom, before the door. Rosa had the habit of combing her hair with her shoulders toward the street; but her hair-dressing, which had been the admiration of passers, was now become an indoors affair, which no one was any longer permitted to witness. It had been her practice to seat herself in a low chair, let down her black and abundant tresses, loosen them, brushing them to right and left and backward; then, without the aid of a mirror, she parted them with marvelous accuracy, and gathered them at the back of the head in two great braids splendid for glossiness and volume, which she pinned in a circle like the bottom of a basket. Rosa was a sight to see after her toilet was finished, with her wide brow, her large eyes, black and bright,

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her cheeks always rose-tinted, and her lips like the most beautiful coral of Trapani or Sciacca. She cared little for ornaments, and wore none except a slender hoop of gold on the third finger of the left hand, — the finger that communicates with the heart, as her mother had told her at the time when Totò gave the ring to her. But to make up for the lack of jewels she knotted around her neck a silk kerchief, whose fringes hanging on her breast and shoulders gave her a grace which was the main charm of her attire.

It was like this that she had been observed, in passing, by monsù Nino, the most skillful young barber of that quarter of the city; and he had experienced such a sense of pleasurable surprise that, feigning to have forgotten something, he retraced his steps and looked again at her. She, who had been sitting with her back to the street, had turned around, and when monsù Nino passed for the second time he was able to behold her in all her beauty and her enchanting simplicity, — a real rosebud of a Rosa, a sight which caused him a new and mysterious delight. The next day he went by that way and looked, but did not succeed in seeing her; and so for the next day and several days after. Monsù Nino, a bachelor, and not unversed in love-making as a pastime, — for on account of his good looks, and also of a certain way that he had, he was rather fortunate in small conquests, — began to think of this lovely girl, and remembered perhaps too many times in the course of the day her whom he would have been glad to see frequently. But Rosa, unconscious of herself, unacquainted with men and things, stayed in a corner of the *catodio* (the windowless ground-floor room of the Sicilian people) and thought only of the Totò of her heart. He, safely arrived at New York, had written her a letter announcing that the merchandise from Palermo was unloaded, and that an American cargo would probably be taken on board either there or at Boston, to which city, according to what the boatswain had told him, the Maria was to go. For Totò were Rosa's thoughts, for Totò her vows, upon Totò all her hopes were fixed; and when he wrote to her again and told her that the trip to Boston had not been made, and that the ship, already loaded with grain, would sail the next night, she, beside herself with joy, ran to light a lamp before the Mother of Mercies, in order that the Madonna might keep over him her holy hands. The news arrived on Saturday, the day of all the good gifts that Heaven concedes, — the day during which, according to the devotees of the Virgin, the sun appears seven times.

The following Monday, the mother and daughter made ready for the journey to the Souls of the Beheaded. These souls, it may be explained, are those of persons who have been executed, according to or against justice. The Sicilian populace believe that they are beneficent spirits, tutelar genii who aid and defend those who recommend themselves to them, who pray to them, or who make a pilgrimage to the church that bears their name, on the banks of the river Oreto. The legends concerning them are among the most curious known; and one must hear the gossips relate these stories in order to comprehend the singular devotion which is felt for these souls by women and by men, especially sailors.

Towards six o'clock in the morning, Rosa and her mother, wrapped in brown shawls, issued together from the house, and made their way toward Porta di Termini, called in these days Porta Garibaldi. According to the rite, complete silence must be observed; and the women remained mute until, having gone beyond the Borgo, they heard the sinister baying of a dog. At the first bark, as at a presage of great woe, they trembled for the poor sailor; considering that

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the howl of a dog during the journey to the Souls of the Beheaded is of ill omen. So, too, would be a harsh voice, a negative reply between two passers, the appearance of a humpbacked woman or of a priest. Trembling like reeds, neither Rosa nor her mother dared to break the silence; each trusting that the sound had been unnoticed by her companion, and that at all events the Blessed Souls would give no doubtful sign of their protection. They arrived at Porta di Termini, where donna Maricchia broke the silence by crossing herself in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and beginning at once to recite the rosary, "Ave Maria, gratia plena." And Rosa responded, "Sancta Maria, mater Deum." At every Ave Maria they told off a bead of the rosary, and at the tenth they bowed their heads with a Gloria Patri, and recited the refrain: —

"Little Souls of the Beheaded,
Who were born upon the earth,
Who in Purgatory are,
And in Paradise awaited,
Pray to the Eternal Father
For my great necessity,
Pray for me unto the Lord
That the journey be in favor."

Having finished in this manner the first of the fifteen parts of the rosary, they recited the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, which coincided with their arrival at the little church of the Annegati (those who were drowned), where they entered and prayed for Totò upon the high seas. As they set forth again upon their journey, they experienced a certain satisfaction in ending it with the litanies of Loreto, in sight of the church. There they entered and prostrated themselves with devotion, offering the rosary. The neat little church was thronged with women, all kneeling, all whispering prayers. Donna Maricchia and Rosa collected their minds for an instant; then lifting their eyes to the high altar, they prayed with more fervor than ever before in their lives. Afterward they rose to their feet together, as if at a sign of command.

The journey was accomplished; there remained to be learned the prognostications as to Totò's voyage; and they could not do without these, under the frightful impression of the baying of that dog, — a baying which, if it could not really be called a howl, must at least be taken as a warning to use precautions. The auguries are to be had, clear and explicit, in the chapel to the right of the church, by listening. There the two women betook themselves, and drew near, trembling, to the slab set in the right-hand wall, through which, it is believed, are heard the answers of the souls to petitions; and there Rosa and her mother applied their ears after having made some interrogations. What they heard, or what they believed they heard, may not be known; but from the smiling faces with which they went away it is presumable that the Souls of the Beheaded had given good tidings of the voyage of the beloved one. It is sure that before quitting the mysterious place the women gathered a flower from the oleander-tree planted there, and gave a small coin in alms to a blind woman crouching before the gate, who was quick to thank them with the words, "May God repay it to you in blessings and in health, and may the Souls of the Beheaded accompany you by land and by sea."

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Monsù Nino felt some impatience to see again the beautiful girl who had seemed to him a celestial apparition. He passed frequently, without defining his motives, through the street of the Collegio di Maria, and he always looked at that door, gazing with all his might, feigning to be obliged to turn back; but the door was hermetically closed, and he was not given to see a living soul. Among his thoughts was first, pertinaciously first and ever present, that of Rosa; he cherished it, and found it more

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and more agreeable and charming. In his shop — over which he had recently exchanged the old-fashioned sign of Barber for the more pretentious one of Parlor — he was somewhat absent-minded; and it happened to him more than once to pass a dry shaving-brush over the face of a customer, or to take off the apron before he had dressed the hair. Serious matters for a tonsorial artist! At home, his abstraction was still greater; and when, as he reëntered the house, his father asked him how many shaves he had made that day, he, who was accustomed to keep a minute account of everything, delayed to answer, not really remembering whether he had shaved any one, or if so, how many.

"Has anything happened to you?" his mother inquired one day, amazed at the change in him. "You have seemed to me odd for some weeks."

"No, mamma. It is that I have in my head a sort of confusion; I don't know what it means."

"But why don't you let a doctor see you? Rather, it would be better to go to your old employer, who, as a barber, ought to know more than the doctors. Go to him."

"Really there is no need; however, I will see. But meanwhile"—

"'But meanwhile'? Is there something on your mind? Speak. Confide in your mother."

"Nothing, nothing." And Nino cut short the conversation; and, an unusual thing for him, went to bed soon after Ave Maria.

In order to procure sleep he tried various expedients; and when he had slept, he found it easier to awaken than to slumber again. He thought of the old sailor's daughter, whom he had seen again that morning; he contemplated her with the eyes of his mind and admired her, — a sweet vision that brought to him joy together with a soft tranquillity. And why was all this? He himself did not know.

Nino had seen hundreds of girls in his quarter of the city; and he had forgotten the number of those who on Sunday, when he went to the parish church of Santa Lucia to hear mass and took his place near the sacristy, shot certain sly glances at him that were enough to tempt a saint. Yet those girls, even the most beautiful among them, did not at all resemble Rosa; indeed, were not worth a hair of her head. No one was more simple and more majestic, more charming and modest. He did not understand that this admiration was love; and he hardly stopped to consider why the daughter of a sailor, seen only once, should be for him the object of so much contemplation. The word "love," moreover, appeared to him vulgar and trite, for he had loved several girls in his quarter of the city, and twice had been even betrothed.

However, his impatience to see her again increased as the days went by, but brought him almost no hope of meeting her. In time, a lucky opportunity came to give him a brief comfort.

It was the Friday of Holy Week; and according to traditional rite they were to carry through the Borgo the dead Christ and the Madonna Addolorata, — a procession equaled by few in Sicily, and at whose passage no eye remains dry. Rosa had been invited by the mother of Totò, who lived in a house with a balcony, not far distant. Whatever might have been Rosa's purpose to remain in retirement, she could not disregard the invitation without danger of offending Totò. The refusal of any plan, in itself suitable, made by the future mother-in-law during her son's absence is a grave offense toward his family, and still worse any pretext whatever for not going to the house; for this, as a presumable sign of little trust and no regard for the mother of the betrothed, would certainly make a break between the two families and prevent the marriage.

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Rosa, therefore, accompanied by donna Maricchia, went to the house of her future mother-in-law, and, on meeting her, kissed her hand and imprinted resonant kisses upon her lips. Totò's mother received her gladly, and said the kindest things to donna Maricchia, whose schoolmate she had been when they were little girls.

The crowd began to turn from Corso Scinà into the street of the Collegio di Maria; and it constantly increased, so that when there appeared the gigantic palm-tree that surmounts the bier of the dead Christ, the street was all one moving tapestry of caps, hats, kerchiefs, shawls, and veils. The urchins went before, rejoicing, and behind them came venders of pumpkin seeds, waffles, beans, toasted carob pods, biscuits, small cakes, and the inevitable and always well-patronized anise water.

The pious procession was headed by two drummers in red robes, carrying drums muffled with a large black cloth, which impressed the public with their deep and gloomy sound, like a voice smothered in the throat. Behind came the Mysteries, borne by girls and boys: one dressed as San Giovanni Battista, another as an apostle, others as Santa Rosalia, la Maddalena, Santa Lucia, and as angels winged in all sorts of ways; each one carrying an emblem of the Passion, the cross, the ladder, the nails, the lance, the sponge. There were some who scattered flowers, and others who bore a basket with sacred images. Everybody admired an archangel Michael, very grand in silk, ribbons, tassels, gold and silver tinsel, and dazzling colors. Then followed the confraternities of the Crucified and of the Mother of Sorrows: workmen elegantly dressed, freshly shaven and combed, who held each a taper, under leadership of the most expert among them. These chiefs are called *bacchette*, because of a long wand crowned with a holy image in metal, which they move backward, forward, right, and left amid the procession, straightening the ranks; officials who have their authority from the superior and his aids.

Among these bacchette, not unnaturally, was monsù Nino, who, on account of his youth and his irreproachable toilet, attracted much attention. When the confraternity of the Crucified had gone some way in the street of the Collegio di Maria, it was obliged to halt and wait for the rest of the procession, left a little way behind in the Corso Scinà. Then monsù Nino saw the necessity of readjusting the line of the brethren, which showed some irregularity in its movement. Here he drew out, there he pushed in, a comrade; elsewhere he straightened a taper, or, in an undertone, recommended precision; going back and forth with an air of importance, as if to say, "Do you see? If I were not here, who knows how things would go!" Chancing to raise his eyes to a balcony, he saw Rosa, — none but her. At that sight, perhaps because it was unexpected, he remained disconcerted and confused. Recovering himself somewhat, he felt a strong beating of the heart, quickly followed by a sense of profound satisfaction and of unaccustomed joy. As he turned back, he had leisure to look again at Rosa, but furtively and for a moment only, for he could not stop, neither dared he expose himself to the danger of being observed. Red with agitation, he took out his pocket handkerchief to wipe the copious perspiration from his face, and then it was that Rosa looked at him for the first and only time, and without taking much notice. Monsù Nino, who had quite lost his compass, as is the saying, no longer refrained from casting ardent glances at her; so that when the procession began to move, he stood still. But finally, as if swept along by the stream, he went onward, — needless to say with what regret on his part; for he would have liked to linger near that sweet vision, a cause of joy such as he had never felt.

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There passed the confraternity of the Crucified and that of the Mother of Sorrows; there came the Augustine friars from the monastery of the Consolation, then the clergy of the parish of Santa Lucia. And the curiosity of the bystanders was aroused by the splendid stole of the priest, where against a black groundwork stood out rich and elaborate embroideries in gold, with two magnificent precious stones set near the ends. But when the funeral march from Ione was heard, and the Jews were seen to advance, in dark armor, with visors closed, at the right and the left of the monument of Jesus Christ, a shudder ran through the bones of every one, and curiosity became sacred fear.

"Oh, see those shut visors!" exclaimed Rosa, frightened.

"Look!" rejoined her future mother-in-law. "Those warriors are poor fellows who for two lire will even act as Jews."

"But why do not they let themselves be seen?"

"That would be the last touch. If they were recognized, they would be hooted at for the rest of their lives; and you know, Rosa, that the nickname of Jew is not a fine compliment in Sicily."

At the sound of a watchman's rattle the bier halted, and those upon the balcony had time to contemplate the features of the Christ, which, apart from the piety that it excited, was a marvelous work of art.

Donna Maricchia was weeping, as also the mistress of the house; Rosa wiped away her tears, and her father was somewhat pale in the face and very grave.

Another turn of the watchman's rattle, and the bier was raised, creaking, while the palm-tree shook. Not long after appeared and advanced the litter of the Madonna Addolorata: a tall, erect, majestic figure, with hands lightly clasped as if mourning a deep and immeasurable grief. The hands and face were of wax, and waxen of color, which gave to the image a gloomy appearance. It was dressed in a robe that in front was of white linen in very minute plaits; behind trailed a black velvet mantle, imposing in its majesty. As it passed, the women fell on their knees and sobbed.

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A week had elapsed since monsù Nino had seen Rosa for the third time, and although he had made efforts to see her again, he had not succeeded. Rosa's door was always closed, as if the catodio were an enchanted castle. If at first his nights had been interrupted by long hours of wakefulness, now the wakefulness was rarely lost in a brief sleep. The woman concerning whom he had not sought to know the nature of his feelings was now — he could no longer doubt it — no less than the object of his most potent passion. And how could he have failed to be charmed by her beauty? What girl was tall and flexible as she, or more noble of bearing? Her hair, — oh, it must be the eighth wonder of the world, if he, who had handled so much hair, had never seen any more abundant, more glossy and black! To love her, then, was necessary; not to be loved in return was a distress to which he could in no wise resign himself.

But how could he gain her love if she was inaccessible? In so much doubt, it appeared to him a happy idea to open his mind to a friend, a young shoemaker, who had been one of his best customers ever since monsù Nino had set up shop on his own account, and who, because of the intimate friendship, had ended by becoming his chosen compare di San Giovanni, his sworn ally.

"And if I don't succeed in making her love me," was the conclusion of monsù Nino's discourse, "as true as the Lord I 'll kill myself!"

"But why kill yourself and kill yourself! When did a man ever kill himself for a woman?"

"Surely I will kill myself!"

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"When I was betrothed to Peppa, head of a queen, — they called her so, you know, because really she had a queenly way with her head, — and on account of some obstacles I could not marry her, I did not kill myself. What an idea!"

"And therefore?" asked Nino, looking steadily at him.

"Therefore don't take the thing with your teeth! Seek to meet her and move her feelings; try every means possible and imaginable."

"And if I do not succeed?"

"Then put her out of your mind. You know that there are so many women in the world that if a division were to be made of them, we should have three apiece!"

"That sounds like you! Jesting apart, I cannot, I will not, live without the love of Rosa. How can I gain it?"

"What a child you are! Have not you your guitar? Do you not know how to sing the most beautiful Sicilian songs? Well, take another young fellow with you, — for instance, the son of gnu' Paolo, the coachman; I make three, and we can give Rosa a fine serenade. If she is not deaf, if her heart is not made of stone, to hear your voice, and," he added, smiling, "mine, her feelings must be touched."

Monsù Nino saw open before him such a brilliant horizon as he had never imagined. He, with his rare skill in playing the guitar and with his inexhaustible repertory of songs, had aided so many friends and triumphed over so many obstacles.

"You are a godsend of a fellow!" exclaimed monsù Nino, enraptured, and he printed a hearty kiss on the lips of the shoemaker.

That evening, two hours before midnight, a trio of young men, monsù Nino with the guitar, gnu' Ciccio the coachman with the triangle, and compare Vanni the shoemaker with the Jew's-harp, made their way, quiet as oil, through the street of the Collegio di Maria. When they were arrived before the house of Rosa, they improvised an instrumental piece, melancholy and pathetic; when this was ended, another, and with it a song. At the sound, the neighbors looked out, surprised at a serenade given to Rosa, who was betrothed, and soon to be married. The comments, therefore, were not few, and had a certain tinge of malignity. All at once a voice sang: —

"I am come to sing here in this happy place.
Sound, my guitar, and give me a good voice!"

It was gnu' Ciccio, with his silvery tones, who opened the serenade. At the end of the song he was greeted by a murmur of approbation, not only from the neighbors, but also from passers attracted by the melancholy nocturne. Monsù Nino's emotion was so great that, although it was his part to begin the serenade, he had not the power to sing, even after gnu' Ciccio. So compare Vanni, at the top of his voice, began: —

"Silence, good friends, and let the wind not blow;
Listen, for pity's sake, to hear me sing;
Listen to these laments and sighs of woe
That say my life is full of suffering."

The public took a lively interest in this song, in which was heard an intonation of deep sadness rendered with artistic ability of no mean order. A general exclamation of "Good!" echoed through the silence of the night as far as the Marina.

The music ceased for a moment, and there was heard a confused talking of the people, ignorant as to the object of this unusual serenade.

"Which of the three was the lover?"

"For whom was the serenade?"

"Was there an understanding between the singer and the girl?"

And the questions thickened, without receiving any certain reply. Curiosity was partially appeased when gnu' Ciccio and compare Vanni began another song:

"I am come to sing at lovely Rosa's door,
For in the world none is so fair as she."

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As the ottava went on, the people understood something, and when the singer accentuated the name of Rosa in the final lines,

"Concerning Rosa would you know still more, —
In heaven there is the moon, on earth is she!"

a "Goo-oo-ood!" still louder and more earnest, rewarded the song. Monsù Nino prepared to close the performance with another ditty which he had selected from his immense stock of minstrelsy. He, who had always found songs for all the girls of that quarter of the town, with their own names interwoven, — he, a real celebrity in his line, could not fail to find a song suitable for the Rosa of his heart.

"Oh, what a scent of roses in the air!
It lifts my heart and truly comforts me.
What rose leaves, red and white, with these compare!
A rose to equal this you will not see.
The place is all alight if she is there;
Under her feet the earth blooms rosily.
Rose of my soul, if overmuch I dare,
I now take leave, and you must pardon me!"

A delighted clapping of hands approved the song; but monsù Nino quietly withdrew from the crowd, which had now become large, and made his way through silent and deserted streets.

The next day there was great talk about the serenade; but the household to which it had been addressed knew nothing of it, and no one took upon himself to speak to them about it. Only after two days a comare of the neighborhood, chatting of things greater and less with donna Maricchia, and asking her when her daughter's wedding was to be celebrated, let slip a reference to the serenade. Donna Maricchia indignantly protested that she had heard nothing of it, begged that her husband should be kept in ignorance, and added excitedly, "Oh, if he should hear of it! A serenade at our house! Oh, are we fashionable Palermitans, that they should come to sing a nocturne to us? What a shame, O Lord, what a shame!"

"The shame is n't yours, dear donna Maricchia. Where you set your feet they are not worthy to put their faces, these idle fellows that disturb the peace of families and turn the heads of girls!"

"And were there many of those fellows, comare?"

"Three, they say; but I did not see them."

"But the impudent one who permitted himself to do all this, — who is he?"

"They say it was monsù Nino the barber."

"Monsù Nino? The son of that good creature Melchiorra?"

"The very same."

Donna Maricchia was red as a pepper, and sent out fire in all directions.

"A serenade to my daughter Rosa! I can't give myself peace about it. And on the eve, as it were, of her marriage with a pearl of a lad like Totò! O Lord, what a horror! And if my husband should know it, if Totò should hear of it! For pity's sake, comare, say nothing to any one about it!"

. . . . . .

"The eggs!" cried a man, all out of breath, before the door of donna Maricchia's house. "The eggs!" And he tossed his cap in the air in sign of joy.

A vender of household linen who was passing by heard the voice without understanding either the exclamation or the gesture; but donna Maricchia and Rosa broke forth in a long "O-oh!" of delight, and in a "Thank the Lord!" which expressed their gratitude to God for Totò's safe return to Palermo. The man, in fact, who had sighted the Maria in the gulf, had run here and there to the families of the crew, in order to be the first to bring the joyful tidings.

The announcement is made by throwing the cap into the air, in token of supreme contentment, and asking for a reward for the news, which in old times was given in the form of eggs, and now may be either in eggs or in money. So that without a word of the sight of the ship, or of her entrance into the port of Pa-

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lermo, the herald began, in an extremely elliptic manner, with the end of his message, asking for the meed of his happy news.

The two women had been thinking, for the moment, of making a small purchase of cloth to complete the bridal outfit, and were undecided whether to call to the peddler, when the boatman appeared. (It is always boatmen who bring the news of the arrivals in port to the families of the sailors.)

"May the Lord repay you, zu Turi!" exclaimed donna Maricchia, who had recognized in the bearer of the tidings an old oarsman of her husband's crew.

"And has the Maria come in?" asked Rosa, trembling with joy.

"Quite otherwise, donna Rusidda mine; she is in sight, however, and in three or four hours will be in port."

"Three or four hours! Madonna santissima! so long as that!"

"Of course. The Maria is at Cape Gallo; and I tell you it took my eyesight to make her out. I know her, that brigantine; she has a wide white streak on her hull, and a blue pennon with white lettering, — *Maria.* These things, you can barely see them, you know; but that that brigantine is the Maria I give you my word. Now, the wind is not quite favorable, and she must tack in order to come into port."

"Tack!" said Rosa. "Do not ships tack all the time, on the sea?"

"All the time! No. You were born yesterday, donna Rusidda. Ask your father, who knows more about it than I do. When sailing ships arrive with a head wind, they must profit by the little flaws that they may meet anywhere in the gulf of Palermo. Do you know the stairway of Monte Pellegrino? As we cannot climb straight up the steep mountain, we get there by a zigzag road: suppose that the mountain were a plain, and the plain a sea."

"But then?"

"Then, if by tacking they meet a fresh breeze, toward noon the Maria will be anchored in port. Meanwhile it is late, and I leave you with holy peace."

"Wait, zu Turi," said donna Maricchia, a little embarrassed. "You see I have no eggs, for my hens have all died with this accursed pip; this Italian government sends cholera even to the hens. Excuse me, and I thank you." So saying, she put a lira into the hand which was held out to her as Turi returned his thanks.

As he went away he met the father of Rosa, who, having sighted the Maria, was hastening to tell his family.

"First come, first served!" exclaimed the boatman, smiling. "I got the eggs this time."

"What! Do they know it already, zu Turi?"

"But I went to tell them!"

"So much the better," answered the father contentedly, and, quickening his steps, he was soon at home.

"Have you heard?" he asked, as his wife and daughter came toward him.

"Now we must go to meet Totò," said Rosa, without fear of contradiction.

"Go to meet him!" observed the father, who was not disposed to do so.

"What did you expect to do?" rebutted donna Maricchia. "We must go to meet the Maria; if not, difficulties might arise."

"With whom?" asked her husband.

"With the relatives of Totò. You know how touchy his mother is. If she were to go, and not see us, what offense she might take!"

"Touchy or not, offense or not," interrupted Rosa, "I want to go to see him; and you will not deny me this pleasure, will you?"

"Have your own way about the trip," concluded the father. "Get ready, and we will go."

In an instant the two women were prepared; and after a few steps they were at the landing of the Borgo, where zu Turi was awaiting them.

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When the rowboat arrived at the Molo, the brigantine Maria, with all sails set, was entering superbly into port. Nine or ten boats, filled with the families of the crew, saw her pass at a short distance from them, giving and taking salutations. Totò had hardly time to receive his welcome, when, at the command of captain Ammaina, he, first of the sailors, leaped up the yards to obey orders. His manœuvres were so brilliant as to fill with admiration the spectators, who did not fail to praise the dash of the young mariner, his readiness in taking in the sails, and his skill in furling them as he lay flat upon the spars. Totò was bronzed by the sun; and the dark color of his face, and his head covered by a fine new cap, gave him an attractive appearance. Rosa was beside herself with joy; and seeing that she was the object of the persistent glances of the visitors to the ship, she lowered her eyes and blushed. Totò understood it all, and although unwillingly, he begged his future father-in-law not to inconvenience himself any longer, for it was a busy moment; and soon, when the ship was anchored, he would come to find them.

"You are right," said the father, and at once, upon his sign to the boatman to row, they left the throng and went home.

. . . . . .

After the serenade and the consequent applause, our Figaro felt in somewhat better spirits. The music was a success: Rosa's family must have understood that it was a tribute to her, and the public had been with him. Gnu' Ciccio and compare Vanni had assured him that it was a splendid affair, and must produce something good. He therefore waited.

Yet his mind was gnawed by the doubt lest Rosa loved that commonplace Totò too much to decide to love himself. "These daughters of sailors," he thought, "are attached to the sea folk, and will have nothing to do with us polite people. See how they take iron instead of gold! A sailor instead of a barber, a common fellow instead of an elegant man! Only to touch my hands, always soft and perfumed, there is felt the difference between them and those rough, tarry ones! But no, this cannot go on. Rosa shall be mine, as true as the Lord! Monsù Nino will never yield to all the Totòs of this earth, let come what may!"

And raving like this, he planned a strange thing, one which would give the whole Borgo something to talk about, and would even get into the newspapers of Palermo: another serenade, on the very evening of his rival's return, and when the latter would be in the house of the bride, — a bold resolution that would show what courage he had. When he spoke of it to his friends, they all sought to dissuade him: he would expose himself to an ugly risk; and then, in fact, Totò was the formally betrothed lover. The serenade would be a real challenge, a provocation to bloodshed; the public itself would disapprove him, and the thing might end badly.

But monsù Nino had lost his reason; and between his mad love for Rosa and the mistaken idea of his own dignity, he insisted so resolutely that his comrades had to agree; also in order not to appear to draw back from a difficult situation. And indeed, monsù Nino was a friend, and also a compare di San Giovanni, and even at the risk of their skins they must not forsake him.

The day following this resolution, precisely the day of the arrival of the Maria, while Totò, happy to find himself in Rosa's presence, was relating little by little, between her languorous glances and his fiery ones, the adventures, he heard a sudden sound of instruments, and a sonorous voice that *ex abrupto* began the praises of a girl. Astonished he listened, and with him the relatives of the bride; they could hear plainly the words: —

"Rose, that of all the flowers
The royal banner bearest,
Amid the blossomed garden
Thou art the first and fairest."

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The voice paused; then the strophe was followed by a loud and sustained sound of the guitar, the triangle, and this time a hand-organ. Who was it? Who dared to come to sing before that house? And who was this symbolic Rose? The hearers looked at each other with amazement, unable to account to themselves for the things; the voice began again:

"Rose, how thy tender color
Blushes, green leaves beneath!
Rose, for thy love I 'm burning,
And thou wilt be my death."

The street, the house, the name, all concurred to prove that the praises were indeed for Totò's Rosa, — for her who less than any one else knew what was meant by this new performance. Needless to say that the face of Totò began to cloud with the suspicion that something extraordinary had taken place during his absence. The voice pursued: —

"And if I may not gather
And wear thee on my breast,
Rose, little Rose, believe me,
I nevermore can rest."

Totò, beside himself, quivering with anger, looked from one to another of the family, with sinister thoughts. Rosa comprehended nothing; donna Maricchia asked, with ill-dissembled scorn, "Oh, who are these impertinent fellows that permit themselves to come to sing before our house?"

"They must be rowdies!" exclaimed the master of the house; while from outside was heard: —

"I sit amid the shadow,
Where hovers thy sweet breath;
Rose, for thy love I 'm burning,
And thou wilt be my death!"

The song ended in the midst of clapping of hands. Totò was furious.

"Calm yourself," Rosa said softly to him. "It can only be some idlers who go about amusing themselves at night."

"Calm yourself," repeated donna Maricchia, while her husband muttered threats.

At this point the musicians went away, and everything outside resumed its former stillness. Totò, partly because of the gentle words of his betrothed, and partly because he did not wish to disturb those precious moments, was silent; yet within his heart he was agitated by the unexpected event, and by the need to clear up the affair in all its particulars.

The conversation was brief; his answers were short and not always to the point. At ten o'clock he had already left the house.

The occurrence was too serious to be passed over; and the good Totò, even with the most peaceable intentions, could not have disregarded the duty, or rather the right, to have reparation.

Therefore, as soon as he had quitted Rosa, with his breast filled with anger, he hastened to the house of an intimate friend; and having related what had happened, he received from the latter, who knew something about the ugly affair, minute information as to the facts: how that madcap of a monsù Nino had permitted himself the two serenades, although sharply reproved for it by all the neighbors, and despite the danger of getting his ribs broken by somebody born of a Friday. "What is to be done about it?" concluded the friend, as if asking himself.

"What is to be done about it? Blood of the devil!" raged Totò. "Is it necessary to inquire what is to be done? I 'll go myself to face the scoundrel, and cure him of the liking to sing about the 'rose' of my boots. A piece of twisted rope with a Turk's-head knot at the end of it is what I 'll take to his back. Blood of the devil!"

The friend discovered from these words that, unfortunately, Totò, as a seaman, knew nothing of the customs of the land. "To treat a barber as you would a sailor!" he thought within himself, "but that is not the way." After a little reflection, "Listen," he said. "Some things, either you do them or you don't; and if they are done — forgive me if I

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speak plainly — they have to be done according to the rules."

"So that?"

"So that, in my judgment, it is not the regular thing that you should think of flogging a fellow who, for one reason or another, has tried to make love to your betrothed. And I call her yours because he knew very well that Rosa was yours, and could not be for another. According to the rules, you must go further than you imagine."

"Which would be to say?"

"You must force him to a duel. That 's all." A detailed explanation followed as to the conduct to be maintained in such an event, the methods and resolves to be adopted, and the precautions to be taken; and Totò was so thoroughly taught the laws of popular chivalry that, as he listened, he kindled fiercely against monsù Nino, and determined to challenge and defeat him at all hazards.

After a night of horrible anguish from ill-repressed wrath, hatred of the offender, and perhaps not on account of the difficulty in which he was placed, but because of the sorrow that it would occasion to his mother and to Rosa, he issued at daybreak from the house, with the pretext of having to go on board his ship, and betook himself straight to the shop of monsù Nino.

At that hour the shop was closed; and Totò walked back and forth, the prey to an indescribable agitation. It appeared to him that he saw his rival, with an infernal sneer, coming to meet him with words of icy irony; and that he, wild with excitement, threw himself with a murderous weapon upon the offender and killed him; then, with blood-stained hands, he seemed to flee toward the home of Rosa, present himself, sated with revenge, to the women, but to see them draw back horrified, hide their faces in their hands, and run away from him. At this point he realized the ferocity of his imaginary crime, and a shudder of horror seized him, while he raised his eyes to heaven as if to give thanks that all this had been only a fantastic vision.

And behold monsù Nino advancing, preoccupied and excited. When he was near, Totò spoke.

"Friend," said he, "are you monsù Nino?"

"Have you commands to give to monsù Nino?"

"A request. Have you perhaps some pretensions to Rosa?"

"Surely."

"And she returns your feeling?"

"No."

"And do you know that she is betrothed?"

"I know it."

"And that her betrothed is your servant?"

"So much honor and pleasure."

"And now what do you propose to do?"

"Continue to love her until she decides for you or for me. And whoever is offended shall pay for the drinks."

Here Totò lost patience, and, contrary to the advice received, called his rival *schifiusu*.

"Schifiusu yourself!" retorted monsù Nino, who knew all the value of the word and the exceptional gravity of the outrage. He felt in his pockets for a weapon, and not finding any, calmed himself somewhat; then approached Totò, bit his ear slightly, and embraced and kissed him. Then having received a kiss and embrace in return, he detached himself from the sailor, and said to him in a low voice, "Put yourself on horseback, and go to the street of the Cavallacci."

The excitement of mind of the two rivals may be comprehended from their dialogue, which is in Sicily the ritual for such cases. The term "schifiusu" cast in a man's face is the greatest insult that can be uttered to him; for it means an abject man, in every way despicable, capable of any base action, of any vileness,

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including that of having secret relations with the police. The embrace and the kiss are given for life and for death; the bite of the ear signifies, Let us go to fight with knives, and either you or I must die; then they go to their homes to arm themselves, which is called setting one's self on horseback.

There was no time to lose; and both, as if it had not been any affair of theirs, went away: Totò by the Corso Scinà, for he was already armed; and monsù Nino to his house, from which, after taking a long and pointed knife, he set forth by the same Corso to overtake his antagonist.

It will appear, and certainly it is, strange and almost incredible that two men, hating each other mortally, meditating the fiercest purposes of revenge, and who the next moment may be wounded or slain, should join so cynically and go together to the scene of their destruction. And yet so it is. It is not possible, without knowledge of the nature and of certain theories of the Sicilian people, to understand the reason of their procedure and the laws by which it is governed. It is true that in the duel of higher society something similar takes place; but there everything is arranged and foreseen, and also there are witnesses, who are never present at the duels of the common people. Here the combatants go off together, even arm in arm, to the chosen spot, quietly and silently, as if they were on their way to work or to the most harmless rendezvous. With no witnesses but themselves, they brandish their weapons and maintain their cause. Who falls was in the wrong; and nothing will ever be known of the deed of blood, because neither victor nor vanquished will ever breathe a word of it, as a duty of *omertà*.

Totò and monsù Nino arrived like good friends at the remotest spot of the Cavallacci, a road of sinister fame, especially in the past, for these encounters. They threw their clothes on the ground, and stood in their under-drawers; they agreed that the blows should be given at the trunk, as it was a question of grave offense. In a moment they paced the distance, opened with a sharp and dreadful click the blades of their clasp-knives, crossed them, and the give and take of blows began. Monsù Nino, resolved to make an end, struck at the breast of his opponent; the latter, however, because reluctant to kill a man, and because, notwithstanding the lessons of his friend, he was but little versed in the etiquette of chivalry, aimed at the arms.

The Sicilian proverb calls "blow of an inexpert" a stroke which hits the mark, given by one who does not understand the art of the duel; thus Totò, who had handled only the sailor's knife which he wore in his belt, succeeded in setting in a good blow on the arm, so that the knife fell from the hand of monsù Nino and the blood spurted copiously. Totò, horrified at what he had done, threw away his weapon, and, approaching the wounded man with pity, hastened to compress the arm in order to stop the bleeding.

"Blow of an inexpert!" monsù Nino told him.

Totò answered with a kiss; not such as that with which the vulgar victor of a duel takes leave of the wounded or the dead, but the tender kiss of one who has been impelled to the desperate pass only by a hard and unavoidable necessity. Still compressing the wound, he gently laid monsù Nino upon a rock, and did not move from his side until the latter regained his color and was able to go home. Then Totò gave the wounded man his arm, led him away from the ill-omened place, and as soon as he saw a carriage made him mount into it, directing the coachman to carry him home, and paying the fare beforehand.

The encounter was soon heard of at the Borgo, and was the theme of talk for a week. "Well done," said one. "Totò did wrong," said another; "he ought to have left him stretched on the

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ground like a dog." "Blow of an inexpert!" added a third.

The satisfaction of those who had no patience with overbearing ways was extreme when Totò's great success became known. "Look!" they exclaimed. "What are we coming to! To wish to take away, in that outrageous manner, for mafia, the bride of a fellow who never harmed any one! It takes these evil days to see such an infamy."

On the other hand, the habitués of monsù Nino's shop, having learned of the defeat of their friend, came in throngs to visit him; and, as the reports of his wound had been exaggerated, were rejoiced to find him tranquil, and even cheerful.

"What could you expect?" he said, jesting. "Blow of an inexpert. But if he had come straight at me, as true as the Lord, I should have cut him to the heart."

Everybody knew of the duel except the police, who, even if they had heard of it, never would have found out anything; for when such affairs take place no one ever opens his mouth, neither the offended nor the offender nor the families of either, because an informer is considered infamous. Fortunately, things went well for all: for Totò, who, without ever before having wielded a weapon, had conquered a man who was reckoned one of the most able duelists of the quarter; for monsù Nino, who after all might have gotten a knife through his body, and came off with only a scratch; for from that moment they became friends, monsù Nino having come to himself again, and apologized to Totò for his wrong-doing. Also for the public things had gone well, — for the public that in this victory of the humble sailor recognized the hand of God, who loves justice and mercy.

And Rosa?

Rosa, who shed so many tears at hearing of the misdeeds of the barber and of the dangers encountered by her lover, is now happy to be the wife of Totò the boatswain.

*G. Pitrè.*

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## INDIAN SUMMER.

BACK from the skies, again does Beauty's flame
Consume the gods that on the good earth be;
All things, pricked to the quick with witchery,
Look, longing, up the lovely way she came,
Echoes of May say over her dear name,
Ay, every month has sent its delicacy, —
Deft-woven, distilled, low-voiced, to smell, or see,
Or hear, — till June herself is put to shame.
The rarer birds and blooms were hardly sweet
And fair enough to mingle with the haze
That rings the hill, nor greenest leaves were meet
To trim these phantom trees; no wind that plays
Could now touch soft enough. The hours, so fleet,
With slower step lead on the wildered days.

*John Vance Cheney.*

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# REGINALD POLE.

## IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

### THE ROAD TO CANTERBURY.

Of all the picturesque lives of the eminently picturesque sixteenth century, none excels in the range of its chances and changes that of the man who aspired by turns to the throne of England and the papal tiara, and who was successively accused of making Vittoria Colonna a heretic and of earning for Queen Mary her unflattering epithet. Yet the story of Reginald Pole has been almost neglected. A contemporary Italian Life by Beccatelli was translated into Latin in 1563, and this work is confessedly the basis of the two later biographies, — that of Phillips, whose English Life was printed in Oxford about the middle of the last century, and Dean Hook's in his series of Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, in our own day. Cardinal Quirini devoted much of his time to collecting and editing Pole's correspondence, published in five bulky quartos at Brescia in 1754, and these contain almost all of his letters which we possess in print. Hardly half a dozen among them are written quite without constraint, while not one is addressed to his own people. That he kept up a full and free correspondence with his mother and brothers we know; that all trace of it can have vanished seems hardly credible. If ever these English letters are found, they can scarcely fail to shed fresh light on the complex reign of Henry VIII.; but meanwhile Quirini's collection serves to show us the man, and to introduce us to the ever changing but always interesting company of his intimate associates.

First let us refresh our memories by reviewing the highly distinguished family connections of Reginald Pole, that we may better understand how it was that his words and actions came to be invested with such extraordinary importance.

Henry VIII., as we all know, ascended the throne of England, without opposition, in 1509. The chances of battle and the summary methods of Tower Hill had removed most of the young king's rivals out of his pathway, but there was one woman still at hand who might have set up a very pretty claim to the crown. This was Margaret, sole daughter and ultimate heiress of George, the "false, fleeting, perjured" Duke of Clarence, younger brother of King Edward IV. Henry was quite aware that his own best pretensions lay in right of his mother, Edward IV.'s daughter, but her legitimacy was more than questionable; while there was no doubt whatever of the validity of Clarence's marriage with Isabel, the daughter and heiress of Warwick the King-maker. The extreme plausibility of this claim cost Margaret's brother his life, and had presumably influenced the selection of a husband for her. Sir Richard Pole [1] was a sort of cousin to Henry VII. (their mothers having been half-sisters), and he was deeply attached to the king and grateful for favors received. He died a comparatively young man, and left to the care of his extremely able wife five children: a daughter, who married the son and heir of the Duke of Buckingham, of Henry VIII.'s day, and thus became ancestress to half the English peerage of our own, and four sons, of whom Reginald Pole was probably the youngest. He was born in March, 1500, and was therefore about a month younger than the great German

[1] Not De la Pole, as sometimes written. This family, that of the Dukes of Suffolk, were indeed related to the cardinal, but through his mother.



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emperor, whom he was to survive barely eight weeks. At the age of seven he was put to school at West Sheen, with the Carthusian monks, who had a house of much repute in that place; whereby the child remained close to the palace at Richmond, where the court frequently resided, and to his mother who was in attendance on Katharine of Aragon. At twelve, "having laid," as Phillips quaintly says, "a foundation of grammatical precepts," he was removed to the University of Oxford and entered at Magdalen College. He was here at the time of the birth of the Princess Mary (1516), who became the especial charge of his mother.

Almost all the reminiscences we have of his Oxford days are contained in two letters of Sir Thomas More. One is addressed to the chancellor's accomplished daughter Margaret, telling how many compliments upon her Latin style he had received from Reginald Pole, "*juvenis ut nobilissimus, ita in omni literarum genere doctissimus, nec virtute minus quam eruditione conspicuus.*"[1] The other letter is of an earlier date, and is addressed jointly to Pole himself and to Dr. John Clement, formerly tutor in More's family, and now professor of Greek in the university: —

"Thanks, my dear Clement, for having kept up sufficient interest in the health of me and mine to care to advise us from a distance what articles of diet to avoid. And to you, dearest Pole, I am doubly grateful, first for having deigned to write out the advice of so distinguished a doctor, and then for having entreated and obtained that his prescription might be made up by your mother, the best and noblest of women, and fully worthy of such a son as you, — thus proving yourself no less generous in deed than in word. I therefore commend the works and faith of both together, and I embrace you one by one."

[1] "A youth whose virtue is as conspicuous as his erudition, while the extent of his information is on a par with the nobility of his birth."

The boy seems at this time to have been equally in favor with the English king and his Spanish queen, but their plans for his future advancement took by no means the same shape. Henry had marked him out for a great churchman; Katharine, with the complete concurrence, we may be sure, of the Countess of Salisbury,[2] destined him to be the husband of the Princess Mary, being impelled to desire the marriage not only by her affection for Reginald, but by her earnest desire to make some atonement for the death of the boy's uncle, the Earl of Warwick, who had been beheaded to render her own crown more secure. But a good many years must elapse before it would be possible to carry out this project, and meanwhile Reginald gratefully accepted — though without taking holy orders — the church preferments conferred upon him by the king. Two deaneries and two prebendal stalls furnished him with a very handsome income, and he set out in 1519 to complete his education at Padua.

He took care that his establishment there should not disgrace his royal cousin and patron, and cut so great a figure at the university that he got the nickname of "the nobleman from England." Two of the protégés to whom he gave a home at Padua deserve a word of special mention: Lupset, a clever young Englishman, whose name we shall meet again, and an even more brilliant and very charming student from Flanders, known by the Latinized name Longolius.

Pole's collected correspondence begins with two letters from the latter, — the first humorously bewailing the summer solitude of Padua in the long vacation, and entreating Pole to return. The next, which was also the poor youth's last, may be given in full: —

"Though racked with pain, and breathing with such difficulty that I can scarce

[2] This family title was revived in the person of Lady Pole in 1513.

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hope to recover, my great and unalterable love for you urges me somehow or other to surmount this anguish long enough to pay my last debt of a letter.

"The day after I wrote I was seized with a sharp attack of fever, from which I have suffered more in these three days than ever in all my life before. It seems as if I must have had a sort of presentiment, when I said, before you left, that if anything happened to me upon the journey I was meditating, I wanted my whole library to go to you. Our last day together was nearer than we thought, as you see. I beseech you, therefore, by that friendship which I think has almost reached its term, to cherish my memory after I am gone, both tenderly and piously, as befits the close union there has been between us. Take care of your own health, and give my truest love to Pace. Padua, August 25 (1522)."

On the receipt of this affecting letter, Pole, who was somewhere in the neighborhood of Venice, hurried back to Padua, and stayed with his fellow-student till the end came on the 11th of September. It is also probable that he wrote the short life of Longolius which is prefixed to the young scholar's collected writings, although its author is merely described upon the title-page as one of his dearest friends.

It was at Padua, also, that Pole first met two of the closest and most famous friends of his entire life, the cardinals Bembo and Flaminio. The latter was at that time professor in the university, while Bembo had come to Padua to recruit his health, which had been undermined by his heavy duties as secretary to Pope Leo X. After he returned to Rome, Pole and he kept up a brisk correspondence, but only a few of Bembo's letters now remain. They betray — like those of all that set of men — the writer's burning desire to be Ciceronian, and we can easily fancy how significant they must all have thought the incident related in the following note from Bembo: —

"I have a story to tell you. When I wrote you, not long ago, begging you to send me back the letters I had written you from Rome, I could not understand why you should have sent them all except the one in which I replied to two of yours together. It appears now that you never had that letter, for the excellent reason that it was never sent! I had signed it, and left orders that it should be sealed and sent off by the first messenger (for the public post was, at that time, notoriously untrustworthy), and neither order was executed, though I supposed both had been so. It had to do, I suppose, with the sharp illness which seized me just then, and had nearly finished me. I should fancy that my librarian, who was frightened out of his senses by that attack of mine, simply forgot to do as I had told him. The letter was thrust, unfolded, just as it was, between two books of Cicero's Epistles, which I had by me as I wrote, and turning them over yesterday, I found it, and ordered it to be dispatched; not so much for fear my little document should be wasted as by way of showing you that I had really not been much more remiss than usual in answering your communications. There was no date to the letter, and I put none. Love to Pace."

This letter was written in August of 1525, and some time in this year Pole also went to Rome. Thanks chiefly to the introductions he took with him from the Bishop of Verona, who was no other than Vittoria Colonna's friend Giberti, he saw much in private of the members of the Sacred College, but he did not appear openly at the papal court. The relations of Henry VIII. with the pontiff were now beginning to be strained, and either policy or a partial sympathy with the king seems to have prevented Pole — who himself says that he had at this time no thought of taking orders — from openly espousing the papal side.

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In the following year, yielding, as we are told, to his mother's earnest entreaties, he returned to England; and when we remember the matrimonial projects of the Countess of Salisbury for her son, it seems natural to associate her impatience to have him on the spot with the rumors of Henry's proposed divorce which were already in the air. Anne Boleyn's name was not yet prominent in this connection, and she chanced to be absent on a visit to her former mistress, the Duchesse d'Alençon, whom Wolsey had chosen as a wife for Henry when his present marriage should be declared null. During Pole's absence in Italy the Princess Mary had been betrothed for a while to her cousin, the Emperor Charles V.; but he had broken the engagement, and married a princess of Portugal early in this same year; and now there began to be a question of depriving Queen Katharine of the custody of her ten-year-old daughter.

All these exciting topics were no doubt discussed in private by the mother and her son, but, on the whole, we can hardly wonder that, though he had received the heartiest of welcomes from both king and queen, Reginald Pole found his position an embarrassing one. "Notwithstanding," says Phillips, "the privilege of such a situation and the sunshine of royal favor which still encompassed him, he resolved to withdraw from it. The court was become a scene of intrigue to which his breast was a stranger. He was a constant witness to the wanderings of a prince to whom he had the highest obligations, and whom he loved with all the sincerity of a loyal and thankful heart. Nor would his integrity and gratitude allow him to interest himself less in the case and honor of the queen, who was now treated with coldness and disregard. However, that this retreat might not give offense or draw on him his prince's disregard, he alleged a desire of prosecuting his studies where he would meet with fewer avocations, and obtained his Majesty's consent to go to the Carthusians at Sheen, where he had passed several years of his youth, and where there was a very handsome house and everything suited to his purpose within the inclosure of the monastery."

The house in question had been built by Dr. Colet, with all the modern improvements of the day, as a retreat for himself and certain chosen friends (of whom Erasmus — who calls it *magnificæ ædes* — was one), and it had been standing vacant since the doctor's untimely death, a few years before.

Here, then, Reginald Pole established himself quietly, but we may be sure very comfortably, though not one letter of his dated from Sheen has been preserved. In 1529 he obtained permission to study at the University of Paris; but if he hoped in this way to get clear of the conflict which was agitating England, he was mistaken. One of Henry's devices, as we know, was to try to get from some of the leading universities an opinion favorable to the divorce of Katharine, and he requested his cousin Reginald to attend to this little matter for him in Paris. It was a disagreeable commission, certainly, and we have Pole's word for it, given some six or seven years later,[1] that he replied to the king excusing himself on the ground of inexperience, and begging him to appoint an abler commissioner. On the other hand, we have the evidence of a holograph letter of his to Henry VIII. to show that he remained the nominal colleague of the Mr. Fox who was sent over in response to his request. Hook compares these two documents, the Latin treatise and the English letter, and declares himself unable to reconcile their statements. As a matter of fact, these are not contradictory, although they do certainly, at first sight, convey very different impressions concerning Pole's own view of the divorce. The real disingenuousness lies in the letter to the king, taken by Fox along with the decision of

[1] In the treatise De Unitate, page 79.

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the university, which is written in a spirit of perfect cordiality, though Pole carefully avoids committing himself upon the main question.

"And whereas," he concludes, "I was informed, first by Mr. Lupset,[1] and afterward by Mr. Fox, how it standeth with your Grace's pleasure, considering my fervent desire therein, that, your matter once achieved and brought to a final conclusion in this university, I should repair to your presence, your Grace could not grant me at this time a petition more comfortable unto me. And so, making what convenient speed I may, my trust is shortly to wait upon your Highness."

Pole's opinion of the divorce may be inferred, but whoever wanted to keep a head on his shoulders had to walk softly before King Harry, and then and always Pole loved his life. He returned to England, made a brief appearance at court, then retired once more to Sheen, and resumed those theological studies which he now preferred to the pursuit of philosophy.

In November, 1530, Cardinal Wolsey died in disgrace, and the vacant archbishopric of York was offered by Henry to Pole. It was to be the price of his formal approval of the divorce, and there is no question that he wavered. How much his decision was influenced by that old plan for marrying him to the Princess Mary, who can say? It may well be that, when all was over and the bolt of the king's wrath had fallen, it was a certain consolation to him that, while he refrained from taking orders, as to be archbishop of course he must have done, he was still free to marry, should his own interest and the welfare of England seem to require it. Once indeed he thought he had made up his mind to accept the archbishopric, and informed Fox and his oldest brother, Lord Montague, who with the Duke of Norfolk had been the king's intermediaries, that he had done so. He was at once summoned to a personal interview with Henry, and the conclusion of the affair may be given in his own words: —

"The king gave me to understand, on my arrival, that he had been anxiously expecting me; but when I attempted to set forth the case in a sense favorable to his wishes, not merely did I hesitate and fail to make my meaning clear, but I thank the Divine Goodness my tongue was so tied and my speech so obstructed that not one word could I utter of all that I had intended; and when I did find my voice, it was to oppose by every argument the cause I had been summoned and expected to defend. There is no need to dwell in this place[2] on the astonishment and agitation of the king. I attempted some sort of apology, but he cut me short, and having given me to understand how deeply he was offended, he burst away into his own room, closing the door behind him with a furious clang, and leaving me outside, bathed in tears."

The king recovered his temper for this time, however, suffered Pole to put in writing his arguments in favor of making the Pope the ultimate arbiter in the case, and, rather to the surprise of his courtiers, received the treatise graciously. A few months later, moreover, when Pole applied for leave to return and pursue his studies upon the Continent, not only was the royal consent given, but, what is much more significant, the petitioner was allowed still to retain the income of his various benefices.

Pole left England in 1531, and went first to Avignon, but found the climate there so trying that he decided on returning to Italy. On his way he made a long stay with Sadoleto, the excellent Bishop of Carpentras, who became one of Pole's warmest admirers, writing to Giberti of the elegance of his guest's manners, his perfect command of Latin

[1] His old Padua friend.

[2] The letter of justification which Pole sent to Edward VI. on his accession.

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and Greek, and the many amiable and brilliant qualities which must always win for him both love and admiration. "And over and above his talent and his learning and the uprightness of his character, and more wonderful than all these, to my thinking, in a man of so great a race, is the exceeding sweetness and humanity of his disposition."

With Pole, as with so many of his Stuart cousins, both good and bad, the great secret of personal power seems to have lain in an indefinable charm of manner. "Whoever liketh him worst," wrote Sir John Mason of him, more than twenty years later, "I would he might have with him the talk of one half hour. It were a right stony heart that in a small time he could not soften."

Pole passed the two following years at Padua and Venice, during which period he exchanged with Sadoleto a series of letters — or rather, of tracts — on the comparative value of theological and philosophical studies, in which the bishop was the advocate of the more worldly side. At Padua, Pole lived in the society of as delightful and congenial a circle of friends as the world could then have afforded him. Their favorite rendezvous was at Bozza, a villa belonging to Cardinal Bembo: and here might often be met Gianpietro Caraffa, who later, as Paul IV., was to be one of Pole's few determined enemies; Giberti, Bishop of Verona; and the distinguished Venetian, Cardinal Contarini. It was probably one or other of these men who first introduced Pole to two famous women who became his lifelong friends, Giulia Gonzaga and Vittoria Colonna. Both were deeply interested in the great matter of ecclesiastical reform, and so were two men whom Pole learned at this time to love, and who subsequently threw off their allegiance to the Catholic Church, Peter Martyr and Bernardino Ochino; while another of the Paduan circle was Flaminio, who was at one time so near following their example. During this period, too, Pole's Italian and Latin biographers, Beccatelli and Dudithius, entered his household as private secretaries, and a young Venetian nobleman, of large fortune and influence, named Priuli, became so deeply attached to him as almost to sink his identity in that of Pole. These two were, moreover, entirely of one mind both as to the crying need of church reform and the inviolable sanctity of the papacy. The question of justification by faith was still an open one, and Pole and the majority of his friends undoubtedly leaned to a much more Protestant interpretation than that which was afterwards fixed and prescribed by the Council of Trent. But allegiance to the Pope as the divinely appointed head of the Church was the central principle of Pole's being; and when Henry VIII. flung off that yoke, Reginald, in his turn, and once for all, repudiated the king's authority.

There is preserved in the Venetian archives a series of letters, beginning in 1534, extending for about three years, and addressed by the ambassadors of Charles V. in Venice and England to their imperial master, which indicate plainly enough that Pole had entered into an actual conspiracy to dethrone Henry, and place himself upon the English throne as Mary's husband. But the thing could not have been done in any case without material aid from Charles; and the emperor, true to his crafty nature, encouraged Pole and played with his projects, while taking no decisive step. At the same time, Pole was busy preparing his treatise on Ecclesiastical Unity, which was intended as a kind of ultimatum to Henry; a final summons to repent and submit to Rome, or accept the consequences of organized rebellion in his own states.

The king, who can have entertained little doubt concerning Reginald's general attitude, though he may not have understood the full extent of his treachery, evidently thought the time had

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come for bringing matters to a crisis. He began by forwarding to his cousin a sermon in favor of "lay supremacy" lately delivered by Dr. Sampson (soon to become Bishop of Chichester), and composed by the united efforts of the ablest divines of the reforming party, together with certain other treatises in the same sense.

"The king," Pole dryly writes Contarini, "has sent me some books to instruct me in the opinion he wishes me to adopt; ordering me, at the same time, to say exactly what I think!"

The sheets of the De Unitate were now being sent for revision to Contarini in Rome, and both he and Priuli thought it injudiciously severe upon Henry, and begged Pole to moderate his expressions, but in vain. There could not well have been a more defiant exposition of a belief in the papal supremacy, but Pole assures his critics that it finally went to England accompanied by a private letter "full of love and duty."

A little later, we find him writing to Contarini, from Venice, of the reception of his treatise by the king: "First of all I must tell you that no sooner had the messenger by whom I sent my book delivered it into the hands of the king than he was ordered to return at the top of his speed with letters and commands of which the substance is as follows. The king was not displeased with what I had written, but since, in a good many, or rather in almost all particulars, my view appeared to differ from his own, it would gratify him very much to discuss the matter with me in person. This was his pretext for summoning me back, and he himself wrote me an exceedingly sharp letter to the same effect, not so much inviting as commanding me, without evasion or delay, to repair at once to my country and to his palace, that we might communicate with each other freely upon certain points. Moreover, Cromwell, to whom all England is in subjection, as it was during the lifetime of the late queen,[1] sent me a letter to the same effect. . . . To all which communications and commands my answer was an open and succinct refusal. Without circumlocution or apology, I declined to return home until the king should have returned to his home, namely, the Church."

Pole may have had a shadowy hope, now that Anne Boleyn, whom he had always held chiefly responsible for Henry's schism, was dead and gone, that the king would return to his spiritual allegiance. Politically, he knew that he had laid himself open to a charge of high treason, and that he could not safely set foot upon English soil. He therefore disobeyed the king's orders, and the king, very naturally, retaliated by cutting off Pole's English revenues. It is generally supposed that a good many of the bitterest personal reflections upon Henry which occur in the treatise De Unitate [2] as we know it were added between the time when the cumbrous manuscript was submitted to the king and its publication in book form a few years later. Courtesy in controversy was certainly not the fashion of the day, but we can hardly imagine the irascible monarch enduring for a moment some of the expressions now to be found in the essay on Unity.

His definite break with the English court had, however, lifted Pole into high favor for the moment with the powers at the Vatican. While he was still corresponding with Henry and his officers he had received a summons from the pontiff to come to Rome, as one of a committee of "learned men from all nations," convened there for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of a general council. Pole hesitated a little. There were various reasons why he would rather not have acted on that committee,

[1] Anne Boleyn had been executed on May 19, 1536, about three weeks before the date of this letter.

[1] Or, to give it its full title, Ad Henricum Octavum Britanniæ Regem pro Ecclesiasticæ Unitatis Defensione Libri Quatuor.

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but eventually he set forth, accompanied by Cardinal Caraffa, and was joined at Verona by Giberti. Here also he was overtaken by one of Henry's emissaries, whose advent and errand are described in a letter to Contarini, dated Siena, October 10 (1536): —

"The messenger had been commanded to make all possible haste, so that his letters might be delivered to me before I should set out on my journey. The king appears to have thought that the said letters would stop me, if anything could; and so I almost think they would have done if divine grace had not held me to my resolution. Not an argument was omitted which might have hindered my departure. The letters themselves were many. First there was one from that Cromwell who is the king's own master, bristling with all manner of threats, taken down from the king's own lips. Then came one from Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, which was nothing more nor less than an arraignment of the papal power, in which he attempted, at wearisome length, to prove by the authority of the Scriptures that when the Pope summons me, and the king recalls me, it is the latter who must be obeyed. Thirdly, what moved me more than all the rest, there were letters from my mother and my brother, so pathetically expressed that — not to exaggerate my own fortitude — they did almost shake my resolution. On the one hand, they besought me not to go counter to the king's wishes; on the other, they threatened to cast me off entirely if I persisted in my journey. This appeal to my natural affections pierced my heart and seemed irresistible." But Reginald Pole's companions braced his courage by reminding him of the promises made to those who forsake their kindred for the kingdom of heaven's sake. "And so, in the end," he says, "it was they who persuaded me to persevere, or rather, as I think, Christ through them. I therefore sent back the king's messenger . . . with an answer which showed plainly that I was not to be intimidated by the threats of any mortal man. But to the letter of Tunstall, or rather his *tome*, arraigning the Pope's authority, I returned one of similar length, in which I disposed of his arguments one by one."

On his arrival in Rome, Pole found an apartment prepared for him in the papal palace, and received a hearty welcome from Contarini and his stanch old friend the Bishop of Carpentras. The nine commissioners, of whom Pole was one of the most active, usually held their sittings in the rooms of Contarini, and they seem to have proceeded in their work very amicably; having drawn up in writing a complete scheme of church reform before the Christmas festivities came to interrupt their labors. But when it was intimated that the pontiff proposed, at the next consistory, to give a further proof of his confidence in the Englishman by making him a member of the Sacred College, Pole was anything but elated at the prospect. It would cut off the last chance of a reconciliation with Henry, beside creating one more impediment to a possible marriage with the Princess Mary; and indeed, if we may believe Beccatelli, it was this last argument which rendered all the Spanish party so warmly favorable to Pole's elevation. He even went so far as to beg that he might be allowed to decline the offer, but the Pope replied by sending him a barber!

"It so happened that I was present," remarks Beccatelli, "when the Pope's will was made known. Pole was taken quite by surprise, and not a little agitated; in fact, he plainly betrayed his distress. But he saw that there was no longer any room for hesitation or delay; and so, as a lamb to the shearer, he submitted to receive the tonsure." However, he only took deacon's orders, and did not become a priest for nearly twenty years more.

Pole was overwhelmed with letters of

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congratulation upon his new honor, but from England there came a growl of displeasure, to which he replied in a letter addressed to Parliament, and written in an unusually condensed and dignified style. Step by step he reviews his life, challenging his critics to point out a single action which can be justly branded as either selfish or disloyal. His fidelity to the Pope he declares to be unalterable, but at the same time protests that it is perfectly consistent with his allegiance to the king. When it comes to denying the doctrine of the papal supremacy, Pole observes that since he has given his life to the study of dogma, while those whom he addresses know next to nothing about it, he conceives himself to be a more competent judge than they. He will gladly, however, accede to their request, and meet their delegates for consultation upon these matters in Flanders. It will be impossible for him, under present circumstances, to meet them as a mere private individual, and he begs that they will take no umbrage at this, but rather cherish the hope that the ruin wrought in England by one cardinal (Wolsey) may now be repaired by another.

Pole had in fact received a commission as papal legate, ostensibly to promote peace between the emperor and the king of France, but really to ascertain what aid these monarchs would be disposed to lend the Catholic party in England, in the event of their rising and taking the field in favor of papal supremacy.

He set out from Rome on this important mission early in February, 1537, accompanied by Giberti and Priuli, while Contarini sent after him a letter of sage if somewhat over-anxious counsel. "Be assured," says the astute Venetian, "that one of the devil's deepest wiles for deluding wise and honorable men is persuading them on the one hand to put such trust in God as to neglect all precautions for themselves, and on the other to consider themselves so secure of the divine protection as to stand in no need of the advice of other men. The former error is a presumptuous tempting of Providence, the latter is pure pride. You will do your utmost, I am sure, to avoid both these snares, referring all matters which concern yourself to the sound judgment of the Bishop of Verona, who by God's own mercy has been permitted to accompany you. I have felt that I must say this because I know, from my friend Ludovico" (Beccatelli), "that you have sometimes been inclined to rebel against his authority in matters of diet, — eating fish, and the like. Do nothing which the bishop and Priuli do not approve."

Pole replies from Bologna, humorously and with perfect good temper: "As for him of Verona whom you recommend me to obey in all things, you know perfectly well that his influence has long been paramount with me, and that I shall be doing nothing new, and submitting to no new shackles, if I do take his advice implicitly. . . . But is not one master enough for me, pray, that you must needs have appointed me a second in the person of our friend Priuli? I can assure you that when we came to that part of your letter in which you refer me to his authority, he was amazingly set up, assumed the airs of a prince consort, and wanted to enter upon his duties at once. For the sake of his colleague, and on the strength of your letter, I waived my rights and succumbed, whereupon he became most imperious. Not a word of explanation or apology would he accept from me; but at last my horse, which he was riding, discovered the state of the case and the proper remedy, and three days ago gave him a fall that might have been dangerous, but as a matter of fact hurt nothing but his pride, which really needed humbling. Since then his rule has been much milder."

Again, Pole writes from Piacenza to Contarini, making use, he says, of the first leisure day he had enjoyed since leaving

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Rome: "I am alone in the house, the rest having all gone out to see the sights, which I was restrained from doing by the *golden chains* of which you wot." He frankly owns, however, that he is in much better health, since, in obedience to the counsels of Giberti and Contarini, he had remitted the severity of his fasts. "I had feared," he says simply, "that what did good to my body would do harm to the souls of others; but I desire above all things to maintain the dignity of my office." This demanded not only that he should set an example of blameless conduct, but that he should live with a certain splendor, and he was embarrassed by the loss of his English revenues. He had constantly, during these years, to be asking pecuniary assistance, and Contarini seems always to have furnished or procured it for him.

But the embassy proved a dire failure. Charles and Francis were just now of the opinion that it would be more for their advantage to strike a treaty with Henry than to invade his kingdom; and Pole, who had been met at Lyons by word that the Catholic rising in England had been easily and completely suppressed, arrived in Paris to find the gates of the palace actually shut in his face. Francis I. was in a very awkward position. It was his duty, as the eldest son of the Church, to receive the legate of the Pope; but as the ally of the king of England, it behooved him to hand over to justice a contumacious subject of the latter. To inform Pole, in the politest manner, that a military escort would be furnished him as far as the Flemish frontier seemed to Francis the best way out of the dilemma; while the unfortunate legate was fain to betake himself to Cambrai and claim the unwilling hospitality of the prince bishop there. From the episcopal palace he forwarded his credentials to the regent of the Netherlands at Brussels; but all he obtained, and this only after much delay and shuffling, was an escort to Liège, of which, at least, now that Henry had put a price of fifty thousand crowns upon his head, he stood in obvious need.

At Liège, however, he was received by its bishop and prince with what he himself describes as "unexampled kindness and generosity," and in that haven he remained for about three months. His way of life is represented by Priuli, in a letter to Contarini, as very quiet, and strict in the matter of religious observances. "Only after supper," he says, "we usually go boating upon the river for an hour or two, or else stroll in the orchard, discoursing always of such matters as befit these gentlemen. And again and again, I may say daily, while we thank God for his goodness in granting us this pleasant season, we speak of your Eminence and wish that you were here. 'Surely,' the lord legate often says, 'it is God who gives us this interval of repose, but why is Monsignor Contarini not with us?'"

But this time of refreshment came quickly to an end, and on the 22d of August Pole said good-by to the hospitable prince bishop, and left Liège for Italy. Stopping often by the way to meet or to visit old friends, he arrived safely at Rome some time during the autumn, "where," says Phillips, "he gave the Pope a full account of his embassy; and though the event had not answered expectation, yet, as he had discharged it with every commendation which can make a public character truly valuable, he was received with those testimonies of esteem which should always accompany real though unsuccessful merit; and the legatine commission being now at an end, he returned to the condition of a private *cardinal*."

He himself confesses to having gone through a season of deep depression, from which, however, he had quite recovered before the following June, when he accompanied the Pope to a conference with Charles V. and Francis I. at Nice. Catholic Europe had been freshly exasperated against Henry VIII. by the

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ruthless desecration and spoliation of the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, to whose inestimable riches almost every great personage in Christendom had made some notable contribution, and there was question of a sort of holy alliance which should crush the royal robber once for all, and force him to disgorge his booty.

The emperor was particularly gracious to Pole upon this occasion, and the latter was chosen to go to Toledo and settle the bases of the treaty between the three sovereigns which had been projected at Nice. This time he was ordered to travel incognito, and with the smallest possible suite; and accordingly, on January 6, 1539, we find him announcing to Contarini his safe arrival at Beccatelli's house in Bologna. He had had good weather for crossing the Apennines, and he says that his health has not suffered from the exposure, though he never felt such cold in his life.

At Piacenza Pole was joined by Giberti, who thenceforth, as the legate naïvely puts it, "provided out of his own liberality whatever might be requisite to make the journey more comfortable." Pole had need of all the comfort and support which the company of the saintly bishop could afford him, for at Piacenza he also received from England the disquieting news that almost every member of his family had been committed to the Tower. There was much worse to come; his eldest brother, Lord Montague, having been executed on the 9th of January, while the younger, Sir Geoffrey, had purchased his life by turning traitor to his kin. But of these crushing facts Pole remained in ignorance until after his arrival in Spain.

He had, however, no luck as an ambassador, and the Spanish mission failed as deplorably as the French one had done. The ease with which the English Catholics had been put down had proved the real weakness of their party, and completely discredited Pole as a political prophet; and the last faint chance that the orthodox sovereigns might invade England on the Pope's behalf was now at an end. The fickle emperor turned the cold shoulder upon the cardinal whom he had so lately petted; his chancellor, Granvelle, advised Pole, with scornful good nature, to get back to Rome while he could; and Sir Thomas Wyatt, the English ambassador to Spain, patriotically offered to rid Henry of the obnoxious cardinal altogether for the reasonable sum of £10,000. Baffled and mortified at every turn, Pole sought refuge with Sadoleto at Carpentras, where, thanks to the earnest representations of Contarini and other of his fast friends in Rome, he presently received a large sum of money from the Pope, accompanied by comforting assurances that the pontiff, at least, was satisfied with his conduct.

Returning to Rome about the new year, he found Paul III. in the thick of his fight with Ascanio Colonna over the salt-tax, and the city anything but a safe or agreeable place of residence. He therefore retired to the little town of Capranica, on the borders of the Abruzzi, not far from Palestrina, and there he lived very quietly until he received the dignified appointment of Legate of the Patrimony of St. Peter,[1] and took up his official residence at Viterbo. Only a few months before, Contarini had been appointed governor of the Bolognese territory, — a conclusive proof, if any were needed, that the views on justification which had recently been pronounced by the Venetian cardinal at the Council of Ratisbon were not then considered unsound. Such as they were, at all events, Pole shared them, and he died under a charge of heresy therefor, although his

[1] Such was at this time the official title of the governor of that part of the papal territory bequeathed to the Holy See by the Countess Matilda in 1102. It stretched northward for some fifty miles from the mouth of the Tiber, and was bounded on three of its four sides by that river and by the Mediterranean.

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counsels upon this point to Vittoria Colonna strike one as both wise and wary.

It is during the period of his stay at peaceful Capranica that the name of the Marchesa di Pescara begins to figure frequently in Pole's correspondence. The letters exchanged between these two have almost all perished, but we still have Pole's reply to the word of consternation and sympathy addressed to him by Vittoria on his mother's tragic death. There is no need to dwell here upon the ghastly horror of that May morning when the aged Countess of Salisbury was led out to execution. Pole's manner of accepting the dreadful tidings is thus described by Beccatelli: —

"One day when he had received a great number of letters from France and other places, and had requested me to answer them, I perceived, as I was gathering them up, that there was one among them in the English tongue, and suggested that to this I could not reply, because I knew absolutely nothing of the language. 'I would,' he said, 'that you could both read and understand it, for it brings me glad tidings.' Inflamed with curiosity, I eagerly begged to be allowed to share his happiness, and this was his reply: 'I have always been sensible of God's great goodness in having made me the son of a woman no less illustrious for her virtues than for her rank, but now he has granted me a yet more signal grace. My mother has received the crown of martyrdom; for because she held fast to our Catholic faith, and could by no means be shaken, she has been beheaded by Henry's orders. She was seventy years old, and this is her reward for all the care she had bestowed upon his daughter.' I was completely overcome, but he continued firmly, 'Let us be of good cheer; she has been added to the number of our patrons and advocates in heaven.' He then withdrew into the little chapel where he always went to pray, and remained there some time, but when he rejoined us his face was as cheerful as usual."

The four tranquil years which Pole passed at Viterbo between the time of his appointment as governor and his summons to attend the Council of Trent were in some respects the happiest of his troubled life. Here he could choose his own society, and his household was composed of congenial spirits. Hard by, in the convent of Sta. Caterina, lived Vittoria Colonna, and she bore her part in many of the serious discussions held by Pole and his two great friends, Flaminio and Carnesecchi. The former died in Pole's house, a conforming Catholic, ten years later; the latter perished in the Inquisition. Something has been said in another place of Pole's influence over the life and faith of Vittoria Colonna; Flaminio was affected by him in precisely the same way. Yet, save upon the question of papal supremacy, Pole was no hardy dogmatist, and when, in the dark and sanguinary days at hand, he was reproached for having put few men to torture for their opinions during his government of the patrimony, his noble answer was that for this he blessed God.

He had long before set forth his views concerning the best way of dealing with heretics, in a letter addressed to a couple of priests in Liège, earnestly exhorting them to mildness and moderation in such cases. "I know," he says, "that I have often been accused of a reluctance to chastise evil men, which amounts to cruelty toward the good; but I cannot do violence to my nature, least of all with those I love. . . . And though it is undeniable that rebels must sometimes be punished by way of example, . . . yet upon this one point I must ever insist, that even when rebellious they are still sons."

The Inquisition was now in full blast at Rome, under the especial patronage of Pole's whilom friend, Cardinal Caraffa, and the breach thus established between the two old associates was destined to go on widening until the death of Pole.

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The great and general Council of Trent assembled in 1545. The Pope had been reluctant to summon it; the delegates, remembering the abortive attempt to hold a council in the same place two years before, went thither without enthusiasm. Pole was one of them, and the letters, or reports of the preliminary proceedings of the council, which it devolved upon him to send to the Pope are singularly lifeless and perfunctory. A strenuous attempt had been made by some of the delegates to have the seat of the council removed, and the inaccessibility of Trent and its disadvantages as a winter residence were forcibly set forth in a memorial signed by the three presiding officers, Cardinals del Monte, Santa Croce, and Pole, and forwarded to Rome by the latter's secretary, Beccatelli. "If it is the opinion of your Holiness," this petition proceeds, "that his Majesty the Emperor would not object, on a reasonable showing, to have the sessions of this council transferred to some other place, allow us further to allege the narrow accommodations of this town, the lamentations of the prelates, the scarcity and high price of food, . . . the severity of the winter climate, and the excessive coldness of the church, which renders it not merely difficult, but fairly impossible, to hold meetings in it before spring."

There was, in truth, a great deal of illness among the assembled clergy, and every facility was afforded them for contracting colds and rheumatism. Pole suffered severely in this way, as well as from his constant dread of assassination; and the fact that a professional cutthroat, known to be in the pay of England, was now and again seen loitering about the streets of Trent seemed to prove that his fears were not unfounded. But when, to crown all, news came that imperial troops were to be sent to Trent and billeted on the ecclesiastics, there was a general outburst of the liveliest remonstrance. A formal petition for removal was presented to the Pope, and the author[1] of a private letter to Cardinal Maffei, quoted by Quirini, expresses himself with great freedom: "We have no desire — and I speak for the majority of the prelates — to stay on here and lodge soldiers, and be completely at their mercy; nor does it help the matter to say that they are merely *passing through* the country, for they can come back whenever they like, and we shall have no power to prevent them. Our original purpose, as you will have gathered from our joint letter, was to be absent when they should arrive. . . . It appears that Cardinal Pole has got leave of absence and is going immediately to Trevilla, while the rest of us, though very likely we stand in as much need of a holiday and change of air as he, are to be detained here about the article of justification until the soldiers are upon us."

Pole's enemies have always asserted that he left for the express purpose of avoiding the discussions of the council on the dogma of justification by faith; but since all the delegates had to do was to register their adherence to the doctrine as formulated in Rome, we can hardly imagine that so loyal a churchman as Pole would have hesitated, or, if he had done so, that he would have retained, as we know he did to the end of his life, the friendship and favor of Paul III. And as a matter of fact, we have Pole's own explicit statement, in a letter to one of his fellow-cardinals, that he did heartily accept the deliverance of the head of the Church upon this vexed question; regarding it as broad enough to include and reconcile the seemingly incompatible views of the apostles James and Paul.

From Trevilla, a country-seat of Priuli's in the neighborhood of Padua, Pole kept up a lively correspondence both with friends at Rome and with his fel-

[1] Cardinal Cervini, afterwards Pope Marcellus II.

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low-delegates at Trent. On the 13th of July, 1546, he writes to Cardinals del Monte and Cervini: "Concerning the state of my health, I can hardly say more than that it is better rather than worse since I left Trent: not that I am ever free from pain, but I certainly suffer less. I have had three nights of quiet sleep since I came here, and the horse-and-carriage exercise I am able to take helps me more than all the rest. Yesterday two doctors came out from Padua to see me, and held a very careful consultation; and their decision was that I must take the utmost care of myself, for if my malady were to become chronic I might be in danger of paralysis."

Early in September Pole went to the mud baths of Padua, where there seems to have been a goodly gathering of truants from the council. "I have endeavored," he says, "to impress on all whom I see the duty of returning to Trent; and those who are well appear quite ready to do so, should there be any special or urgent need of their presence."

For himself, after having taken the regular "cure," he found that he was in much the same condition as before, and applied to Rome for further orders. In response he received permission to return there, of which he availed himself with alacrity, making it his business earnestly to advocate with the Pope the advisability of changing the seat of the council, which finally, in the early spring of the ensuing year, was removed to Bologna.

But Reginald Pole was to attend its sittings no more. The death of Henry VIII., in January, 1547, reopened the whole English question at Rome, where, as indeed all over the Continent, an inveterate idea prevailed that it lay with the reigning sovereign to impose what religion he would upon the English people.[1] Pole wrote letters in this sense both to the Privy Council and to Edward VI., but neither communication was so much as acknowledged, and the would-be restorer of the faith had still to bide his time.

Meanwhile, shortly after the demise of Henry another death occurred, which affected Pole far otherwise and more sadly, — that of Vittoria Colonna. She had named him an executor of her will, and left him a large legacy, which he subsequently added to the dowry of the niece and namesake of the marchesa, Ascanio's daughter Vittoria, on her marriage to Don Garcia of Toledo.

The three years or so which intervened between this great bereavement and the death of Paul III. were divided by Pole between his government at Viterbo and Rome. He was at the former place when, in November, 1549, the serious illness of the pontiff caused all the members of the Sacred College to be summoned in haste to Rome. The conclave which followed the death of Paul III. was a long and memorable one. Pole's own candidature gained in favor day by day, until at last the needful two thirds of the voices appeared assured, and his election to the papacy on the first ballot of the following day a foregone conclusion. But late at night the tide turned suddenly, and, after a few moments of intense excitement, Cardinal del Monte was chosen Pope by acclamation.

Whatever Pole may have felt concerning this reverse, his behavior was perfect, and the high-bred self-command which was one of his finest qualities was never

[1] Micheli, the Venetian ambassador, wrote home in 1557 from London: "As for religion, rest assured that the example and authority of the prince are all-powerful with them; that the English esteem and support religion to exactly the extent which may fulfill the obligations of subjects to their ruler, living as he lives, believing what he believes, and finally doing whate'er he commands in the way of conforming to him, rather in outward seeming to avoid falling into disgrace than from inward zeal, for they would be equally ready to turn Mahomedan or Jew were the king to show such faith and desire."

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more admirably displayed than in his prompt and graceful congratulations to the genial and worldly cardinal who was henceforth to be known as Julius III. Having acquitted himself of this duty, Pole returned tranquilly to the patrimony, and continued to act as its governor until late in 1552, when he resigned his appointment. Death had been busy among his dearest friends: Sadoleto, Bembo, Giberti, and Contarini were now gone, and Pole, who had succeeded the latter as patron of the Benedictines, craved and received permission to retire to a certain house of their order in the north of Italy. Thanks to a legacy left him by Giberti, he was now once more in easy circumstances; his chosen retreat was an exquisite spot, and the cardinal's contentment of spirit during the brief time he was permitted to pass there appears to have been complete.

But it was not here and thus that the checkered career of Reginald Pole was to end. On the 6th of July, 1553, the sickly young occupant of the English throne succumbed to the disease which had so early sapped his vitality, and within a month Pole received his commission as papal legate to the new queen, about whose religion there was no question. He accepted the charge at once, and sent a long letter of congratulation to Mary, who duly acknowledged the receipt of the favor of her "best cousin Pole," but at the same time requested that he would delay somewhat his arrival in England.

At the Pope's suggestion, therefore, Pole began traveling northward by slow stages, trusting that by the time he had reached the coast all would be ready for his reception. But again in November Mary wrote him that it would be neither safe nor desirable for him to cross over from the Continent at present, and the queen's cousin came nearer to betraying irritation in his reply to this cavalier announcement than that amiable and polished churchman often allowed himself to do: —

"Serenissima, — When I first received your Majesty's Latin letter, inasmuch as it had been done up in the same packet with the others, and as the person who forwarded them to me from the royal palace made no mention of your Majesty, nothing was less in my thought than that I had had any communication from you at all. But when, having read the other letters, I came to open this one, I fancied that I recognized your Majesty's hand in the signature upon the last page. However, since it was written in Latin, and not in our mother tongue, which it is more customary for princes to employ, whether in writing or speaking to members of their own family, and which you yourself had used to me only a few days before, I found myself considerably bewildered. If your Majesty acted on the supposition that, owing to my long exile from my native land, I might have lost the use of the language to which I was born, and even ceased to understand it, you were of course quite right to address me in Latin. This thing does happen, of course, and I must confess that in sustained discourse I have sometimes found myself embarrassed[1] for the want of a certain word which had escaped my memory. Nor need I say what a great pleasure it is to me to receive and read letters written by your Majesty in any language," etc.

Pole goes on, however, to say, ceremoniously, but still somewhat dryly, that he thinks it will be safer if, in addition to his Latin reply, he send her by a special messenger another in the vernacular, and that he hopes he shall be able to make himself intelligible through that medium. Pole evidently suspected, and not unnaturally, perhaps, that Mary's hesitation about receiving him might be due to the fact that she was toying with the temptation to assume along with the reins of government the headship of the English Church. He points out with much perspicuity how doubly sacrile-

[1] He says *hæream*, "stuck."

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gious it would be in her, as a woman, to dream of such a dignity, and closes with prayers for the righteousness, peace, and prosperity of her reign, and by earnestly recommending her to the grace and guidance of the King of kings.

This letter, dated December 1, 1553, was written from the monastery of Dillingen, in Swabia, where Pole spent many months. Charles V., who had no notion of allowing him free access to Mary until the latter's marriage with Philip was definitely concluded, had pleasantly intimated to him that he had better not carry out his original intention of moving on as far as Brussels. Yet the emperor, like most of those who came in contact with him, had a strong personal liking for Pole, and when the gorgeous wedding ceremony at Winchester had been duly accomplished (July 5, 1554) he became most civil, and placed no further obstacle in the cardinal's way. Pole, on the other hand, seemed quite to forget his own former pretensions to be Mary's consort, in his joy at finding himself the chosen instrument for leading England back to her allegiance to Rome. He sent a letter of earnest congratulation to Philip, and something very like intimacy seems to have grown up between the two men, who must both, after all, have felt like aliens in England, and who had doubtless many points of sympathy in their views of insular affairs.

Pole was now summoned to a consultation with the emperor, and he learned that extensive preparations were at last making for his reception in England. The bill of attainder was reversed by Parliament, and a company of English gentlemen, under the direction of Lord Paget and Sir Edward Hastings, was sent to Brussels to escort him home. He took leave of Charles on the 12th of November, and the following morning set out on something like a triumphal progress. He made six stages of the journey to Calais, partly on account of his delicate health, but also because he felt that it beseemed his dignity to move slowly. At Calais — then, it will be remembered, an English port — a royal ship was awaiting him, and, a favorable breeze having miraculously sprung up after days of bad weather, his crossing was speedily effected. At Dover letters of welcome were brought him from the king and queen. Philip had even written, in his own hand, and in Spanish, a few lines of poetry, wishing Pole a prosperous journey and safe arrival, and great numbers of courtiers came down to Dover to offer their congratulations on his return; so that when he started Londonward he had four hundred horsemen in his train, and by the time he reached Rochester the number had doubled. At Gravesend the company embarked on the boat sent to meet them, and the cardinal taking the lead in an open boat with a cross at its prow, they came easily up to London on the rising tide. This was a great marvel in the eyes of a certain Italian in Pole's suite, to whom we are indebted for a minute narrative of the cardinal's progress and reception.

"At the place where you disembark," says the chronicler, "on account of the shallow water of the stream, there is a sort of open bridge which goes a fifth part of the way across the river. To the head of this bridge, when he heard of the legate's arrival, hurried my Lord Bishop of Winchester" (Stephen Gardiner), "chancellor of the kingdom. . . . The king and queen, also, being advised of his arrival, rose from table" (the court was then at Westminster Palace), "and the king, coming to the legate, with a marvelous air of dignity, met him just at the first gate of the palace on the river bank, and there greeted and embraced him with many demonstrations of affection and kindness and joy at his coming. The queen, accompanied by all her ladies, received him at the head of the staircase of the first great hall, and she too embraced and kissed him, after

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the manner of the country, telling him that his return safe and sound to his native land once more gave her as much pleasure as she had felt when first she took possession of her kingdom. . . . In the hall they stood and talked together for a quarter of an hour, and the legate presented his credentials to their Majesties. After this, my Lord Paget presented the legate's household, who kissed their Majesties' hands, and who were received one at a time, and all most graciously. And this ended, the legate took leave, and went back to the lodging prepared for him in a great palace belonging to the archbishopric of Canterbury, lying over against Westminster on the other side of the river in a place called Lambeth."

The see of Canterbury had been declared vacant a year before, on Cranmer's attainder for complicity in Northumberland's plot for the elevation of Lady Jane Grey to the throne; and Cranmer is thereafter mentioned as the "late archbishop." Pole was not consecrated archbishop till March 22, 1556, after Cranmer's execution. He enjoyed the revenues of the see, however, and may be said virtually to have attained the preferment when, on the 25th of November, 1554, he took up his residence at Lambeth Palace. From this day, at all events, and during the few remaining years of Mary's reign, he played a great part in the history of England.

Of this period of fruition, long delayed and brief, but crowded with interesting and too often tragical events, abundant memorials also exist in the correspondence of Reginald Pole, but their examination must be reserved for another time.

*Harriet Waters Preston.*
*Louise Dodge.*

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## BOSWELL'S PROOF-SHEETS.

In the summer of 1893 I spent nearly three months in the pleasant village of Barnstable, on Cape Cod, with an Italian sky above my head, and a sea blue as the Mediterranean stretching out before me. For some days I had an occupation so little likely to befall any one in so out-of-the-way a spot that I never lost the feeling of its delightful incongruity. That I, an English scholar, should take up my abode there seemed strange enough. That I should there be reading the proof-sheets of the first edition of the Life of Johnson, and be copying the corrections made on them in Boswell's clear, large hand, seemed almost a marvel. Even Johnson, who would scarcely allow that anything was extraordinary, aware as he was of "the natural desire of man to propagate a wonder," would have owned that here there was something greatly out of the common. If the country folk, as they passed to and fro, had known what I was doing, as I sat under the wide veranda, and had been able to understand all the strangeness of the circumstances, they would surely have gazed at me with wonder. There was an old gentleman of the village who, eighty years before, when sailing with his father in the Cape Cod and Boston packet, had been captured by an English frigate. I wish that he had chanced to drop in when I had the proofs open at the passage where Johnson, "breathing out threatening and slaughter" against the Americans, "roared out a tremendous volley which one might fancy could be heard across the Atlantic." It would have added still more to the sense of incongruity.

There often came into my mind "the sudden air of exultation" with which, a few months before his death, at a meeting



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of his club, Johnson exclaimed, "Oh! gentlemen, I must tell you a very great thing. The Empress of Russia has ordered the Rambler to be translated into the Russian language; so I shall be read on the banks of the Volga. Horace boasts that his fame would extend as far as the banks of the Rhone; now the Volga is farther from me than the Rhone was from Horace." When he was shown over Keddlestone, Lord Scarsdale's country-seat, finding in his lordship's dressing-room a copy of his Dictionary, "he shewed it to me with some eagerness," writes Boswell, "saying, 'Lookye! *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*' He observed also Goldsmith's Animated Nature, and said, 'Here 's our friend! The poor doctor would have been happy to hear of this.'" How widely are the works of genius scattered! In the frozen ocean, on the shores of King William Island, a copy of the Vicar of Wakefield was found in a boat by the side of the skeletons of two of Franklin's sailors. My proof-sheets came to me on Cape Cod from the very borders of Canada, — that "region of desolate sterility," to use Johnson's own description, "from which nothing but furs and fish were to be had." To these borders Goldsmith had led his "pensive exile:"

"Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound.
. . . . . .
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim."

There on the shore of Lake Erie and on the bank of Niagara, a nobler river than either the Rhone or the Volga, in the flourishing town of Buffalo, I had found a finer collection of Johnsonian and Boswellian curiosities than exists anywhere on our side of the Atlantic. There were not only first editions of all their works and ten or twelve original letters of the two men, but in addition a large and most interesting collection of autographs, portraits, and engravings in illustration of my editions of the Life and Letters of Johnson. Whoever was mentioned in the text or in the notes of either of these works, from Burke and Reynolds, Goldsmith and Garrick, downwards, of him, if they could be found, a likeness and an autograph letter had been procured. The devout Johnsonian, after visiting Lichfield, Pembroke College, and Fleet Street, after following the great man's footsteps in Scotland, will henceforth have to cross the Atlantic and end his pilgrimage on the pleasant shores of Lake Erie. From Mr. R. B. Adam, the liberal owner of these treasures, he may count on receiving a warm welcome. Let him prove his title to *Johnsonianissimus*, and the shrine will be thrown open to him. I shall never join in the lament that is raised among us Englishmen when the autographs and rare editions of our great writers are bought by an American. Each becomes a link to bind its new owner to the old country; each reminds him that he too is of the great English stock; each makes him

"Cast a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine."

Great as has been the liberality of some of our collectors in letting me see their stores, Mr. Adam, in his liberality, has far surpassed them all. A fresh proof of this I was to receive soon after my arrival at Barnstable. A few weeks after I had taken leave of him, he acquired, at the cost of one hundred and forty-seven pounds (about seven hundred and twenty dollars), Boswell's proof-sheets. These he sent me by post. I was to keep them as long as I needed. They were shortly followed by Johnson's proof-sheets of his Life of Pope, with the corrections in his own writing. How unlike it is to Boswell's big hand! yet it does not deserve the description which Hawkesworth gave of it to one of his cor-

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respondents. "Take," he wrote, "his own testimony in his own words; they are written, indeed, not in letters but in pothooks, a kind of character which it will probably cost you some time to decipher, and perhaps at last you may not succeed."

I had once tried to penetrate into Auchinleck, Boswell's ancestral home. I had hoped, in the library where his father and Johnson "came in collision over Oliver Cromwell's coin," to find many curious memorials. Permission was refused me. My attempt even excited suspicion; for soon after I had made it I received the following letter, which, now that the venerable writer is dead, may without impropriety be given to the world. "I hope," wrote Boswell, in the Preface to his Account of Corsica, "that if this work should at any future period be republished care will be taken of my orthography." This pious care I have taken of the orthography of his granddaughter.

44 Queen Street, Edinburgh,
*June* 1, 1889.

Dear Sir, — I am told you are about to publish another addition of My Grandfathers book — 'Boswell's Life of Johnston' and that you have 'some papers from Ayrshire'! May I ask you to be so good as inform me from whom you received them and oblige

Yours faithfully
M. E. Vassall.

I may tell you that I am daughter of Sir Alexander Boswell.

The letter was addressed to "G. Berbick Hill Esq."

I could scarcely complain of her not knowing that my "addition" of Boswell had been published full two years when she wrote, or of her misspelling my name, when *Johnson* was changed by her into *Johnston*. "Are you of the Johnstons of Glencro or of Ardnamurchan?" the Laird of Lochbuy bawled out to him, when he was visiting his castle on the Island of Mull. "Dr. Johnson gave him a significant look, but made no answer." Mrs. Vassall's contemptuous ignorance of the great man's name came to her from her father. "I have observed," wrote Sir Walter Scott, "he disliked any allusion to the Life or to Johnson himself, and I have heard that Johnson's fine picture by Sir Joshua was sent upstairs out of the sitting apartments at Auchinleck." He was killed in a duel seventy-two years ago. Scott lamented his fall, and Jeffrey defended his adversary when he was put on his trial. His daughter died but a year or two ago. So unexpectedly near were brought these "unhappy far-off things." Her only brother, Sir James Boswell, shared in the prejudices of his family. An elderly lady, who was his guest at Auchinleck, told me that one day, when the talk fell on his race horses, he said that he did not know what name to give one of them. She suggested Boswell's Johnsoniana, "which made him very angry."

That which was refused me on the spot where Boswell "walked among the rocks and woods of his ancestors with an agreeable consciousness that he had done something worthy" was granted me on Cape Cod. May more of our old libraries fall under the auctioneer's hammer, and more of our collections be carried across the Atlantic, provided that they come into the hands of citizens as enlightened and liberal as my friend Mr. R. B. Adam.

Interesting and curious as these proofs are, they would have been still more interesting and still more curious had they been the first which Boswell corrected, and not mere revises. Doubtless many a passage was modified, many an insertion and many an omission made, when he first went through his task. Nevertheless, even in this revision there is a good gleaning to be made. To recover the passages on two canceled pages

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is in itself no small triumph. It is a pleasant thing, moreover, to be admitted, as it were, into Boswell's study, and to see him at work as he corrects the book which is to make his name famous wherever the English tongue is spoken. He is, on the whole, on good terms with his compositors, though he now and then shows an author's impatience at the slowness of the press. "I request a little more despatch," he wrote on one sheet. A few sheets later on, he entered: "This is very well done indeed. Pray gentlemen compositors let me have as much as you can before Christmas."

"Mr. Compositor," said Johnson on one occasion, "Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon again and again." But this was when, without any just cause, he had sent for the man in a passion. Boswell's complimentary language is clearly for the sake of putting the compositors into good humor. On September 20, 1790, nearly half the book was in type. On March 4 of the following year, he wrote on the last sheet but five: "I hope by Monday to have *All the remaining copy in the Printing House.* If possible let us be *out* this month." It was not till May 16, the twenty-eighth anniversary of the day on which he first met Johnson, that the immortal biography, the *magnum opus*, as he used to call it, was published. A delay was sometimes caused by his desire "to ascertain particulars with a scrupulous authenticity." "Sheet yyy," he wrote, "is with Mr. Wilkes to look at a note." The note contains "the *sentimental anecdote* with which Mr. Wilkes with his usual readiness pleasantly matched" one of Baretti's stories.[1] A short delay is caused in ascertaining the number of years the Rev. Mr. Vilette had been Ordinary of Newgate. A blank had been left in the text. On the margin Boswell wrote: "Send my note to Mr. Vilette in the morning and open to answer. Or inquire of Mr. Akerman [the keeper of Newgate, "my esteemed friend," as he called him] for the number of years. Get it somehow." To a man who had Boswell's morbid love of seeing the hangman do his work, accuracy on such a point was of great importance, for almost every year of the reverend gentleman's spiritual duties was marked by his attendance at a score or two of executions, at least. On page 505 of the second volume Boswell writes: "I could wish that the form in which page 512 is were not thrown off till I have an answer from Mr. Stone, the gentleman mentioned in the note, to tell me his Christian name, that I may call him Esq." Mr. Stone, it seems, did not reply, for "Mr. Stone" he remained, and still remains, in all subsequent editions. In Boswell's eyes there was a great difference between *Esq.* and *Mr.* "You would observe," he wrote to Malone, "some stupid lines on Mr. Burke in the Oracle *by Mr. Boswell.* Sir William Scott told me I could have no legal redress. So I went *civilly* to Bell, and he promised to mention *handsomely* that *James Boswell Esq.* was not the author of the lines." His rival biographer he described as "Mr. John Hawkins, an attorney," in return for the description which Hawkins had given of him as "Mr. James Boswell, a native of Scotland." To Hawkins himself he had complained of the slight thus put upon him. "Well, but *Mr. James Boswell*, surely, surely, *Mr. James Boswell.*"

He now and then reproaches his compositors. *Stephani* had been printed *Stephen.* "Don't you know the Stephani the famous Printers!" he wrote on the margin. "You do not put a semicolon often enough. Pray attend to this," he entered on another sheet. The reproof, he reflects, is not just, so he adds, "But it is *my duty* to point. So I have no right to find fault." In the margin of the passage in which he quotes the inscription on a gold snuff-box given to Reynolds by Catherine II.,

[1] See the Clarendon Press edition of my Boswell's Life of Johnson, iv. 347.

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he writes, "Pray be very careful in printing the words of the Empress of *all the Russias.*" There is nevertheless an error in the French, due probably to Boswell, who, though he was Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy, was but a poor French scholar. Opposite the long note where he praises the anonymous editor of Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian he writes in the margin, "*This page* must not be laid on till I hear from Dr. Parr whether his name may be mentioned." Accordingly, he wrote to him requesting "to hear by return of post if I may say or guess that Dr. Parr is the editor." Apparently the letter was not answered, or else permission was refused, though the authorship could not have been a secret. Parr's name does not appear in the note. Boswell was more fortunate in obtaining a name for another entry, which had originally stood, "He was in this like who, Mr. Daines Barrington told me, used to say, 'I hate a *cui bono* man.'" In the margin he filled up the blank with "a respectable person;" but before the sheet was "laid on" he learnt this respectable person's name. In the published text he figures as "Dr. Shaw, the great traveller."

Quoting Johnson's published letter to Mrs. Thrale about the Gordon Riots, he gives the spelling *jails*, as she had given it. The "reader" queries *gaols*. Boswell replies, "Either way, *jails* or *gaols* is in his Dictionary." Two pages further on, where the word recurs, the "reader" rejoins, "Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary says jail is an improper way of spelling gaol." Johnson, under *gaol*, writes, "It is always pronounced, and too often written *jail* and sometimes *gaol*." The "reader" has his way, and it is *gaols* in the text. Boswell hesitates over the word *divines*, in a passage where he had described a letter to a young clergyman as containing "valuable advice to divines in general." For *divines* he first substituted *Parish priests*, but at last added, "Stet Divines but with D cap." He rejoices in the result of all the care which he takes. "How lucky it is that I have had this *Revise!*" he enters on the first sheet. "*Franly* for *frankly* would have looked ill. I trust we shall have a *very* correct book." Later on he records, "By revising this sheet again I have catched an Island which I had omitted." The island was Inchkenneth, about the spelling of which he thus warns the compositor: "Pray observe that in Inchkenneth there is first an H and then a K. As these letters are apt to be mistaken in M. S., I mention this. The first syllable of the word is the same with the measure Inch." On another proof he writes, "I am sorry that there must be a little over, running on in this sheet. But we must make as good a Book as may be." On the top of almost every sheet, from the first to the last, he enters, "For Press when carefully looked at by Mr. Selfe, and corrected."

The "reader" sometimes suggests a doubt or a correction. He does not like the repetition where Johnson says, "We may be excused for not caring much about other people's children, for there are many who care very little about their own children." He would strike out the last word. Boswell replies, "The repetition is the Johnsonian mode." Miss Hawkins, in her Memoirs, mentions this "Johnsonian mode." "In this way," she writes, "I heard him take the part of Sir Matthew Hale, saying, 'If Hale had anything to say, let Hale say it.'" The "reader" queried *senility*. "A good word," Boswell replied. It is not, however, in Johnson's Dictionary. "Aversion *from* entails" was objected to. Boswell would not admit the objection. "It is," he wrote, "right as in Johnson's letter. Averse *from* is legitimate language." In his Dictionary Johnson says that "averse *to*" is "very frequently but improperly used." Dr. Murray gives lists of eminent writers who have used, some one construction, some the other, and some both.

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In the margin of Johnson's Greek lines on Goldsmith the "reader" notes: "The accents are very wrong. Would it be better to omit them? If you choose to keep them, I will take care of them." Boswell replies: "I leave it optional to you to have accents or not. Mr. Thomas Warton used none." A kind of compromise seems to have been arrived at: all the accents were removed but two.

Many of the corrections are curious. Thus, where Johnson, speaking of "a gentleman of his acquaintance," said, "I should be apt to throw ******'s verses in his face," in the proof, instead of the six asterisks there was a simple dash. Boswell, it is clear, made this change so that the minor poet might be recognized by his friends. William Seward, I conjecture, was the man. A few pages further on, he objects to the dash which stands for George the Second. "Make the — a little longer," he writes. In the second edition he has three dashes given, so that it may be more clearly seen who was the king who destroyed his father's will. He now and then suppresses a name. In Johnson's diary of his tour in France an entry had been printed, "At D'Argenson's I looked into the books in the lady's closet, and in contempt shewed them to Mr. T." Boswell writes, "As the word is not quite clear, and it is at any rate more polite not to name the Lady, make it thus, At D——'s." Instead of the dash eight asterisks were substituted in the second edition, whence the name was easily conjectured; for "Mr. Argenson" had been mentioned just before. Boswell was, I suspect, capable of suppressing a name because he disliked a man. At the end of the account of the altercation between Johnson and Beauclerk he had at first written, "Dr. Johnson with Mr. Steevens sat with him a long time after the rest of the company were gone." In later years he had more than once suffered from Steevens's malignity, and so, I surmise, would not let him have the honor of being thus distinguished. He substituted for his name "another gentleman." His dislike of Gibbon was sufficiently expressed in the text as he published it. "Mr. Gibbon," he writes, "with his usual sneer controverted it, perhaps in resentment of Johnson's having talked with some disgust of his ugliness, which one would think a *philosopher* would not mind." To this passage he added in the margin, after Gibbon's name, "the historical writer, and to me offensive sneerer at what I hold sacred." The addition was not made. Boswell probably was persuaded out of it. A little more respect was shown to the great writer in the correction of the proof of the Index, where he had appeared as "Gibbon, the historian." This was changed by Boswell into "Gibbon, Edward, Esq." In the same place an addition was made to the entry about Alexander Wedderburne, Lord Loughborough, whose rapid rise Boswell envied. It had stood, "Loughborough, Lord, his great good-fortune." After "his" was inserted "talents and." Thurlow is treated as unceremoniously as Steevens. In 1785, in a Letter addressed to the People of Scotland, Boswell informed them that "now that Dr. Johnson is gone to a better world he [Boswell] bowed the intellectual knee to Lord Thurlow." In the proof-sheets there was a fine compliment to his lordship in the passage where Boswell attempts to pay "a suitable tribute of admiration" to Warren Hastings. "But how weak," he wrote, "would be my voice after that of a Thurlow." The last two words he changed into "the millions whom he governed." If Thurlow was thus slighted by the correction on this sheet, Johnson was magnified. Boswell had spoken of Hastings as "a man whose regard reflects consequence even upon Johnson." *Consequence* was changed into *dignity*, while the compositor was directed to print *Johnson* in "SMALL CAPS," so that the line ran, "a man whose regard reflected dignity even upon JOHNSON."

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In the text, as it was published, John Nichols, the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, is thus mentioned: "The Editor of that Miscellany in which Johnson wrote for several years seems justly to think that every fragment of so great a man is worthy of being preserved." These lines were inserted instead of the following: "That Mr. Nichols urged him to dispatch is evident from the following sentence in one of his Letters to Mrs. Thrale, 'I have finished Prior; so a fig for Mr. Nichols.'" A hit at a Secretary of the Treasury was not allowed to stand. In speaking of Taxation no Tyranny, Boswell had originally said: "That this pamphlet was written at the desire of those who were then in power I have no doubt; and indeed he owned to me that it had been revised and curtailed by some of them, *he supposed, in particular, Sir Grey Cooper. How humiliating to the great Johnson!*" The words which I have italicized were all struck out. Beauclerk "could not conceive a more humiliating situation than to be clapped on the back by Tom Davies." For Johnson to be corrected by Sir Grey Cooper was perhaps even one step lower in humiliation.

Epithets are occasionally modified, being sometimes strengthened, sometimes softened. Johnson, says Boswell in the Life as it now stands, "was treated," at Sir Wolfstan Dixey's, "with what he represented as intolerable harshness." *Intolerable* has been substituted for *brutal.* An attack on Macpherson, and his advocate the Rev. Donald M'Nicol, was made severer in the revise. It had originally stood thus: "At last there came out a scurrilous volume, larger than Johnson's own, filled with *rancorous* abuse, under a name real or fictitious of some low man in an obscure corner of Scotland, though supposed to be the work of *a man better known in both countries.*" For *rancorous* Boswell first substituted *scurrilous*, and then *malignant*, while the words which I have italicized he changed into "another Scotchman, who has found means to make himself well known both in Scotland and England." Macpherson was meant. An attack on Mrs. Thrale he made more severe in the passage where he says that "she frequently practiced a coarse mode of flattery." *Coarse* is substituted for *trite.* To make up for this he modified his mention of her in his note on Mrs. Knowles, the ingenious Quaker lady. He at first wrote, "Dr. Johnson, describing her needle-work in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, uses the learned word *sutile;* which Mrs. Thrale not learned has mistaken, and made the phrase injurious by writing *futile.*" *Not learned*, on second thought, he struck out, contented perhaps with having previously let his readers know that Johnson had once said that "her learning was that of a school-boy in one of the lower forms." In quoting one of Johnson's letters to her, he omits some details about health. In a note he had said, "I leave out a few lines, the contents of which are partly too insignificant and partly too indelicate for the publick eye." The "reader" queries, "If not better omitted." Boswell altered it as follows: "I have taken the liberty to leave out a few lines which Mrs. Thrale has printed, but which it appears to me might have been suppressed." The "reader" rejoins, "I think the whole Note would be better omitted and the * * * * put in a line to shew there was an omission, for it should not be supposed Dr. Johnson wrote anything indelicate to a lady." Boswell yielded so far as to strike out all the note but the first eleven words. The chief indelicacy — and it was a very great one — consisted in Mrs. Piozzi letting the world know that her first husband, after his mind was weakened by a stroke of apoplexy, had been in the habit of eating too much.

In the descriptions of Johnson there are two curious suppressions. "Garrick," Boswell writes, "sometimes used to take him off, squeezing a lemon into

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a punch-bowl, with uncouth gesticulations, looking round the company and calling out, 'Who 's for *poonsh?*'" Boswell added in the margin, "and hands not over-clean. He must have been a stout man, said Garrick, who would have been for it." The "reader" queried, "Should not this be omitted?" The suggestion was taken, and the addition was scored through. In an account of Johnson with which Boswell "was favoured by one of his friends," — most probably Mr. Bowles of Heale, — after the words "powerful mind" the following paragraph came in the proof: "He valued himself a good deal on being able to do everything for himself. He visited without a servant when he went to stay at the houses of his friends, and found few or no occasions to employ the servants belonging to the family. He knew how to mend his own stockings, to darn his linen, or to sew a button on his cloaths. 'I am not (he would often say) an [*sic*] helpless man.'" Boswell first corrected "He visited without a servant" by inserting *sometimes;* but in the end he struck out the whole paragraph, writing in the margin, for the compositor's information, "I doubt this, therefore let it go; and thus you may more easily get in a note to Dr. Burney in the next page." Johnson generally took his man with him, the negro Frank Barber, but in his visit to Heale he had left him at home. That he gave but little trouble to servants we know from Mrs. Piozzi, who said that "he required less attendance, sick or well, than ever I saw any human creature." That to some extent he could use a needle is shown by the books which he bound in his old age. The art he had acquired in his father's shop. Nevertheless, when Dempster's sister undertook to teach him to knot, he made no progress.

That after the sheets of the Life had been struck off there were two cancels was known by passages in letters written by Boswell to Malone. On January 29, 1791, he wrote: "I am to cancel a leaf of the first volume, having found that though Sir Joshua certainly assured me he had no objection to my mentioning that Johnson wrote a dedication for him he now thinks otherwise." The passage objected to, which came on page 272 of the first volume, was as follows: "*He furnished his friend, Dr. Percy, now Bishop of Dromore, with a Dedication to the Countess of Northumberland, which was prefixed to his 'Reliques of ancient English Poetry,' in which he pays compliments to that most illustrious family, in the most courtly style. It should not be wondered at that one who can himself write so well as Dr. Percy should accept of a Dedication from Johnson's pen; for as Sir Joshua Reynolds, who we shall see afterwards accepted of the same kind of assistance, well observed to me, 'Writing a dedication is a knack. It is like writing an advertisement.'*[1] In this art no man excelled Dr. Johnson. Though the loftiness of his mind prevented him from ever dedicating in his own person, he wrote a great number of Dedications for others. After all the diligence I have bestowed, some of them have escaped my inquiries." The lines italicized have disappeared; while after "Dedications for others" the following was inserted: "Some of these the persons who were favoured with them are unwilling should be mentioned, from a too anxious apprehension, as I think, that they might be suspected of having received larger assistance." It was said that Johnson had assisted Reynolds in his Discourses. That the Dedication was written by him was, I should have thought, revealed by the style. Who but he could have said that "the regular progress of cultivated life is from necessaries to accommodations, from accommodations to ornaments"? Nevertheless, in Leslie and Taylor's Life of the great painter we are

[1] By "advertisement" Reynolds meant a short notice or introduction.

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told that in his Dedication "Reynolds preserved his quiet dignity even in contact with royalty." On this same canceled page I found a passage which Boswell changed perhaps out of regard to his own dignity. He had written, "I wrote to him frequently in the course of these two years while I was upon my travels, but did not receive a single letter in return." This was altered into, "He did not favour me with a single letter for more than two years."

The second cancel was due to William Gerard Hamilton. On February 25, 1791, Boswell, writing to Malone, said: "That nervous mortal W. G. H. is not satisfied with my report of some particulars *which I wrote down from his own mouth*, and is so much agitated that Courtenay has persuaded me to allow a *new edition* of them, by H. himself to be made at H.'s expense." In this new edition the amended passage is as follows: "Care, however, must be taken to distinguish between Johnson when he 'talked for victory,' and Johnson when he had no desire but to inform and illustrate. '*One of Johnson's principal talents (says an eminent friend of his) was shewn in maintaining the wrong side of an argument, and in a splendid perversion of the truth. If you could contrive to have his fair opinion on a subject, and without any bias from personal prejudice, or from a wish to be victorious in argument, it was wisdom itself, not only convincing, but overpowering.*'" The italicized lines, as Boswell first wrote them, had stood thus: "His friend, Mr. Hamilton, when dining at my house one day expressed this so well that I wrote down his words: 'Johnson's great excellence in maintaining the wrong side of an argument was a splendid perversion. If you could contrive it so as to have his fair opinion upon a subject without any bias from personal prejudice, or from a wish to conquer — it was wisdom, it was justice, it was convincing, it was overpowering.'" The blank in the present text, which comes a few lines lower down, was in the proof filled up with the name of Hamilton. Hamilton, there is good reason to believe, as I have shown in a note at the end of the first volume of my edition of Boswell, when he lost Burke's services in politics had sought Johnson's aid. Whatever engagement was formed between the two men was kept concealed. The clue to its existence was given by Johnson's Prayer on "engaging in politicks with H——n."

One morning in June, 1784, Boswell "was present at the shocking sight of fifteen men executed before Newgate." Having gratified his miserable curiosity, he naturally went to Bolt Court, hard by, to moralize on free will. "I said to Dr. Johnson I was sure that human life was not machinery, that is to say, a chain of fatality planned and directed by the Supreme Being, as it had in it so much wickedness and misery, so many instances of both, as that by which my mind was now clouded. Were it machinery, it would be better than it is in these respects, though less noble, as not being a system of moral government. He agreed with me, *and added*, '*The small-pox can less be accounted for than an execution upon the supposition of machinery; for we are sure it comes without a fault.*'" For the words italicized the following were substituted: "now, as he always did, upon the great question of the liberty of the human will, which has been in all ages perplexed with so much sophistry." In a note for the compositor Boswell added: "I strike out this tho' in my notes, because I do not see the meaning and I may have erred. If you want room *in all ages* may be omitted." Happily, room was found, and *in all ages* stands in the received text.

The insertion of two words in the text led to a note by Croker which provoked an attack by Macaulay in his review of the new edition of the Life of Johnson.

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"There is," Macaulay wrote, "a still stranger instance of the editor's talent for finding out difficulties in what is perfectly plain. 'No man,' said Johnson, 'can now be made a bishop for his learning and piety.' 'From this too just observation,' says Boswell, 'there are some eminent exceptions.' Mr. Croker is puzzled by Boswell's very simple and natural language. 'That a general observation should be pronounced *too just* by the very person who admits that it is not universally just is not a little odd.'" *Too just* was inserted in the proof.

One of Croker's conjectures I find confirmed. "Johnson," writes Boswell, "repeated some fine lines on love by Dryden, which I have now forgotten." Croker suggested the verses quoted in the Lives of the Poets which begin: —

"Love various minds does variously inspire;
It stirs in gentle bosoms gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altar laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade."

That he was right is shown by the passage in the proof which originally ran, "He repeated his lines on love ('gentle tempestuous, etc. —')."

In the reports of Johnson's talk a few corrections are made, most of which might be due to previous inaccuracy. That errors were made in copying is shown by a passage in one of his letters, where Boswell, falling into a Scotticism, had at first made him write, "*I will* long to know." *Will* is changed into *shall* in the margin. That Boswell consulted his own manuscript we can see by the correction of his report of a saying about Burke. As it stood in the proof Johnson had said: "Yes, Burke is an extraordinary man. His vigour of mind is incessant." The last line Boswell changed into, "His stream of mind is perpetual," adding in the margin, "I restore, I find, the exact words as to Burke." How he gave the wrong words at first is not easy to see, for they were not an isolated saying, but part of a conversation. In like manner he corrects one word in Burke's saying about Croft's imitation of Johnson's style. The line originally stood, "It has all his pomp without his *sense*." *Sense* was altered into *force*. He now and then inserts *Sir* in the report of the talk, either because it had been omitted by mistake, or — which perhaps is more likely — because it is more the Johnsonian mode. A few of the changes seem to go beyond corrections of the copyist's errors; thus in the proof, Johnson, speaking of the character of the valetudinarian, had said, "He indulges himself in every way." For the last two words was substituted *the grossest freedoms*.

On Easter Sunday in 1773 Boswell recorded: "He told me that he had twelve or fourteen times attempted to keep a journal of his life, but never could persevere. He advised me to do it." "The great thing to be recorded (said he) is the state of your own mind; and you should write down everything that you remember, for you cannot judge at first what is good or bad, and write immediately while the impression is fresh, for it will not be the same a week afterwards."

"I again solicited him to communicate to me the particulars of his early years. He said, 'You shall have them all for two-pence. I hope you shall know a great deal more of me before you write my Life.'" The "reader," it is clear, noticed the different ways in which the talk is recorded in these two paragraphs, and queried against them both, "This almost verbatim?" Boswell replied, "It is much varied, so *stet*." Where he reports the speech in the first person we have Johnson's exact words; where he throws it into the third person we have only an abstract of them. In an earlier passage he had first written, "He recommended to me to keep a journal of my life, fair and undisguised." For *fair and undisguised* he substituted *full and unreserved*. One slight correction is not without interest. In

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those famous words where Johnson so vigorously gave his opinion of Lady Diana Beauclerk, he had in the proof been made to conclude by saying, "and there 's an end *of 't*." *Of 't* is changed into *on 't*.

If Boswell prided himself, and justly prided himself, on "the most perfect authenticity" of his records of conversation, he seems to have thought that, so far as what he had himself said or written, he might now and then indulge in a variation. Thus, in the passage where he reports Johnson's account of his failure to learn knotting, according to the proof, he himself went on to say: "So it will be said, 'Once, for his amusement he tried knotting,'" etc. This he changed into, "So, Sir, it will be related in pompous narrative," etc. Writing to Johnson on February 14, 1777, he said: "You remember poor Goldsmith when he grew important and wished to appear *Doctor Major* could not bear your calling him *Goldy*. Would it not have been somewhat wicked to have named him so in your 'Preface to Shakespeare'?" *Somewhat wicked* he changed into *wrong*. In a letter dated June 9 of the same year, speaking of "what is called 'The *Life* of David Hume,' written by himself, with the letter from Dr. Adam Smith subjoined to it," he continued, "Is not this an age of daring effrontery?" In the margin he substituted *indecency* for *effrontery*, but in the end he struck it out. A few lines lower down he had written, "I agreed with him [Mr. Anderson] that you might knock Hume's and Smith's heads together, and make vain and impudent infidelity exceedingly ridiculous." *Impudent* he thought too offensive even for this offensive passage, for he changed it into *ostentatious*. One change he apparently made to avoid repetition. He had ended one of his letters to his great friend with saying that he was "with affectionate veneration, most affectionately yours, James Boswell." For *affectionately* he substituted *sincerely*. The conclusions of Johnson's letters to him vary, apparently quite by chance, from "Your humble servant" to "Yours most affectionately." A hit at Blair was softened in a passage which now stands, "He praised Blair's sermons: 'Yet,' said he (willing to let us see he was aware that fashionable fame, *however deserved*, is not always the most lasting) 'perhaps they may not be reprinted after seven years; at least not after Blair's death.'" The words in italics were added, while the following, which came at the end of the parenthesis, were suppressed, "and to do justice to less showy divines." John Home he had originally described as "the author of Douglas;" this he expanded into "to whom we owe the beautiful and pathetick tragedy of Douglas." Having to mention a Duke of Devonshire, he had merely spoken of him as "the grandfather of the present Duke." This, he saw, was too bald a way of mentioning the owner of Chatsworth; so "Duke" he changed into "the present representative of that very respectable family." *Respectable*, it must be remembered, in those days "soared fancy's flight" above "a man who kept a gig." George III., when he signed the treaty of peace with the United States, sighed over "the downfall of this once respectable empire." Chesterfield described religion "as too awful and respectable a subject to become a familiar one," and the hour of death as "at least a very respectable one." Adam Smith speaks of "the respectable list of deities into which Alexander the Great had been inserted," and contrasts "the amiable virtues" with "the awful and respectable." Johnson's dead body was called "his respectable remains." A further change was made in this passage about the duke. In the report of what Johnson said of him, after the statement, "He was not a man of superior abilities," came in the proof, "though Basil would persuade us he was." These words are struck out, Boswell writing in the mar-

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gin, "This name is too much obliterated for me to read. It begins with K and ends with t — about six or seven letters. I think Kennet." Kennet, no doubt, is the name. Basil Kennet's brother, Bishop Kennet, had preached a funeral sermon on the first duke, who had recommended him to Queen Anne for a deanery. It must have been of the early years of this duke that Basil spoke, for he did not live long enough to see his full manhood. When he was chaplain on a ship of war, he cured one of the officers of his habit of interlarding his stories with oaths by parodying him. The words which he inserted in his talk were, however, nothing worse than *bottle*, *pot*, and *glass*. The same story is told of a later divine, — Robert Hall, if my memory does not deceive me.

Boswell, in one passage, spoke of "the roughness which often appeared in Johnson's behaviour." *Often*, when he came to revise the proof, he must have thought too severe, for he changed it into *sometimes*. He hesitated over a word in the humorous account which he gave of Garrick's vanity in his intimacy with Lord Camden. "Why (replied Garrick, with an affected ease, yet as if standing on tiptoe), Lord Camden has this moment left me." For *ease* he substituted *indifference*, then struck it out, but finally adopted it, so that it is *affected indifference* in the text as he published it. In the passage where Boswell tells how Addison and Parnell "were intemperate in the use of wine," he continued, "which Johnson himself in his Lives of *these ingenious*, *worthy* and pious men has not forborne to record." For the words in italics he substituted "those celebrated writers." The dissenting minister Dr. Towers he had described as "one of the hottest heads of The Revolution Society." *Hottest heads* he changed into *warmest zealots*, perhaps moved by the esteem which he felt for this divine as "a very convivial man." His own Jacobitism he shows in the change which he made in the passage where he speaks of Lord Trimblestown, "in whose family," he originally wrote, "was an ancient Irish peerage, *which was forfeited* in the troubles of the last century." For the words in italics he substituted, "but it suffered by taking the generous side."

He makes now and then an addition to the description which he gives of Johnson. Thus, in his account of one of his great friend's "minute singularities" he had written, "In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backwards from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly, under his breath, *too*, *too*, *too*." Full of life as this description is, how much is it improved by the following addition which Boswell made in the proof: "all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile." In like manner, the addition of a single word gives liveliness to the famous speech in which Johnson said, "No, Sir, claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero (smiling) must drink brandy." *Smiling* was added in the revise.

Though I have by no means come to the end of Boswell's corrections, yet I must trespass no further on the pages of The Atlantic Monthly or on the patience of its readers. However willing I may be to ride my own hobby to death, I must not either attempt to drag the rest of the world over the whole of the course, or forget that other people have their hobbies, too.

*George Birkbeck Hill.*

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# HADRIAN'S ODE TO HIS SOUL.

I READ in a newspaper, not long ago, the sufficiently remarkable statement that the hymn beginning,

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,"

was written by the Emperor Hadrian. That a hymn in the English of Dryden and Addison, containing phrases out of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, should have been written by a pagan philosopher, who ruled Britain when Pict and Caledonian contended with "Icenian, Catieuchlanian, Coritanian, Trinobant," is a conception worthy of that singular hash of half-correct knowledge which does duty for scholarship in so many of our publications. That Alexander Pope had the emperor's ode in mind when he wrote his hymn is reasonable enough, though the connection between them has been grossly exaggerated. We know Pope's ideas of translation were free; but his Messiah is really nearer a version of Virgil's Fourth Eclogue than his hymn is of Hadrian's ode.

What Hadrian really wrote was this:

"*Animula, vagula, blandula,*
*Hospesque comesque corporis,*
*Quæ nunc abibis in loca,*
*Pallidula, rigida, nudula,*
*Nec ut soles dabis joca?*"[1]

This strange lyric has been the wonder of all readers, for its melody, so fascinating, yet so utterly past metrical analysis, hovering as it does on the confines of quantity and rhyme, its strange combination of skepticism and belief, and the still stranger petting tenderness of the phrases. It cannot help suggesting to an English reader a parallel to Mrs. Barbauld's "Life, we 've been long together," much more than to Pope's rich and edifying but more artificial and Scriptural hymn.

It may seem to some a cold anatomizing of this frail and gentle stanza if we subject it to anything like philological and antiquarian analysis. Yet this, I venture to think, is an error. There are peculiar depths of language and meaning in Hadrian's farewell which will be missed by a superficial reader. I hope, through the path of what may seem at first a pedantic discussion, to lead the way to an attempt at translation which shall preserve something of the original softness and perfume.

These five lines constitute one of the most perfectly Latin strains in all Roman literature. Every one knows that Latin poetry, for its six centuries from Plautus to Claudian, was a singularly exotic growth. It borrowed its metrical forms, it largely borrowed its subjects, and it recast the ancient language of Camillus and Fabius in almost servile admiration of Greek models. We are offended when Dryden introduces into his masculine English such needless French words as "flambeau" and "fraîcheur" to please an imported taste. Yet really great poets like Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace condescend to very similar Hellenic insults on their own more ancient tongue. There was a whole vocabulary and grammar of household Latin — for the Romans were the most domestic of nations — that is almost wiped out in the court Latin of the early empire.

Now, it will be noticed that Hadrian's little poem is purely national in every word and construction; but it bears one especial mark of the old home Latin which we find nowhere else except in the writings of that transcendent genius, Catullus, at once the Burns and Byron of Rome. This is the free use of diminu-

[1] I am aware that some texts give *jocos;* but until I see Hadrian's autograph, I will not believe his poem lacks one of its most delicate touches.

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tives, both of nouns and adjectives. It is the language of petting, the language used only to one's precious home companions. Here it shows

"'T is hard to part when friends are dear,"

and brings Hadrian, perhaps the most complete cosmopolite who ever lived, back to the very inmost recesses of the plain but devoted Roman home.

But, beautiful and homelike as the language is, it must be regarded as something of a *tour de force*. The very fact that between Catullus and Hadrian there are two hundred years without a single poem in this style shows what an effort it was for a literary man to write in that strain. It was as hard for a Roman poet, a hundred and fifty years after Christ, to cast a Greek strain out of his lines, and adopt a purely Latin one, as for Byron to write in the style of Spenser. As I have said, Hadrian was the most cosmopolitan of men; he had absolutely absorbed the characteristics of every quarter of his vast empire till he had become at home in all its parts. A Spaniard by descent, he was equally a fellow-citizen of the Briton, the Athenian, and the Egyptian, as well as the Roman. Hence, his ode, though in imitation of the most distinctively Latin models, is artificial, a tour de force, and should have a touch of the same artifice in a version.

But, deeper than the language, there is in the sentiment the most singular because unconscious revelation of the ancient theory of death, exhibited to the full in Homer, and abundantly illustrated in a score of authors since, — perhaps nowhere better than in some of Horace's odes. The strange language of Hadrian's fourth line tells the story with an unsuspected accuracy, which I fear will only be marred by developing it.

Homer's conception of man is wholly material. He is a body. When he himself is prostrate on the ground, a prey to the birds and beasts, his soul, whatever that may be, flies to the unseen world. The man, a solid structure of bones and flesh, derives his warm, sentient, hearty life from the liquid part, the blood, and his shape from the viewless air. This shaping breath is not the man, but only an empty shade, which, when it flies to Hades, utters a thin shriek, like air escaping from a jet. In that unseen world it still keeps its form, but no real conscious life. This it can recover only by drinking blood. The solid part, the bones and flesh, being no longer kept in continuity and life by the blood and shaped by the breath, falls into dust, and mingles with the earth from whence it came. But if offerings of blood and of generous liquid food — milk, honey, and wine — are poured on the grave, the poor, thin, airy, bloodless ghost may draw in a portion of sentient life, may recognize and speak to those it knew, and recover at least a longing memory of that strong, real, solid body which it formerly inhabited and to which it gave form.

Now, the real, generous, warm life being in the blood, when the blood is shed, the breath or spirit which parts is not merely naked by the loss of the flesh, but cold by loss of blood; and to an inhabitant of south Europe, cold is in itself horror and death. The frame without warm red blood seemed to the ancients no life at all; it was a mere shivering copy of existence. When the Stoic suicides, just before Hadrian's time, let the blood run from their veins, there was a solemn symbolism in that method of death. This notion of the chill that attends the end of life is that so delicately and richly expressed by Gray in the lines, —

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
*Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day?*"

Hadrian thinks of his spirit, as it leaves the companionship and hospitality of the body, as shivering and bare. But it is also *pallidula*. Now, the meaning of *pallidus* is simply "bloodless." When

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the blood leaves the cheek of a Teuton, his face becomes white; not so with a south European. The dark complexion of the sunny land shows yellow; and that is the meaning of the Latin *palleo* in all its derivatives. To translate it by "pale" wholly loses the force of a word which Propertius adopts as giving the color of the metal gold when opposed to silver. But there is no idea of color in Hadrian's lyric. It is the thought of the poor little unclothed hungry spirit going forth into unknown places, —

> "That lingers, shivering on the brink,
> And fears to launch away."

Bearing in mind all these characteristics in this poem, so slight yet so profound, — its metrical character with just one touch of rhyme, its perfectly native Latin, demanding as native English, the petting tone of its diminutives, the slightly artificial air that their construction indicates, — and anxious to preserve the ancient materialism without a hint of the coarseness which hangs round the very purest songs of Rome, I offer with diffidence the following translation: —

> Lifeling, changeling, darling,
> My body's comrade and guest,
> To what place now wilt betake thee,
> Weakling, shivering, starveling,
> Nor utter thy wonted jest?

*William Everett.*

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## THE KITTEN.

SMALL, sinuous thing, sleek shape of grace,
Within thy drowsy babyhood
There dwells that smouldering spark of race
Which flames forth in the jungle brood;
In thy curled softness lies asleep
The splendor of the tiger's leap.

Thine eyes a jewel-gleam disclose,
Where lurks that soul of fierce desire
That through the tropic midnight glows
In two bright spheres of baleful fire.
So Nature, in some wayward hour,
Draws in small lines her types of power.

Thy velvet footfalls, as they glide,
Recall the beauty and the dread
Of that long, crouching, sinewy stride,
That furtive, fierce, forth-reaching head;
We feel that deadly presence pass, —
The dry, slow rustle in the grass.

Since in thy lithe, swift gentleness
Such hints of power and blight are shown,
What kinship must the soul confess
With forces mightier than her own?
What beast, what angel, shall have sway,
When we have reached our utmost day?

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

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# MAURICE MAETERLINCK: A DRAMATIC IMPRESSIONIST.

I.

THE literary movement in the modern drama has become a marked and interesting one. Steadily gaining ground during the past dozen years, it has now reached a degree of self-assertion and activity which begins to demand and attract critical attention. More and more men of literary attainment are devoting their time and strength to dramatic production; more and more plays are being staged, which call for consideration as art-product, and are published in book form as well, thereby making a direct appeal as literature. Henrik Ibsen is, as much as one man may be, the originative cause of all this development; more than any other playwright he has been potent in effecting the union of the stage and letters after their century-long divorce. Various emanations and influences have gone forth from the Norwegian; influences which, as they widened from the disturbing cause, displayed themselves in very different shapes, until the father was hardly to be recognized in his children. Thus, in this sense, and so far as their dramatic work goes, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, and Oscar Wilde are begotten of Ibsen; while such an English play-maker as Pinero, if he be not of kin, has certainly gone to school to the northern master.

Of these names, Maeterlinck's is the most striking and provocative of study. The restless, probing spirit of the age is exemplified in such a man: its deification of art for art's sake; its Alexander-like desire to conquer new worlds of thought and expression; its drift towards pessimism, and fondness for exploration in the dark domains of psychological horror; and its literary method, with a substitution of experiment and suggestion for personal creeds.

Ibsen, a pessimist in his later interpretations of the social complex, differs widely from those who preach the gospel of despair. He is too stalwart, too truly a descendant of the Norse heroes of his native land, to moan forth his *Weltschmerz* in weak impotence. If his be a sombre individuality, there is tonic in his writings for those who read him aright. But Maeterlinck is of another stripe. He does, it is true, carry on the psychologic method of the elder master; but he colors it with an entirely different personality, and pushes it to an extreme. More than this, Maeterlinck is end-of-the-century, as the phrase goes, and he substitutes mystical poetry and a phantasmal dreamland for the mind-drama of Ibsen, with its realistic dialogue and superb stagecraft. Maeterlinck is rather poet than playwright, in his intense preoccupation with subjective states, and in creating the dramatic fantasy has shown himself a literary impressionist, vaguer than a Corot in his landscapes, believing in the efficacy of *premier coup* and in the validity of moods. Ibsen cannot be classed, in justice, with the *décadents;* one thinks not so much of the Twilight of the Gods in commerce with him as of personal regeneration and freedom. But Maeterlinck does belong to that school; he is of the fellowship of Verlaine and Mallarmé, Carducci and Stechette, Henley, George Moore, and Oscar Wilde, workers in literary art whose stimulation is considerable, whose technique is for the admiration of the nations, but whose atmosphere has nightshade in it, and whose impulses are not those of the open air. Yet the contribution of these younger men can neither be overlooked nor belittled; they have done bold and exquisite work, and have broadened our conception of artistic possibilities. Moreover, in Maeterlinck we

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meet with a member of the guild who is free of its by no means infrequent grossnesses and its besetting sin of unideality; whose natural walk, in sooth, is among the diaphanous clouds of Fancy, through the thin air of legend, and in the dim domain of No Man's Land. He is far away from realism, in the usual acceptation of that word, yet, paradoxically, in one aspect of his work — the dialogue — makes a striking use of that popular latter-day method. Another proof of this young dramatist's affiliations with the Parisian décadents is the fact that, though a Belgian, he writes in the French of Paris, and his plays are such as are in demand at the Théâtre Libre. This, too, when the main current of national life and thought in Belgium expresses itself in Flemish, — a distinct linguistic reaction towards the homespun, a strong bias for an independent social and political activity, being there noticeable. Maeterlinck turns his back on all this, and, with a sort of instinct for a sophisticated capital, displays his marionettes to the frequenters of the boulevards. Of Ibsen it may be said that he is only to be thoroughly comprehended in the light of his personal history and that of his nation; we may apply to him the words of Voltaire on Swift: "Pour le bien entendre, il faut faire un petit voyage dans son pays." Not so with Maeterlinck; he is cosmopolitan, and his local color is of the most indefinite.

The question whence our dramatist derived his particular *genre*, the drama of atmosphere and symbolism, may well be set aside for the more practical query, What has he made of this form of the drama, now that it has become his own? Has he justified his method? Has he inspiration, originality? Is he a master hand in technique? These inquiries may be met best by a discussion of the quality and drift of his plays, with some consequent conclusions as to his claim and true position in contemporary stage literature.

II.

It is still easy to get at the man directly, since little of critical value has yet been written. Here again Maeterlinck contrasts sharply with a veteran like Ibsen, about whom already lies a bibliography of alarming proportions. So far, with the Belgian, there is no danger of not seeing the forest for the leaves. For so young a man, the amount of his work suggests industry and oneness of purpose. Ignoring his other literary product in the way of verse, essay, and translation, eight plays from a writer in the neighborhood of thirty years of age are no mean record in respect of quantity; but the question here is of quality. For the purpose of illustrating Maeterlinck's method and idiosyncrasy, some of the leading *soi-disant* dramas may be passed in review, not by way of cataloguing, but because they display his personality. Concerning his latest volume, Trois Petits Drames pour Marionettes, which contains three pieces, Alladine et Palomides, La Mort de Tintagiles, and Intérieur, it may be dismissed at the outset as offering an effect of sameness when the earlier work is in mind; no new note is struck in it, and hence analysis would be wearisome, if undertaken, although necessary, of course, if a complete survey of Maeterlinck were the object.

It is fair to take for illustrative material the three slight one-act plays, The Intruder, Blind, and The Seven Princesses; and the two remaining pieces, The Princess Maleine, and Pelleas and Melisande, written in the heavier, more conventional five-act form, which, from the days of the Greeks, has been looked upon as a norm of dramatic construction. These dramatic productions reveal Maeterlinck's main characteristics, and by them he stands or falls.

Curiously enough, — and herein lies food for the thought that Maeterlinck is less playwright than impressionist and mystic poet, — the very compositions which have attracted most attention and



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applause are those departing furthest from the stereotyped canon. The Intruder and Blind, not The Princess Maleine and Pelleas, are the dramas which have made their author famous. Possibly, the same influence which in fiction brings about the apotheosis of the short story as against the full-length novel is at work in giving the preference to the curtailed play. It is not too much to say of this group of dramatic productions that it embraces as gruesomely unique a collection of literary documents as the stage has taken under its ample wings. The present writer is skeptical whether they had ever been included in the acting drama were it not for the current tendency toward giving the stage a literary complexion. Maeterlinck's work rode into the playhouse, as it were, on the shoulders of this movement. Frankly conceding all this, as closet productions, even as stage spectacles, their power is indubitable, though not dramatic, if by that name we would denominate the effects secured by Augier, Sardou, and Zola. This strong impression comes by gradual induction into individual plays with a sort of cumulative influence upon the student. If he chance to begin with The Intruder, he will, little by little, be conscious of the dramatist's spell.

The situation, showing a commonplace family sitting in a room of their house, and conversing in a homely, realistic way while they await the issue of the illness of a member of the household who, lying in a room hard by, has given birth to a child, is not one which offers dramatic interest in itself, it would seem. There is a lack of incident and action which, when contrasted with a brisk-moving, romantic play like the version of Dumas's Three Musketeers, is fairly laughable. Nor can the simple announcement of the woman's death to the group of very ordinary folk, by the nun who enters and makes a mournful gesture for sign of the human life snuffed out by the wind of Fate, be regarded as a dramatic *dénoûment*, in the conventional sense. Yet few, in reading or seeing this scene, will deny to it the element of sensation, holding the attention, and exercising a peculiar influence upon the nerves and the imagination. This is secured, in one way, by the skillful use of a prosaic background for psychologic dread and intensity. The spectacle is unheroic, natural; so are the personages. But the stress of feeling is suggested and cunningly accentuated in such wise that the most matter-of-fact externals become surcharged with inward excitation. The sound of a shutting door, the sough of the night wind in the park outside, the shifting of the lamp with its redistribution of shadows, the impotence of the blind old grandfather roused by the mysterious Somewhat, but only groping his way to an understanding of it, — all these phenomena as mirrored in the minds of the *dramatis personæ* make a blend of excitement held in leash which is curiously startling. Everything has its value as symbol rather than as fact. The catastrophe, so bare and simple when set forth in detached fashion, is immensely heightened by the subtle way it is led up to, and so comes to have in it all the reverberations of human tragedy. The play is a lesson in "values," which are quite as important to literature as to painting. The French landscapist Lacroix is credited with saying that if you gave him a free hand as to values, he would make a dab of mud as effective as the flesh-tint of an angel.

For the securing of this effect Maeterlinck uses language in a definite and remarkable way. Read a single one of his dramas, and you are cognizant of this. He obtains a result of strength and of poetry by the marshaling of simple, sonorous words and idioms with a repetition which has in it a rhythmic charm. The repetition, or refrain, is one of the artistic traits of verse, lying at the base of its power: the repetend, in a broad sense, is what is meant, including rhyme,

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alliteration, the recurrence of phrases (as with Poe), and the beat and beat of like stanzas. This well-defined rhythmic repetition, which is so all-important to poetry as music, Maeterlinck endeavors to press into the service of prose: he has declared explicitly that he writes *vers libre*, — an attempt at a looser metric form which suggests the dubious experiments of Walt Whitman, and after him of W. E. Henley and William Sharp. Maeterlinck, reversing these efforts to give more latitude to verse, would steal from it one of its methods, to the end of enriching prose style. And whatever our theory as to the advisability, or even possibility, of a more constrained prosaic music than tradition allows to prose, some success in the attempt may be granted him. A sympathetic reader once in the atmosphere of a play like The Intruder experiences a sort of strange, lulling fascination in this peculiarity. It tends to put him in touch with the whole eerie affair: he would not, an he could, have the medium of expression other than it is. A brief bit of dialogue may be given by way of illustration. The old grandfather, unable to see the faces of the rest of the family, yet nervously sure that their countenances reflect the vague dread of the hour, is speaking.

"*Grandfather.* How many of us are there here?

"*Eldest Daughter.* We are six sitting around the table, grandfather.

"*Grandfather.* You are all around the table?

"*Eldest Daughter.* Yes, grandfather.

"*Grandfather.* Are you there, Paul?

"*The Father.* Yes.

"*Grandfather.* Are you there, Oliver?

"*The Uncle.* Why, yes: I am in my usual place. You must be making fun of us.

"*Grandfather.* Are you there, Genevieve?

"*The Third Daughter.* Yes, grandfather.

"*Grandfather.* And you, Gertrude?

"*The Second Daughter.* Yes, grandfather.

"*Grandfather.* And you, Ursula?

"*Eldest Daughter.* Yes, grandfather; close beside you.

"*Grandfather.* And who is that seated there?

"*Eldest Daughter.* Where, grandfather? There is no one else present.

"*Grandfather.* Here, in the midst of us.

"*Eldest Daughter.* But there is no one else, grandfather.

"*The Uncle.* We have assured you of that over and over again.

"*Grandfather.* Then it is you others who are blind."

The person "in the midst," seen alone by the sightless eyes of the aged blind man, is of course Death, and the laconic commonplace of the dialogue quoted has its value in contrast with, and in forming a background for, this gruesomeness, as a blank white wall sets off a mysterious figure in black; and it immensely heightens the pathetic soliloquy that follows:

"*Grandfather.* It is so long since I have seen my daughter! I took her hands in mine yesterday, and yet I could not see her. I know not how she looks now, — her face has grown unfamiliar to me; she must have changed in all these weeks. I felt the bones of her cheeks beneath my fingers! There is a gulf of darkness between her and me, and between all the rest of the world also. . . . You are sitting near me, with your open eyes watching my dead eyes, and no one of you has any mercy on me. . . . Why have you stopped talking?"

Wide associations and implications, an important theory, indeed, lie behind Maeterlinck's tentative essay in language-use. The mere matter of verbal simplicity, an insistence on the avoiding of the flowery and the circuitous in speech, he has; but herein is nothing novel, Ibsen being a master hand in this aspect of style, which is a tendency of the time. But the endeavor to make a sort of prose

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poetry for dramatic purposes is something which, by so much, constitutes our writer an original. Looking to his language in its broadest significance, a phrase of George Meredith's occurs to mind. That unique novelist says, in reference to the social interrelations of the Pole family in Sandra Belloni, "This is the game of Fine Shades and Nice Feelings." With some fitness may this be applied to Maeterlinck's manipulation of the tongue of his choice. It is veritably a game of fine shades and nice feelings, played by vowels and liquids and speech tunes, where a *nuance* counts for more than color, and sound and suggestion outweigh sense. A rhetorician would describe him as a stylist whose connotation was greatly in excess of his denotation. One other characteristic, running through all his work, is marked in The Intruder, to wit, the conception of death as a constant factor in human thought and action. Modern Christianity tends to regard the last enemy as a negative thing, its terror and power being minimized as much as may be, and made use of in art and literature chiefly as serving to heighten the dramatic value of life by the introduction of elements of danger, uncertainty, and pathos. Not so Maeterlinck. With him it assumes the rôle of a positive and potent entity: it is the most real force in The Intruder, the motif and mainspring of the piece, and a quasi-originality is thereby imparted to the drama; and this central part is played by Death throughout his work. Here is a new note, sombre, unhealthy, very typical of the pessimist mood of the day, yet, when all is said, a comparatively fresh application of hackneyed material.

The modernity and realism which mark The Intruder are not (save in the matter of dialogue) so apparent in the other plays. The allegory grows more insistent, the mystic atmosphere deepens, less stress is laid on the contrast between externals and subjective states; far-away *locale* and dim fantasy usurp all else, only related to us because of their psychologic adumbrations. The other one-act piece, called Blind (also Englished as The Sightless), affords a text for these statements. The baldness of plot here quite equals that of the play already described; there is no shift of action or stage-setting; it is one scene, and the situation of a bewilderingly simple sort. We are now fairly within the domain of the dramatic fantasy, Maeterlinck's peculiar stamping-ground. Dialogue, personages, spectacle, are full of suggestion, atmosphere, uncannily symbolic, surcharged with poetry.

A group of blind men and women have strayed from their asylum down to the sea border, under the guidance of an old priest, upon whom, in their heart-appealing helplessness, they utterly depend. There they sit and have converse in the shadows of an ancient forest, under a southern sky thick-sown with stars; and the consummate delicate art wherewith their evil case is figured, and with them the plight of all mortals blind of eyes or soul; the shadowy sketch of their solemn isle, magical as Prospero's; and the slow, awful terror up to which the beholder is led when the dénoûment announces, by the hand-gropings and guessings of these unfortunates, that the priest and guide sits dead in the midst of them, so that they may not return to safe harborage as the night waxes and wanes, — all this makes a deep impression, however gloomy in tone and forced in conception. Each line, each moment, has its symbolic hint, and the sphinx-like inevitableness of Fate has seldom been bodied forth more convincingly, more subtly, within the confines of art. A psychologic *tour de force*, this, but such as only a man of puissant gift would have dared and been able to achieve. Defend it as drama we may not, yet how, save in the actual stage spectacle, obtain the scenic quality entering into the very warp and woof of the texture? To read Blind is to start

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a whole hive of imaginings buzzing in one's brain, for many things seem to be implied and prefigured in the play. Whether such particular conventions as religion, art, and society are in the dramatist's purview may be left to the individual imagination; they, and more than they, are certainly suggested in a hundred subtle indirections.

Of Maeterlinck's plays it is peculiarly true that they repay in exact proportion to the amount of sympathy and responsiveness that is brought to bear on them; they are a stumbling-block to the Philistine, who demands, above all, his meaning and his moral. For such, here and elsewhere, he is a sealed book; but to whom impressionism has a preciousness of its own, Blind will prove an alluring if baffling piece of literature. Viewed simply as a pathological study it is remarkable, while as æsthetic product and pictorial representation it has claims on our interest. Maeterlinck's fondness for the analysis of psychic states has awakened the ire of others beside Philistines. Thus, the brilliant German critic Max Nordau, in his striking study called Degeneration (Entartung), discusses our playwright along with such other "degenerates" as Whitman, Wagner, Tolstóy, and Ibsen, as examples of a disease of the age. He regards these workers in art and literature as unsound, mentally and emotionally, and he fixes some picturesquely contemptuous phrases on the Belgian. He explains his vogue as originating in Octave Mirbeau's whimsical championing of Maeterlinck, the French critic having sufficient authority to cram his new "find" down the throat of the public. Nordau is an ardent disciple of Lombroso, and inclines to the theory of the cousinship of insanity and genius; his interest is of the scientist rather than of the literary student. Hence, what he says is to be accepted with reservation. Nevertheless, only the blinded admirer of Maeterlinck will blink at the grain of truth in his strictures.

In the remaining play which has the one-act form, and presents but a single scene to the spectator, The Seven Princesses, still more stress is put on symbol, and the action is harder to explain and to justify. Such a production is to be taken as one takes a Chopin nocturne. That it begets a sensation, and that it appeals to the feeling for poetry, is all that one would claim for it, and to some this will be sufficient. Impressionism in the dramatic form, nay, in literature, can no further go. To secure this effect, all Maeterlinck's art is expended in the setting of the piece. The dilapidated castle, with its circumambient moat, its sad, still cypresses, and its nearness to the sea, stands in some remote land, one knows not where, and is inhabited by an old king and queen who seem to typify the dead past. To them return from his travels their grandson prince, to find his kinswomen, the seven princesses, asleep in a mysterious hall which is out of sight, and looked into through windows by those on the stage, not by the spectators. In this arrangement the curiosity and apprehension of the audience are played upon, for, naturally, that hall, those seven fair sleepers (with reminiscences of Grimm and Andersen), are tenfold more suggestive and stimulating than if shown to aught but the eye of the imagination. For some occult reason this great salon may not be entered for fear of waking the princesses, who have ailed during the day, and grandfather and grandmother restrain the impetuous youth, who would in and greet Ursule, whom he sees less plainly than the rest. Most of the time and action is thus expended, until the old queen tells Prince Hjalmar of a subterranean ingress by which he may come at the sisters without disturbing their slumbers too violently, which he does, whereupon the beautiful maidens awake and lift themselves up in stately wise, all save one, — Ursule, whom he loves. She is dead, and the six remaining cousins bear

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her up the broad marble steps as the curtain falls. To fashion such a scene as this, which I summarize in a way to strip it of all light and color, and to call it drama, is to lay one's self open to several charges, prominent among them being improbability and *bêtise*. Yet many will feel the charm of the episode as treated: the piquant allurement of that dim-lighted hall we are permitted to look into only through the eyes of others; the vanishing song of the sailors who bring Hjalmar, —

> "O'er the Atlantic we roam,
> We shall return no more;"

the delicate allegory, too, hanging over the whole picture like a flower-scent in the air; the imaginative stimulus resultant on leaving so much to be filled out by the spectator; the subtle implication of that old chateau, with our dramatist's stock properties of mild decay and dark tones of nature, creaking doors and morbid memories, backward-dreaming illusions, indefiniteness of place and misty accessories of *mise en scène*. In some respects this Seven Princesses may be called the most poetic of Maeterlinck's dramatic work, though the least satisfactory. It tantalizes, sets many chords to vibrating, and its spell is of the kind which deepens with greater familiarity, the severest of tests. One of the plays hardest to justify, it is one the student would be most loath to give up.

The dramas which illustrate the playwright's method in the more customary five-act form of workmanship are The Princess Maleine, and Pelleas and Melisande. In the former, a characteristic of Maeterlinck's is so marked as to strike even the most careless: this maker of fantasies has himself said that he tries to write Shakespeare for a theatre of marionettes, which may be interpreted to mean a re-handling of the plots and personages of the master poet adapted to modern psychologic demands. The imitation is plain enough in this case, and stands for much of his work: a king living with his paramour wishes his son to marry the daughter of this evil queen from another country; but the son loves the inoffensive, sweet Maleine, and the weak monarch is egged on by the aforesaid paramour to do her to death, — which the pair effect. Hints and tokens of Shakespeare are to be found in the plot and action of this story: the bloody-minded, masculine woman luring the royal man on to murder inevitably recalls Macbeth; the king's final crazed remorse, upon which the curtain goes down, Lear; Hjalmar, the son, is Hamlet, in his irresolution and pale cast of thought; the nurse reminds one of Romeo and Juliet; and Maleine herself has suggestion both of the heroine of that star-crossed tragedy and of witless Ophelia. Nordau's remarks on the play are sufficiently amusing, and in some measure just. A few sentences may be translated. "When one begins to read this piece," he says, "one pauses to inquire, Why is all this so familiar? Of what does it remind me? After a few pages it suddenly becomes clear: the whole thing is a sort of cento out of Shakespeare!" And further on in his analysis he adds, "Maeterlinck's Princess Maleine is a Shakespeare anthology for children, or Patagonians." While these resemblances, however, are unmistakable, and none of the devices are new or striking, it is equally true that some strong and individual effects are secured; the manner and setting, at least, have personality and attraction. This dim chateau with its mysterious doors and echoing corridors, and, without, the silent cypresses and weeping willows, its black pools and moon-glimpses through the ebon-wood, its mournful cemetery hard by, whither the body of the hapless girl shall be borne before she has fairly begun to live, — all this is conveyed with a marvelous result of weird night-witchery and wan fatalism. The physical, animal fear of the play is begotten by keeping one on the *qui vive* for some-

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thing anticipant, vague, creepy; it is, again, not so much what happens as the imaginative dread of the may-be that produces the magnetism and shock of The Princess Maleine. There is always a horror not visible, veiled, on the other side of the door, an hour hence. Indirection, implication, ghoulish suggestiveness, walk like mutes between the lines of the dialogue, and hide just back of every scene. The episode of the strangling of poor Maleine is not a whit more horrible than that preceding it, where she lies in her deserted, far-removed room, while a night storm comes up, and her big dog crouches in a corner, shaken with dumb fear. Maleine dies several deaths through nervous agony of lonesomeness and apprehension before the guilty couple burst into her chamber and dispatch her. One is reminded, in reading this scene, of Guy de Maupassant's terrible little tale Lui, wherein the same sensory nerves are tortured. The two speeches most often made by the main characters are, "Je ne sais pas" and "J'ai peur." The acute remark of Mr. H. M. Alden, that the playing upon the primitive sensations of fear and apprehension lies at the basis of Maeterlinck's art or method, is nowhere truer or better illustrated than in The Princess Maleine.

In the five-act play Pelleas and Melisande we get another unwholesome castle, with an ill-smelling subterranean vault, and much made of the opening of doors and what is on the other side. Our dramatist harps on these details in a way that implies deep meaning, and which certainly has a high-wrought effect upon the reader. Melisande is the girl wife of an old king, innocent, weak, the creature of events too big and potent for her to cope with. She is in love with Pelleas, a young kinsman of her husband, their passion being vague and symbolic, never grossly guilty. In the tragic catastrophe, the husband, Golaud, surprises them together, kills Pelleas, and wounds Melisande to her death, she leaving a babe born out of time to struggle in her stead in a world which proves too much for the girl mother. Both the murder scene at the fountain, closing the fourth act, and the final act, which shows the young wife dying, while her grisly husband probes her with questions in respect of her innocence, have in Maeterlinck's hands decided dramatic value of his genre, though the mere incidents are threadbare enough. Again, one thinks of As You Like It, in the wood scene in the first act; and the situation in which King Golaud surprises the lovers may suggest to one quick to scent literary resemblances the deathless story of Francesca da Rimini. Be this as it may, the play is rich in symbolism, in its marginal notes on the meanings and mysteries of life. To some, fond of a cryptic or allegorical significance in Maeterlinck, Melisande is the type of the new world of ideas and aspirations, wrecked because cooped up in old conventions, symbolized by her loveless marriage, gloomy palace, and groping childish ignorance of men and things. But perhaps it were better to look on her simply as the creature of an honest art impulse, a ewe lamb fallen on evil days and ways. Whatever its inner intent, the play has a sort of fascination, and scattered through it are pictures and passages of deep beauty. There is a constant temptation to quote, yet this impressionist, for the very reason that he is such, yields remarkably few brief excerpts that at all do him justice. So much, with him, depends on atmosphere and setting. This may account in part for Nordau's apparent success in his satiric illustrations of what he is pleased to deem Maeterlinck's incompetence and sheer lunacy.

III.

From the vantage of this cursory survey of his dramatic product, a few words by way of summarizing the significance and claim of Maeterlinck. M. Mirbeau has dubbed him the "Belgian

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Shakespeare," but this surely may be taken as a phrase born of over-enthusiasm, descriptive rather than discriminating. His apparent aim has been to make drama of psychologic interest and power, and full of suggestion from the teeming literary past, the modern auditor being wrought upon by these associative effects. He has tried to substitute the spiritual, the subtle, the self-conscious, for that play of more elemental passions, that lust for objective life, that romantic atmosphere, which both conditioned and inspired earlier play-making. He has displayed a conspicuous talent in the application of this idea. Yet he has done too little and too much to assure his place either as dramatist or *littérateur*. On the one hand, his work is so sketchy, so impressionistic, as to disqualify it as drama in any true sense: it lacks reality, progress, action. On the side of literary art more broadly viewed, and looking aside from the play as a form, the morbid introspection, the esoteric nature of the appeal, the want of red blood and open-air oxygen in Maeterlinck, must all be taken into account in any serious and calm estimate. He is, be it confessed, an expression of a mood of to-day; but a healthy skepticism that he will be a master holding his own for a long to-morrow may well be the critic's attitude. Healthiness, and its close kinsman naturalness, are saving qualities in literature, and the young Belgian hardly possesses either. Nor by healthiness is meant a merry theme and a cheap-john optimism, but simply a recognition of Life as many-sided, actual, big, tragicomic, and above all, the best thing we have, and not mere dream-stuff. Yet literature is literature, whether it be morbid or mellow with wholesome humanity; otherwise would John Ford, Cyril Tourneur, and Otway, Poe, Beddoes, and Emily Brontë be ruled out of court. Subjectively, too, we all have our twilight moods, our moments when obscurant thoughts are welcome for a dream-while or so, as Lamb would say. The man who can make fear poetical, who can fill the chambers of memory with visions and crowd the imagination thick with phantom fancies, elusive, yet not to be forgotten, is a conjurer after his kind, though not the coequal of one who stands in the sunlight, looking outward and upward for inspiration.

While deprecating the ill-judged attempt to place this dramatist on his pedestal as a statue of heroic size, one may still feel grateful that he has widened our conception of dramatic and poetic possibilities, and achieved work strong in suggestion and distinctly personal. So much it would be as idle to deny him as it is mistakenly generous to hurry him on to his niche while yet in the clay-mould.

*Richard Burton.*

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## TAMMANY POINTS THE WAY.

PERHAPS it would not be premature to say that the question of municipal misgovernment in the United States has come to a head. What is the remedy? Is there any remedy? If any be found, it will probably be only by the concurrence of many minds and wills, only after many experiments have failed, and very likely by some combination of influences or circumstances which is not dreamed of at present. Nevertheless, it should be possible to clear the ground; to discover, if not how the thing can be done, at least how it cannot be done; to ascertain some of the conditions essential to success.

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In the first place, experience has made plain, what common sense might have told beforehand, that the most cunningly devised system of city government will avail nothing as a protection against corruption or inefficiency. It was thought at one time by many, and it is still the belief of a learned few, that all would go well in municipal affairs if only a proper system of checks and counter-checks could be established. Such a system was established in St. Louis some years ago. The mayor was played off against the aldermen, the aldermen against the common councilmen. Every official had some other official as a watch and a drag upon him. The collection and payment of moneys were regulated so ingeniously that if any went astray, the guilty person — so it was thought — would inevitably be discovered. But alas! it was only a short time before this elaborate machinery broke down, and the St. Louis government became, as before, notorious for corruption. Chicago has to-day almost as good a charter as could be devised; the mayor's responsibility for appointments is undivided, and the Australian ballot law is in force. Still, we have the word of Chicago herself for it that her government is corrupt and inefficient.

Some persons, again, cling to the notion that this or that change in the machinery of nominating or of electing city officers would work a revolution. An enthusiastic reformer, who made a speech not long ago, based his hopes upon the reform of the "primary." "This is," he cried, "the one safe foundation on which we can build up, by the Hudson and by the Delaware, great cities which shall fitly represent and be the glory of America." What could be more fatuous! Alexander Hamilton himself could not devise a primary which Tammany would fail to assimilate. Even civil service reform, applied to city offices, would be of little or no avail, in the present state of public opinion. That is to say, if the law were enacted, it would be disregarded and annulled in practice. Civil service reform has been established by law in the departments at Washington, but it is not obeyed there. During the Harrison administration, Secretary (then Senator) Carlisle publicly declared that the law was systematically evaded in the governmental departments, or in some of them. Recently, Senator Lodge has made the same statement in regard to the present administration. There is no doubt that both statements were true; and if civil service reform is little better than a mockery at Washington, what would it be in New York or Chicago!

Others, again, believe that we have only to adopt the charters and practices of the model cities of Europe — of Berlin, London, or Birmingham — to obtain at a bound good municipal government. But the conditions in this country differ so widely from those which obtain abroad that there is but the faintest analogy between them.[1] Mr. Leo S. Rowe, who has made a special study of foreign municipalities, declares: "As regards mere administrative forms, foreign cities have but little to teach us. The two best governed cities in the world, — Birmingham and Berlin, — when judged from a purely administrative standpoint, are open to much of the adverse criticism bestowed upon American municipalities. . . . The form transplanted to American soil would, under present conditions, beget evils far greater than those we now complain of."

The truth is that no change in the form of city government, or in the form

[1] For instance, Berlin has a class system of voting which gives the wealthier class the balance of power, and office-holding in Berlin is practically obligatory. In London, ninety-five per cent of the population are natives of England or Wales; sixty-three per cent, of London itself. In this country, some of our cities have a population, one half, and even three quarters of which, are of foreign birth or parentage.

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of nominating or electing city rulers, or of filling the various city offices, can be of any substantial or permanent avail. The trouble lies deeper than that. The trouble lies with the voters themselves: they do not properly discharge the function required of them; they elect unfit men. When we come to inquire why this is so, we find a remarkable diversity of opinion. The reformers, to use a homely phrase, pull and haul in opposite directions. Perhaps the reason is that they differ, tacitly for the most part, upon some fundamental points, and chiefly in their view of the common, the uneducated people.

Reformers, as a rule, distrust the people: they put their faith in what is called the educated class; they are committed to the old fallacy, disproved by experience a thousand times, that knowledge is virtue, and they believe that good city government can be obtained by "education," through an "enlightened self-interest," through the public schools, by taking power away from the illiterate. A very brilliant and accomplished reformer exclaimed in a recent address, "See to it that your librarians are men of ideas and of public spirit! Who can estimate what men like" Folio of Worcester, Primer of Providence, and Vellum of St. Louis "have done for the reforms which we have at heart!" And he added, "If we cannot have culture, broad and well-directed intelligence in control, then we shall have anarchy."

All this proceeds upon the assumption that the only safety is in education; that the "uneducated," the mass of the people, are a dangerous element. Folio of Worcester, Primer of Providence, and Vellum of St. Louis! — worthy men, no doubt; conscientious recommenders of historical and ethical works, perhaps even writers of "leaflets." But what are they among so many? Not Folio, nor Primer, nor Vellum, nor a thousand like them, could produce any appreciable effect upon the voters of this country. To rely upon Folio and Primer and Vellum is to be an aristocrat, an oligarch, in theory. But this is a country of universal suffrage, a country governed by the people, the mass of whom are, and must ever remain "uneducated," in any real sense. And yet, uneducated as they are, our institutions will stand or fall according as they are honest and true, or dishonest and false.

Moreover, it is precisely the "educated" class who are most remiss in their civic duties. It is the "educated" who stay away from the polls in New York, and who pay tribute to Tammany rather than go to the trouble and expense of asserting their civic rights. The same thing is true of Chicago. Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, of that city, after describing at the Philadelphia conference for good city government what an excellent charter, what excellent laws, have been given to Chicago, said: "Now, Mr. Chairman, what is our trouble? If this environment is all right, if all these institutions are right, what is it that we lack? Our trouble, sir, is your trouble, — the indifference and the neglect of the so-called good citizens." Thus utterly and quickly breaks down the assumption that "education" is going to produce good government, or that the educated class are more honest or conscientious than the uneducated. The converse is the fact. The superiority lies the other way.

Of course I do not mean to say that a man is necessarily better or a better citizen for being ignorant. Education, of itself ("instruction" would be the more exact word), certainly does tend in some degree to make men honest. It enables them to see more clearly and to grasp more firmly the difference between honesty and dishonesty. Undoubtedly, also, a really "liberal" education, such as college graduates and professional students sometimes receive, has a certain elevating effect. A man who knows the history of the world, or has attained to a correct view of the course of nature, or

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has pondered upon justice, such a man will have acquired some strong arguments in favor of honesty. But this effect of a liberal education is perhaps not very binding; and the liberal education itself is totally beyond the reach of the great mass of the people. When we speak of "educating" the people, we mean giving them a "common school" education, and the very slight tendency toward honesty which such an education confers is far more than counterbalanced by the increased opportunities and motives for dishonesty which it indirectly furnishes. Our common schools, our newspapers, the stories and novels most commonly read, have little to do with religion or morality. Moreover, the temptations to be dishonest which the richer and more instructed people experience, as compared with those of the laboring class, are very great. Competition in modern mercantile life is so fierce as almost to compel men to be dishonest. This is just as true of wholesale merchants as of retail merchants. A day laborer, on the other hand, has none of these temptations. His honesty, like the virtue of a poor woman, is almost the only thing of which he can be proud. He has no wealth, no knowledge, no cleverness, no fine clothes or equipages, upon which to plume himself. Honesty and courage are his only jewels, and he values them accordingly.

As to the charity, the generosity, the sympathy, of the "uneducated" and the poor, there is no question. It is notorious that the poor give of their poverty more freely than the rich give of their abundance. We may deplore the foolishness of a laborer who goes out on a "sympathetic" strike, but there can be no doubt about his generosity. There is a deep-seated instinct in the laboring man to stand by his fellows. A profound student of modern social problems remarked the other day, "The laboring class will have this one immense advantage in the approaching struggle between the rich and the poor: it is the only class in the community the individuals in which are willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of the whole."

In an after-dinner speech at the Philadelphia conference, Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, made a notable reply to the advocates of "education" as the source of good citizenship. He said: "What do you mean by education? When you break a horse to fit him for his part in life, you make him a different kind of animal from what he was when you took him in hand. Now, let your schools make men and women fit for the work before them, not by merely pumping into them a certain amount of instruction, but by developing those elements of character which they must have to discharge creditably the duties which you have imposed upon them."

The point is that such training or such education as Mr. Bonaparte spoke of is, to a certain extent, derived by a day laborer from the experience, from the toils, from the privations of his life; but it is not derived from schools or colleges, from books, plays, or lectures. Let the idle and dissolute lads who are graduated annually at our public high schools testify to the value of "education" as a factor in good citizenship. Are they or their ignorant and hard-working fathers the better citizens?

The second line of cleavage between those persons who have good city government at heart is furnished by the theory that city government is purely a matter of business. It has been a frequent assertion of late years by the members of a certain school that the government of a city should be as purely a business matter as is the government of a railroad, a bank, or a factory; that there ought to be no "sentiment" about it. In a sense, of course, but in a very restricted sense, this is true. The technical employees of a city, such as the architect, the engineer, the superintendent of streets, ought to be

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selected for their technical capacity, and the best results can be obtained only when they hold office for life, or at least for a long term. But in no other sense is the government of a city a purely business matter. The very people who are loud and constant in their assertion that there is no difference between a municipality and a factory are, as a rule, the same people who hold up for our imitation the model cities of Europe. But in those foreign cities the theory that a city corporation is simply a business corporation is unknown. In Berlin, a citizen who is called to public office is bound by law to assume the obligation, under penalty of losing his franchise and of incurring a substantial increase in taxation. In Birmingham, public office is looked upon as an honor; and accordingly, the best and ablest citizens are proud to take office under the city. It was so in Athens, it was so in Rome; it used to be so in every town in New England; and wherever the notion that no honor attaches to the holding of public office obtains, wherever, in short, the theory that government is a mere form of "business" prevails, there we have political decadence and disgrace, inefficiency and corruption. What follows from the principle that a city corporation is purely a business corporation? Why, this: that there is no moral obligation upon any citizen to make it better.

There was mentioned lately the instance — and it is only one of a thousand similar cases — of a rich citizen in New York, a Republican by conviction, who pays several hundred dollars annually to Tammany in order to be "let alone." Why should he not do so, if city government is a mere matter of business? It is not for the interest of any rich resident in New York to set about the purification of the city government. It is cheaper and easier and in every way more convenient for him to pay blackmail, even to pay excessive tax rates (they are not very excessive), rather than to expend his valuable time and energies in political efforts. As Mr. Bonaparte (whom I am forced to quote so often) remarked, "It is perfectly hopeless, ladies and gentlemen, to found any moral movement upon self-interest."

Here, then, is another fundamental point upon which it behooves the reformers to clear up their ideas, to range themselves upon one side or upon the other. Will they make it their business to convince men that good city government is a matter of self-interest, or to persuade them that it is a matter of duty? Is it a question of dollars and cents, or a question of morality and patriotism? I see nothing absurd in the following statement of the functions of a city government: "Business corporations exist for money-earning and profit-sharing, but a city has a higher purpose. It lives not only to protect all its children, but especially to restrain the wayward, to guard the defenseless, to care for the needy and unfortunate, remembering that they are all the children of God."[1]

I have suggested two lines of cleavage between those who have at heart the improvement of city government; but it is probable that in most cases these two lines will be found to coincide. That is, the men who believe in the moral efficacy of education and "culture" and the public schools, and who do not believe in the plain people, are also, generally speaking, those who consider that the government of a city is merely a matter of business. The type is a well-known one; it is found almost exclusively in our Eastern cities.

But as for us (I venture to put the reader in the same category with myself) who have no confidence in the moral efficacy of "culture;" who do not expect to see the world reformed by Folio of Worcester, nor by Primer of Providence, nor even by Vellum of St. Louis,

[1] From an essay by Mr. S. B. Capen, of Boston.

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— upon what shall we base our hopes (if we have any) of ultimate good government in American cities? Perhaps we can base them upon certain old qualities in human nature which have accomplished great things in the past; perhaps we can base them upon the feeling of loyalty, upon sympathy, upon that passion for a totem which has moved whole nations, inspired wars, and operated as an immense dynamic force in the history of the world.

I cannot describe what I mean better than by quoting the words of a reformer who has expressed the very opposite notion. He said, and he spoke with undisguised contempt: "The people will not come out for a principle, but they will for a man. . . . It is possibly true that average character and intelligence are so low in some cities that there is nothing but personal leadership and some temporary and attractive *coup* that will further the cause of reform; but, as a rule, I think the leagues of the country should take higher ground, in deference to the superior popular intelligence and character," etc.

Now, the fact is that since the dawn of history "average character and intelligence" have been "so low," and they are so low to-day, that nothing but "personal leadership" "will further the cause of reform" or any other cause. The great theologians tell us that religious truth itself has little practical effect until it is illustrated and made alive by personal example and leadership. Personal leadership has made men march fifty miles in a day, who otherwise would have dropped to the ground after, let us say, thirty miles. Personal leadership has carried forlorn hopes. All the great political battles in this and in every other country have been won and lost under personal leadership. Give your voters the right sort of personal leadership, and instead of dragging them to the polls in carriages you will not be able to keep them from the polls with shotguns. This is the first powerful motive which might be made of beneficent use in the government of cities.

The second great motive upon which we can rely is that of the totem, — some bond, that is, however trivial or irrational in itself, which binds men together, which leads them to make common cause, which inspires them with a contagious enthusiasm. Political parties are totems, and nine times out of ten they are, to the individuals composing them, nothing more than totems. How many Republicans or Democrats could give an intelligible or logical reason for the faith that is in them! They are Republicans or Democrats, in most cases, by pure accident; but this fact serves rather to increase than to diminish their party spirit. They are ready to break their opponents' heads, or to have their own heads broken, for the sake of "the party," the totem. If two trains on parallel railroads happen to run along together for a time, every passenger on each train identifies himself with that train; is jubilant when it forges ahead, or mortified if it falls behind. It becomes for the time being *his* train, *his* locomotive, *his* railroad. A totem has sprung into being, and a temporary bond connects the drummer in the smoking-car, the brakeman on the platform, and the lady in her seat.

The same thing is seen conspicuously in the case of professional ball games. Nine hireling players are dubbed with the title "New York" or "Boston," and they contend against nine other hirelings as loosely affiliated with some different city. Five thousand men will go out to witness the contest, and will shriek themselves hoarse if *their* nine wins, or will strive to mob the umpire if *their* nine is in danger of being beaten. Here is an immense force in human nature, which, so far as concerns the good government of cities, is absolutely running to waste, — like a mighty river which could be made to turn the wheels of a thousand mills, but which in fact is allowed to find

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its way, unemployed and unrestrained, to the sea.

Nor is it a mark of weakness for a man to submit to a leader, and to be swayed by an honest enthusiasm which he shares with his fellows. We hear a great deal about the beauty of independence, about freedom and equality; but the sense of loyalty is a more noble, a more potent thing than the sense of freedom or the sense of equality. Loyalty is an emotion founded on some of the plainest, most striking facts in human nature. Napoleon is estimated, I believe, to have been equal in war to a hundred thousand ordinary men, more or less. His superiority was indeed excessive; but men differ so greatly in capacity, in force of character and of intellect, that a few are always fitted by nature to lead, and the many are fitted to obey. The instinct of loyalty is based upon this difference; in a word, it is based upon the truth. So, also, the passion for a totem is, in the main, a normal, wholesome passion; it takes a man out of himself, and makes him capable of sacrifices and exertions which neither self-interest nor the bare sense of duty could ever command.

But all this, it might be objected, is very much in the air. There is, to be sure, the great power of personal leadership; there is the great power of common enthusiasm, of a party, of a totem; and Tammany itself is a proof that these powers, or the second of them at any rate, can be employed to immense effect in the misgovernment of cities. But how can they be employed for the good government of cities? I do not know; perhaps nobody knows. Yet it is easy to imagine various ways in which they might thus be utilized; and it is impossible to conclude that permanent good government in our cities can ever be obtained except by means of them. They are, after all, the elemental political forces, — the coherent, dynamic forces which only can knit men together, and inspire them with the necessary heat and fury.

Mr. Edmond Kelly, of New York, gives us a hint of what might be done in the direction that I have indicated: "The difference between their system [that of the Tammany Clubs] and ours is this: that their philanthropy goes hand in hand with their politics, whereas our philanthropy is cunningly devised so as to leave behind it little gratitude, little sense of obligation, and not a single political principle. Is this wise or right? The immigrant voter is a stranger in a strange land, speaking a strange language, with no political sense and no political education: into whose hands is he to fall? Into those of machine politicians who can only corrupt him, or into the hands of an intelligent propaganda which will lift him out of his needs into a sense of his personal dignity and of his political responsibilities. I do not believe in divorcing philanthropy from politics. . . . I believe the municipal evil to be a many-headed one; we must simultaneously attack all the heads, or while we are subduing one we shall become victims to the other. I see the forces tending towards evil coöperating with fatal concentration; I see those tending towards good dissipated with fatuous indifference. I contend that when we take the hand of a fellow-creature, to lift him out of want, poverty, or crime, we should not let go his hand till we have raised him to the level of the franchise which he is destined to exercise. And this is what I believe to be the ultimate mission of our Good Government Clubs."

Why should there not be a big political club in every large city, taking in all ranks and conditions of men, holding out rewards and honors, and opportunities for friendship and society with club-houses in every part of the city; a club in which the rich should help the poor, and in which rich and poor should be united by ties of self-interest, of fellowship, of loyalty to common leaders, of devotion to a common purpose? Why should there not be two such clubs, rivals

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for the control of the city? Why should not the two great political parties maintain organizations of this sort in every large city? It matters not that state or national political issues have nothing to do with the policy of a city. It was said by a learned man, "To elect a city magistrate because he is a Republican or a Democrat is about as sensible as to elect him because he believes in homœopathy or has a taste for chrysanthemums." This statement, taken literally, is true; and yet the implication which it contains is utterly untrue. If all the citizens in a city could be divided into two parties, each eager for success, and each prepared, in case of defeat, to keep the successful party up to the mark, why, then good government would be insured (at least government as good as we get in state or national affairs), and it would make no difference what was the line of division, — whether it were Republicanism, or homœopathy, or chrysanthemums.

Perhaps the most obvious objection to the existence of such clubs as I have imagined is that they imply, practically, a form of municipal government which is certainly not the democratic and the constitutional form. That is true. But the democratic form of government has been tried in our great cities, and it has failed. In New York it has ceased to exist. For twenty years, New York has been governed by a very different form: it has been governed by the leader of a club, by a man called a "boss," who exercises more power in his jurisdiction than is enjoyed by any sovereign in Europe, with the possible exception of the emperor of Russia.

However, I am not concerned to defend city government by means of such clubs as I have vaguely suggested. Possibly they would not work; possibly they would involve evils worse than those which we now endure. But the point upon which I insist, and which, I think, will be clear, upon reflection, to every fair-minded man, is that good government in cities can never be obtained, as a permanent thing, except through the forces of personal leadership, and of such sympathy and enthusiasm as are aroused by a common cause. Neither mere self-interest nor mere sense of duty will make men vote; much less will it make them vote right. There must be something more: there must be a leader and a totem.

The reformers, in general, believe that the thing can be done without a leader and without a totem. They believe, some that self-interest, others that the sense of duty, will be or might become sufficient. They would be right if all men were like themselves. But the great mass of men — fortunately or unfortunately, as we may think — are very different from the typical reformer. The trouble with the reformer is, therefore, not that he has a wrong conception of government, but that he has a wrong conception of human nature. The majority of men, and especially the uneducated, are both better and worse than what I call the typical reformer supposes them to be; they are more honest and more generous than he thinks, but less easily moved by abstract ideas and impersonal motives.

As to the men of "culture," the "good" citizens, they are so far outnumbered that it matters little whether they vote or not; and it is possible that a vague realization of this fact is, partly at least, at the bottom of their much-condemned indifference. The really important function of this class is to supply leadership. The people are not only willing to be led, they like to be led; but their leader must be one who can sympathize with them. He must be of a type very different from that of the typical reformer. It would seem that in cities of half a million people and upwards, a few such men might be produced now and then; and the example of Tammany Hall shows how great is the scope of their possible exertions.

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Tammany furnishes the best object lesson in city government which this generation has seen; and it would be wiser to take a leaf out of her book than to content ourselves with condemning her course. The rank and file of Tammany are, in the main, honest men, good citizens. They do not share the plunder; the enormous sums raised by blackmail go into the pockets of a few leaders. Nor do they all hold office, or desire office. The rank and file number about two hundred thousand, and the places number only about twenty-seven thousand. What, then, holds Tammany together, — what but the power of personal leadership and the power of the totem?

*Henry Childs Merwin.*

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## THE ACADEMIC TREATMENT OF ENGLISH.

THE condition precedent of a satisfactory academic treatment of English is the acquisition of a reasonable familiarity with English literature and good usage in elementary and secondary schools. It is true that our colleges have to receive many students, otherwise qualified, who have no familiarity with any but the most recent and it may be ephemeral literature, who have even no such acquaintance with the English Bible as their fathers had, and whose knowledge of good usage has been far too dependent on the accident of their companionship; it is true, also, that for this reason much of the work done in college to-day is the repair of defective preparation. But in any proposition covering the logical method of teaching English literature and English composition in college, we have a right to assume this condition precedent; and as a matter of fact, the application of reasonable principles to the study of English in schools of a lower grade is spreading so rapidly that we may hopefully turn our attention to the legitimate consequences in the college curriculum.

In a former paper,[1] I sought to point out the place of reading and writing in the educational process of a boy or girl up to, say, the age of sixteen, the relation that reading held to writing in this period, the limitation of each by the immaturity of the pupil, but also the wide and rapid development possible in the taste for reading great literature, and in the apprehension of its power. It was found that by the time a boy or girl was nearly ready to enter college, a systematic reading of English literature would have put such a one in generous possession of a large stock of poetry and prose, with a constantly increasing ability to assimilate the material; but that the progress of the same person in the power of expression would be slow, and unattended by more than merely negative excellence for the most part, although a very positive influence would be exerted over the faculty of speech and writing by the models to which the student had been accustomed. In all this, the end kept in view was the enrichment of the nature through acquaintance with humane thought and high poesy, and the gradual perception of a standard by which one should measure his own efforts at composition.

Supposing, then, one to have read well, under wise guidance, in literature native to him, for ten years, when college would be in view, and his course of study would be shaped with special reference to an academic career of five or six years more; and supposing him,

[1] The Educational Law of Reading and Writing, The Atlantic Monthly, February, 1894.

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by constant practice, to have reached a point where he could handle his language with correctness, if not with ease or conspicuous elegance: would any new educational law come into play? or would it be possible to achieve a valuable result simply by continuing the same course as before, only making wider excursions in literature, and attempting more difficult essays in writing? And how should the economy of the last year or two of the secondary school and the whole college course be brought to bear upon the well-being of the student in this particular?

The main answer must be looked for, as before, in the nature and growth of the mind. As I pointed out in my previous article, the critical faculty, the judgment as a whole, is of slow development, and its formal exercise in literature should be discouraged up to this point. The period has been one of appropriation, not of estimation. But as the critical faculty, which till now has been trained chiefly in science, mathematics, and grammar, comes into more vigorous use, there arises in the healthy course of nature a curiosity about one's self, the beginning of those questionings which are to find some answer in experience, in philosophy and religion. And this dawn of an intelligent self-consciousness, which comes earlier in some than in others, is attended by a response to those notes of other selves which have found musical expression in verse or pregnant prose. It may be only at full sunrise that Memnon gives forth its own melodies, but it is gathering in the dawn the rays of light which are finally to awaken its voice. Happy the youth that has felt the thrill of its own consciousness at the sound of some speech from the upper sky of poetry!

As, then, great literature is the note of men who have found themselves and have entered into the large places of the spirit, and as this literature offers to the awakening mind the surest, most satisfying answer to its unreasoning, instinctive appeal, so when the hour comes that brings the sharp questioning, the insistence upon the truth about self, the adolescence which is no longer content with an external authority, but needs to find the throne of its own kingdom, there can scarcely be a better field for the exercise of the critical faculty than that same domain of literature on which the mind has pastured with unreasoning delight. For though the specific object of study be any one of several, — linguistic forms, æsthetic structure, personal elements, — the content, already more or less familiar as a whole, constantly throws out a stronger light, as it is analyzed from each point of view. Supposing one, for example, to have read Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar with his attention given only to the story, with its absorbing unrolling of scenes, culminating in its superb human judgment-day; and then, in the after-year of his collegiate study, to subject the play to critical analysis for its fidelity to documentary history, or its differentiation from other forms of tragedy by the same master, or even its contribution to the knowledge of words: it would be morally certain that the deeper he drove his share into it, the richer would prove the great thought of the whole play; and the life of the student would be still further enriched by the exercise now of a judgment, practicing in detail upon that which his receptive mind had already entertained as a whole.

In the development of the entire nature, therefore, which is the very end of formal education, a logical process is carried on when the great literature which has been the ranging-ground of the appropriating mind continues to be the field for the exercise of that same mind quickened by the very substance on which it has lived into an active, speculative inquiry. There is no change in the material, but a change in attitude of the person toward it brings to light new values



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as the person grows in intelligent judgment. Taking literature, then, as an object of study, the directions in which it may be explored seem to be, broadly, threefold.

There may be an analysis of the material and structure. The opportunity for the study of words, historically, is made far more possible when the student's reading has ranged over many periods, and his vocabulary has been enlarged, though not necessarily so widely in speech, by a generous acquaintance with varied literature. Undoubtedly, a student in the history of words is largely dependent upon a knowledge of Latin, and greatly assisted by some familiarity with the Romance languages; it is the business of college to see that this aid is given. In any full course of study in the history of English words these auxiliaries are requisite. Still, the main field of operation is in English speech itself, as subject to influences which are only partly foreign and ancient; and a most fascinating pursuit is open which considers chiefly such historical phenomena as lie before one who knows English authors not by name only, and the guides to such research will be yet more serviceable when the Oxford Dictionary is completed. The growth of the English language can be studied effectively only as one has acquired a reasonable familiarity with the development of the literature which the language serves. The grammatical structure, also, offers an allied subject of study; and in my judgment, grammar as a science may well be postponed to this time, especially as the student, if wise, will already have become familiar with the process of study through his approach to Greek and Latin literature; grammar as an art ought to have become known to him through his acquaintance with good usage, as he discovers it in the best literature, recognizes it in cultivated speech, and is trained to it in his writing exercises. Nor can one overlook the relation which writing English has to this specific study of English words and English grammar; for the stones which one digs out of the quarry become easily those which he uses in building, and the analysis of structure gives fresh meaning and dignity to those rules which have heretofore guided him in his own composition. Moreover, as a large part of the study of rhetoric is expended upon specific training in this direction, such study would economize force by making rhetoric more strictly inductive in its process.

Again, there may be an analysis of the content of literature, and as this content yields itself less to direct attack than to an approach from various sides, there is room under this study for the biographical and historical study of literature, and an inquiry into the exposition which it offers of national life and racial characteristics. More especially is it possible to read literature in the light of spiritual laws; to pursue, for example, such special inquiries as will disclose the attitude of man toward nature at different periods, his prophetic function, his interpretation of current movements in society, the relation which literature at any one time may bear toward the conquest of man in other fields, as in science and philosophy. Then, if one seeks for a direct influence of all this study upon the mode of expression, there are abundant themes for historic and biographic narrative, and for speculative and critical writing.

Once more: along with the analysis of material and structure, and the analysis of content, there is possible to the maturer student an analysis of the form of literature. This may be said to be the last and finest process of study as devoted to literature, the one most elusive and yet fascinating, and that which calls for an appreciation of literature only dimly apprehended by most students. Nevertheless, some sort of study in this direction is possible to all, and the results which it yields are most stimulating. Here the practice in writing comes to the fore as a

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most indispensable element in the study itself. The sonnet form, for instance, in poetry, becomes far more intelligent to the student who has diligently conned his Milton or Wordsworth, his Longfellow or Aldrich, when he makes an essay in the same form. Just as some studious work in design, in music, in any form of art, quickens one's power of appreciation in these arts, so the diligent student of literature, whose after-calling may demand no exercise of creative genius, will possess the secret which lies behind poem, story, drama, oration, more surely, and so share more evenly with the creator the great gifts of his art, if he has made that most effective analysis which consists in the copying of models.

By a reasonable series, we seem to have reached a stage where, in the development of the person, what he does himself becomes more distinctly a part of his education, and issues at last directly in a grasp of life. This is especially true of what is formally entitled composition. In its first exercise, it is almost pure imitation; throughout the school course and in the academy, it continues to be based chiefly on imitation, only the thing imitated is seen more comprehensively; in the final collegiate use, composition is still imitative, but in a more intelligent, critical way, resulting still, however, not so much in production of what is the student's own as in the reproduction of the art of others. In all these phases, composition bears a clear, unmistakable relation to the study of literature.

Meanwhile, there has slowly been forming a power of expression which is nothing less than the person himself, and it would be idle to refer the growth of this power to the exercise of formal composition. Every part of the student's training may and should contribute to this growth; and though, as the student comes into full possession of his faculties, he will instinctively rid himself of the notion that the writing of English is exclusively related to the study of English, it is a pity that, in our ordinary college curriculum, the two should be so bound together that the connection seems essential, and the teacher of English literature is regarded as the sole teacher of English writing. It is imperative, in any sound and healthy condition of school and college training, that every study should be made ancillary to the great end in view, the power of the man to stand on his feet. It is odd how figurative speech gives back new meaning to the fact on which it is based. One of the most convincing orators I know impresses himself upon the eye by the perfect stability of his posture, and the sculptor Bartlett has shown in an interesting series of photographs how the characteristic pose both of Lincoln and of Emerson was one of tranquil self-reliance, planted squarely on the feet, with no hand stretched out to grasp any support. Uprightness in the body has a good deal to do with uprightness of character.

So, little by little, under the influence of wise training, and of those forces which no one seeks and no one misses, the student is finding himself. Now, no single aid to the formation of clear thought is so great as the practice of clear expression, and common sense no less than educated experience shows unmistakably that it is a blunder when lucidity and finish of expression are neglected in any study. It is as important to state a mathematical problem exactly as it is to use figures which permit no doubt as to their value. As well confound 3 and 8 in setting down those figures as to omit proper copulatives in presenting the sum in which they are used. And as one comes into the field of the humanities, the demand for faultless expression is more imperative. A slovenly historical statement, though it contain all the facts correctly; a half-finished answer to a question in philosophy, though it show that the solution is held; a bald translation which succeeds, as a boy says, in giving the sense of the

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passage, should not be tolerated; and any teacher, however learned in his science or art, who did not know the difference between good English and cheap colloquialism should be regarded as disqualified. If one could be sure that every instructor in college possessed a thorough discrimination in this regard, the chair of rhetoric might safely be left vacant. Indeed, such a vacancy would be eloquent in its witness to the important educational truth that English literature and the power of writing do not form a monogamous union.

In all this consideration of the academic treatment of English, it has been assumed that the result to be aimed at is, not the training of men of letters, but the true growth of the student, so that he may finally come into the harmonious activity of his own power. It may well be doubted whether it is within the province of college to produce authors, or whether it would be very happy if it made the attempt. Certainly, a close application to the study of English literature would be a questionable course for any one to pursue who aimed at distinction in literature. The indirect way is often that which brings one to the end of his route most richly laden; and it would be no fanciful advice to an aspirant in literature that bade him look to Greek, to Italian, to French, to mediæval history, rather than too exclusively to occupy himself with English literature. But since the author stands in the great succession of the men whom he has been studying, it is more to the point that, as he comes into the possession of his particular power, he gets steadily away from imitation and the copying of models, a purely academic proceeding, and his own expression is an independent product, to be added to the stock of literature, great and small.

It is questionable, also, if the contribution which the study of English literature makes to the final result in a bachelor of arts ought to be classed too closely with that made by other, even similar studies. We have seen that its relation to expression is by no means exclusive; it is not, perhaps, commanding. The disciplinary value of a thorough study of Greek and Latin, it may be even of modern European languages, is greater; and, for the development of the logical faculty, so powerful an element in the educated man, political economy may be held to be a more responsible factor. But English literature has its own part to play, and it is one more distinctly allied to philosophy and ethics than to Greek and Latin. For, however one may analyze it, as I have already suggested, the spirit of this literature remains, as at first, the finest possession of the student; and no critical or historical study of elements and forms, properly pursued, can do other than heighten the influence of the content itself, — an influence which is spiritual and pervasive rather than resolvable into definite force. Thus, the study of English literature cannot be made a substitute for the study of Greek or Latin. It does not accomplish the same result; and even though the study of Latin and Greek were made far more contributory than it is to one's conception of the human spirit, that study could not do for one what a study of English literature can do, for this is, in the last result, a study of one's self projected on a broad screen of the masters of the secrets of the human soul, and race, speech, religion, ideas, native to the student, are all involved in the great theme. The subjective inquiry, which in his collegiate years especially is never remote from his mind, here finds an objective interpretation of infinite consequence to him, and answers which Æschylus might give to a Greek youth sound but faint in the ears of an ingenuous American who hears as at his side the voice of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, or Emerson. The function of English literature, even in college, can never be reduced to merely academic

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terms. It is too vital a force, too intimate in its relations to our breathing life, to permit of that; but because this literature is what it is, and because it has its being in the citadel of our political, social, and religious nature, schools, academies, and colleges alike must reckon with it as a commanding force which one joyfully accepts as the great liberator of education.

*H. E. Scudder.*

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## WHITTIER'S LIFE AND POETRY.

THE publication at the same time of a detailed life of Whittier [1] and a well-annotated collection of his poetry [2] in a single volume gives a good opportunity for a study of his life as affecting his poetry, and of his poetry as illustrating the facts which are brought out in the narrative of his life. Mr. Pickard has been diligent in collecting a number of very interesting anecdotes concerning Whittier. Individually of no striking value, they serve, in a cumulative way, to throw a good deal of light on his character, and by the skillful manner in which they are interwoven in the narrative they perform the other function of lightening what must be, from its nature, a somewhat grave record. The letters, which fill a considerable part of the two volumes, do not in themselves carry forward the story of Whittier's life in a very important way; and a merely documentary biography would in this case have been a disappointing book, for though Whittier wrote naturally and freely, he said very little, on the whole, about himself. He put more of his real life into a few of his poems than into all his letters. Yet the letters intensify the impression created by the biographer's work, and they bear a valuable testimony to the fidelity of the biographer, and in one or two instances to his rare honesty and acumen.

It would seem at first glance that there was nothing new to tell about Whittier, and that so retired a life could scarcely afford much scope for speculation, even. But except to the few who knew Whittier intimately the Life and Letters will tell a great deal that is novel and significant; especially is this true when one considers that the real history of the man lies in the period, sixty years ago, when he was an obscure young man, and that its arena is in the spiritual field, where conquests are not always easily understood until one is made acquainted with what the man renounces as well as what he achieves.

After all, the life of a poet depends for its interest chiefly on the disclosure of the forces at work for the production of his poetry, and it is this disclosure which makes the volumes before us singularly interesting. The circumstances of Whittier's boyhood were very confined. The family life, touched with the light that shines with such mellow lustre in Snow-Bound, was one of high principle, yet the pressure of poverty was always upon it, and the hard lines of a New England farm life were drawn severely round the home. As Mr. Pickard well says: "Our fathers, coming from the milder climate of England, had the traditional English slowness in adapting themselves to changed climatic conditions. The pio-

[1] *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier.* By SAMUEL T. PICKARD. With Portraits and other Illustrations. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

[2] *The Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier.* Cambridge Edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

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neers, and their descendants for four or five generations, adopted the policy of 'toughening' themselves by exposure to cold, and they saw no reason for making their cattle more comfortable than themselves. Their boys were expected at an early age to take their part in the work of subduing the wilderness, and they housed and dressed themselves much as they had done in the milder climate of the mother country. Almost two centuries passed away before barns were made comfortable, and flannels and overcoats ceased to be regarded as extravagances. Mr. Whittier was accustomed to attribute the delicacy of his health throughout life to the methods of toughening the constitution in vogue when he was a lad. No flannels were worn in the coldest weather, and the garments of homespun, though strong and serviceable, were of open texture compared with modern goods. Only a short spencer for overcoat, and mufflers and mittens, were provided for extremely cold weather; and the drive to the Friends' meeting at Amesbury, eight miles away, twice a week, on First and Fifth days, with no buffalo robes or warm wraps, was thoroughly chilling and uncomfortable, and the meeting-houses of those days were seldom provided with means of heating. These were among the hardships of the time and country, common to all classes of the people, and were endured as inevitable. But while lamenting this needless exposure to cold, Whittier never complained of other hard youthful experiences, — the unending contest with the rocky acres of his father's farm, and the difficulties of obtaining an education."

The spiritual democracy profoundly implied in the Quaker faith, combined with the political democracy of a New England country town, and the necessity for hard labor, conspired to produce in Whittier a sympathy with common life and a perception of its value which find very noble expression in his poetry. In the Cambridge edition of his poems there is a division under the title Songs of Labor and Reform, and in it are disposed those cheery, intelligible, but not especially inspired songs in which the Fishermen, the Shoemakers, the Shipbuilders, the Lumbermen, the Drovers, and the Huskers are each heartily honored. In the dedication which introduces these songs, Whittier says: —

"So haply these, my simple lays
Of homely toil, may serve to show
The orchard bloom and tasselled maize
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
The unsung beauty hid life's common things below.

"Haply from them the toiler, bent
Above his forge or plough, may gain
A manlier spirit of content,
And feel that life is wisest spent
Where the strong working hand makes strong the working brain."

But his deliberate spoken creed is of less consequence than the whole drift of his poetic expression and choice of subject. His verses carry straight to the heart of plain people, not alone because they deal with forms of life which are familiar to such readers, but because they assume, without controversy and without self-consciousness, the worth, the dignity, and the permanence of free human labor. There is a world-wide difference between the poet who treats the plain people as a class and the poet who quietly and absolutely ignores any distinction. Burns sang the song of the people with an inspired independence and brave self-confidence; yet again and again one hears the note of protest, the insistence upon the great truth of "a man 's a man for a' that." There is no need to emphasize the distinction between a formal democracy and a formal aristocracy, but one may well consider the immense advantage which the farmer boy in New England had over the farmer boy in Scotland as regards the consciousness of human equality and individual independence. In the one case, there was the assertion of self; in the other, ranks and classes were

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merely outside terms which stood for nothing in his own consciousness. Hence, there was for Whittier an entire freedom in his handling of all sorts and conditions of men. For those of simple life, like himself, he had a special kindliness; but his democratic instinct showed itself plainly in the absolute negation of all accidental distinctions.

When we come to consider the formal educational influence to which Whittier was subjected, it would seem as if no poet could well have been less indebted to schools. He took the chance learning of the district school, though here he had the good fortune twice to fall into the hands of genuine teachers. The story of such higher training as he had is well told by his biographer. Whittier had won the interest and favorable regard of Mr. Thayer, the editor of the Haverhill paper to which the farmer's son had contributed some verses. "Mr. Thayer had such a high opinion of his young contributor that, in January, 1827, he went to his father, as Mr. Garrison had done a few months earlier, to urge him to give his son a classical education. A new academy was soon to be opened in Haverhill, and he could attend it and spend a part of each week at his home. The old gentleman took into consideration the fact that, two years before, Greenleaf had seriously injured himself by attempting farm work that was too heavy for him, and was at length inclined to yield, though protesting it was contrary to Friends' custom to acquire the polish of literary culture. The mother asked Mr. Thayer if he would take Greenleaf into his family, and this was readily promised. . . . The young man had permission to attend the academy, but he must pay his own way. This task he set about with a glad heart. An opportunity soon appeared. A man who worked in the summer upon his father's farm made a cheap kind of slipper in the winter, and he offered to instruct young Whittier in the art. The offer was gladly accepted, and, as it was the simplest kind of sandal that was to be made, the mystery of the trade was soon acquired. The retail price of the slippers was only twenty-five cents a pair, and he received but eight cents a pair for his work; and yet during the winter of 1826–27 enough was earned to pay the expense of a term of six months at the academy. He calculated so closely every item of expense that he knew before the beginning of the term that he would have twenty-five cents to spare at its close, and he actually had this sum of money in his pocket when his half year of study was over. It was the rule of his whole life never to buy anything until he had the money in hand to pay for it; and although his income was small and uncertain until past middle life, he was never in debt."

Twelve months in all he spent at this academy, where he had an introduction to the knowledge of French, but found the fullest reward in an ardent study of classic English literature. Aside from this slight foray into a larger world, it is hard to discover any education in Whittier's case which was not native, indigenous. Unlike Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bryant, Lowell, and Holmes, he was an uncollegiate man; unlike these and Irving, an untraveled man. Any education not native, indigenous? Well, there was one force so familiar that one might forget for a moment it was not native, indigenous. The Bible, in the English tongue, has so inwoven itself in the very texture of our thought and experience as to have effaced almost all obvious traces of Hebraic, of Hellenic, of Oriental origin. Time was, and we are not far out if we make that time to have been the period of Whittier's boyhood, when the Bible was read as a whole, with little discrimination as to its parts; when the effort was made not so much to read it as if one were a contemporary of its scenes as to realize those scenes upon the plane of the reader. The historic sense was not cultivated, but the imaginative was, and

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the prophets and apostles walked the streets and hills of New England, in the imagination of the people, much as they showed themselves once in Venice to painters and to those who looked on the pictures painted.

We must not fail to take into account the profound educative influence of the Bible in its entirety upon Whittier's genius. His earliest poems were largely paraphrases of Scriptural themes, but even more indicative of its influence is the almost unconscious witness which he gives in poem after poem not immediately connected with the Bible. His strong imagination fed upon it, and as its very phraseology is blended with his familiar and his poetic speech, so, more than this, his whole nature drew upon the fountains of its waters. It is interesting to observe how, throughout his poetry, allusions to Biblical characters and passages fall as naturally from his lips as Greek or Roman allusions from Milton's. When he sees a storm coming over Lake Asquam, and throws the whole scene into one of his most striking poems of nature, how instinctively he begins!

"A cloud like that the old-time Hebrew saw
On Carmel prophesying rain."

When, like a Hebrew prophet himself, he pronounces judgment upon Webster in one of the loftiest, sternest, yet most compassionate poems in our literature, not only does he name his poem Ichabod, but there is scarcely a stanza which does not yield some word, some phrase, traceable to Biblical language, yet so absolutely his own that a reader unfamiliar with the Bible would not for an instant suspect any foreign influence. He wrote this poem in 1850. Most interesting is it to note that in the afterpiece, The Lost Occasion, written thirty years later, there is but a single phrase,

"Like the green withes that Samson bound,"

which recalls the Bible; and the poem is unusually, for Whittier, decorated with secular ornament: —

"Jove's own brow."
"In port and speech Olympian."
"As turned perchance the eye of Greece
On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece."
"The Saxon strength of Cædmon."
"The Roman forum's loftiest speech."
"As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,
Crushing as if with Talus' flail."

The change marks not only the large, generous spirit of the poet, mellowed by the lapse of years, but the expansion of intellectual sympathy.

Yet great as was Whittier's debt to the Bible on his intellectual side, so that his very diction was tinged and marked by Biblical phrase, we should fail of accounting for his profoundest power if we did not recognize how surely he penetrated the outward form of the book, and entered into its secret places. It can scarcely be questioned that the religious associations and training of Whittier conspired to this end. Under the limitations imposed by the hard lines of New England country life, and by the restrictive principles of the Society of Friends, the Bible was the great literature on which he fed, and upon which, as material, his imagination first had free play. But the cardinal doctrines of the Friends emphasized those spiritual properties of the Bible which had been largely suppressed in the theology and philosophy current in Whittier's boyhood. These doctrines he not only heard at meeting, but he found them exemplified in the journals and memoirs which formed his father's library, and constituted for a long time his principal supply of reading. Hence there grew in his receptive nature that conception of God as eternal Goodness which is the deep note sounded in his poetry. Hence, also, through the doctrine of the elevation of the spirit and the negation of the form taught by Quakerism came that steadfast adherence to the great elemental, underlying principles of Christian faith, which from the beginning never have been lost out of sight, though frequently obscured. The belief

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in God as goodness, the unquestioning confidence in his fatherhood, the perfect trust which interprets all disorder as finite, and order as infinite and eternal, — these large, inexhaustible sources of content were his, and found such transparent expression in his verse that they impart to it something of the same imperishable quality.

If Whittier, like some of his fellow Friends, had been distinctly a mystic, his verse partaking strongly of this characteristic would have been welcome to like-minded eremitic souls. But there were two constituents in his personality which forbade such an issue: his humor, which is scarcely less than another word for sanity, and his grip on human life in its homeliest and in its most exalted expression. The humor which pervades so much of his writing as a kindly, smiling presence was perhaps even more demonstrative in his talk, his familiar converse with men and women. One recognized it, not as a plaything which he used, but as a certain constant element in his nature, which might suddenly become a shaft of wit, but always was at hand to correct a one-sided view of things and persons. It was not used as a weapon for wounding, and we suspect it was often withheld, reserved for his own private delectation. Persons often mistook Whittier's charity for blind good nature; but he was keenly discriminating, and occasionally even his friends were set up as targets for his winged shafts, as when, after praising a notable woman of the day for her great qualities, he suddenly turned and said, "But she has n't a particle of magnetism, and she has worn the same bonnet for twenty years."

So, too, his private life no less than his published verse bears witness to an abiding and intense interest in all things human. If he turned homely life into song, it was because this life constantly lay close to his thought. He was no recluse, though he shrank from publicity, and particularly from occasions which seemed to put him on a pedestal. When, in 1877, the publishers of The Atlantic gave a dinner in honor of his seventieth birthday, they were in the greatest consternation at discovering that Whittier himself intended to dine quietly at home. It was only at the last hour that he yielded to the solicitation of friends, and out of compunction for his hosts came to his own celebration. In late years, his summer outings were almost secret hidings, so reluctant was he to be the centre of a crowd. But in the common intercourse of life, in the meeting with friends unceremoniously, and in the simple affairs of the neighborhood, he was unfailingly open and honest. Otherwise he scarcely could have been the keen, shrewd observer, the unerring judge of men, that he was. It has been said on authority that no important nominations were made in his district without a preliminary conference with Whittier, and during the great political movement of which he knew the inception, and out of the penumbra of which the nation was slowly passing when he died, he was constantly consulted by statesmen, who resorted to him not as to a mystic oracle, but as to one of the most sagacious, broad-minded, and politic men of his generation. The secret of his power unquestionably lay in his lofty moral sense, his clear conception of righteousness; but this was rendered immediately serviceable in counsel and action by qualities which are not always so evidently allied to a high moral sense, — by keen insight into character, by just discrimination, by a judicial faculty which was more than a balance of opinions, it was a balance of mind. Thus it is that Whittier's religious spirit, as it finds expression in his verse, guarded from the peril of other-worldliness by his sane humor and his practical touch with men and women, appeals to that in the religious nature which is universal.

So far, the influences of his education

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and circumstances upon Whittier's poetic expression have not been difficult to trace, and they are fairly open to view to any one who knows the New England of Whittier's youth, and reads his poetry with an appreciation of the spiritual forces which were immanent in Quakerism and in the Friends' interpretation of the Bible. But there is a third force to be reckoned with, and it is in the pages of his biography that one discovers it most emphatically. Yet even here, a scrutiny of his poems, taken in their chronological order, offers a hint. There is at the end of the Cambridge Whittier a list of the poems in the order of their production, dating from the poem The Exile's Departure, in 1825. A reference to the index shows the earlier poems to be included in the Appendix, where Whittier placed them, since they had been too effectively published to permit him to follow his wiser judgment and cast them out altogether.

Let any one read these early poems — and there are many others not included in the volume — and ask himself what evidence they bear of the Whittier he knows; indeed, what signs they give of poetic power at all. It is hard to discover anything beyond fluency, dexterity, a certain loftiness of spirit, and a marked religiousness of tone. Now and then one strikes a dramatic force; but if he wants poetry, he can find more of it in Kettell that is better than this of Whittier's, and yet never has got beyond a Kettellian immortality. Nevertheless, a reference to Mr. Pickard's pages will show that not only Whittier's mother and sisters and near friends treasured these verses, but they were copied into other papers than those in which they were first printed, and the young poet was treated to phrases which assured him fame. Fame was indeed to come, but for verses unwritten and undreamed of.

Now, these smooth, commonplace poems were not merely the productions of a boy, to pass into vigorous verse as maturity came. A little glimpse of one turn of his mind is seen in Moll Pitcher. It is not impossible that the young journalist, with his home-bred wit and his curiosity about the world around him, might, under conditions of peace and prosperity, have pursued with increase of skill the legendary themes of New England, and have become a sort of Allan Ramsay. The actual development came, not by orderly process, but by a kind of cataclysm. Mr. Pickard has divined the change in Whittier's mental attitude, and it is not difficult to apply the result in his poetical career. "Up to 1832," he says, "when he returned from Hartford to his home in Haverhill, Mr. Whittier's highest ambition had been to make his mark in politics. . . . It was in this direction that he was looking for his life work. . . . His work as a political editor had brought him in contact with the leaders of his party, and his marked ability as a writer and his honesty and sagacity in the party councils were appreciated. He was becoming known as an anti-slavery man, it is true, but that did not then disqualify one for leadership in either party, in New England. Besides, his Quakerism was a good excuse for his conscience. Our orthodox fathers in that generation were taking more kindly to Quakers than to heretics in other sects, like Unitarians and Universalists, and were ready to humor what were regarded as their whims. So that up to 1833, when Whittier was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, whatever thought he had for the future, outside of his work as a farmer, was in the direction of politics. In 1833, his attention had been called by Garrison, of whom he had seen little for the past three years, to the importance of arousing the nation to a sense of its guilt in the matter of slavery. He did not need any change of heart to become an abolitionist. As a birthright Quaker, he inherited the traditions of his sect against the institution of slavery. But he had

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been hoping, by moral means, and by efforts within the lines of the old parties, to secure the gradual extinction of a system so out of harmony with our otherwise free institutions. A word from Garrison caused him thoroughly to study the situation. All the literature of the subject within his reach was examined carefully. . . . He found that both the great parties of the North were beginning to discipline their members who were too urgent in pressing measures that might lose to them the support of the Southern States. He had learned something of this change in the popular feeling from the experience of his friend Garrison, who had been imprisoned at Baltimore for his free utterance of anti-slavery sentiments. . . . Whittier counted the cost with Quaker coolness of judgment before taking a step that closed to him the gates of both political and literary preferment. He realized more fully than did most of the early abolitionists that the institution of slavery would not fall at the first blast of their horns. When he decided to enter upon this contest, he understood that his cherished ambitions must be laid aside, and that an entire change in his plans was involved. He took the step deliberately and after serious consideration."

The immediate product was the vigorous pamphlet Justice and Expediency, an historical arraignment of the institution of slavery, thoroughly reasoned out, and driven home with warmth and felicity. How strong the blow was may be guessed from the fact that Dr. Crandall, of Washington, was imprisoned for lending it to a brother physician. It was Whittier's gauntlet thrown down resolutely, and thenceforth he stood committed as that despised and hated fanatic an abolitionist. But Whittier differed widely from some of the more pronounced abolitionists, from Garrison in particular, by his willingness to use political weapons, and his skill in handling them. The two chapters in Mr. Pickard's Life, headed Enlistment in the War against Slavery, and Initiation into Politics, show clearly the remarkable fight which Whittier made, and the astuteness with which he plied the arts of the politician. There are one or two expressions in his letters, in the early years of his engagement in politics, which make one see how sharp a partisan was in the making; but after his political sagacity had been consecrated to a great cause, there is keenness still of invention and persistency of management, but no trace of selfishness or double dealing, or suppression of higher to lower ends. His handling of Caleb Cushing, as detailed here, was masterly.

The enlistment in the war against slavery was for no limited term, but for the war, and the whole complexion of Whittier's life was thereby affected. To stand up before mobs, to act as secretary to anti-slavery conventions, to go forth preaching the gospel of emancipation, to write letters and editorials and give himself freely in sacrifice, — this is the history of thirty years. And what became then of his poetry, of that literary ambition which smote him early, sent him to the academy, and set him planning books in his early manhood? The answer is most impressive. He had, and he knew he had, a poetic voice. Pamphlets and editorials were well enough, but they were secondary. This poetic voice, also, he brought to the altar. From singing smooth lays, he suddenly pitched the key in those Voices of Freedom which, beginning with remote themes like Toussaint L'Ouverture, soon seized upon the story of the day and turned it into a cry, a lyric summons. As the editor of the Cambridge Whittier says: "He rushed into verse in a tumultuous fashion, careless of the form, eager only to utter the message which half choked him with its violence. There was a fierce note to his poetry, rough, but tremendously earnest. This was the first effect, such a troubling of the waters as gave a some-

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what turbid aspect to the stream, and for a while his verse was very largely declamatory, rhymed polemics."

There never was a nobler illustration in literature of the great law "Whosoever shall lose his life shall save it." Whittier perceived the application in his own case. "In later life," says Mr. Pickard, "in giving counsel to a boy of fifteen, Mr. Whittier said that his own early ambition had been to become a prominent politician, and from this ideal he was persuaded only by the earnest appeals of his friends. Taking their advice, he united with the persecuted and obscure band of abolitionists, and to this course he attributed all his after-success in life. Then, turning to the boy, he placed his hand on his head, and said in his gentle voice, 'My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause.'" The resolution which he took was a loosening of the bands that held him, and his whole nature leapt into the light.

The movement of his life as traced in the biography is illustrated in the chronological list of his poems. The broadening of his outlook upon the world, past and present, finds exemplification in the ever-widening range of his choice of subjects, and the tranquillity of his later days is delightfully reflected in the mellow tones of poetry which has exchanged the smooth shallowness of early manhood for the liquid flow through a deep-cut channel. That ingenuity, moreover, which was heightened by the necessity of encountering an unscrupulous enemy in politics, may be said to reappear in the fertile invention which characterizes so much of his poetry. It will be remembered how jauntily Sir Walter Scott, when he wanted a motto for the heading of a chapter in one of his novels, used indifferently some snatch of a Scottish song, or two or three lines of his own, invented on the spur of the moment, and accredited to some indefinite Old Ballad or Old Play. So it was with Whittier. If he had a story or legend handy when he wished to give expression to some poetic thought or kindly sentiment, well and good, he used it; but if he had not, then he made it; and many of his poems which have all the air of a leaf out of some old book, as The Gift of Tritemius, for example, are wholly his own.

This power of invention expresses the freedom with which he worked, the spontaneity of his mind. Longfellow was a masterly artist. Not only by practice, but still more through his native gift of a most delicate ear, he came to have an exquisite sense of fitness. Every poetic conception was instinctively given its most apt expression. His sonnets demonstrate his wonderful technical skill, but quite as remarkable was his unerring choice of measure for Hiawatha on the one hand, and Evangeline on the other. With Whittier it was not so. His distinctive power of expression lay in what might be called his natural voice, which was melodious within a certain easy range, flexible to a certain extent, but not trained to its full capacity. Such training as he had came by use; hence it was that the first spontaneous expression which was necessary to his free nature was marred often by infelicities which were the result of a lack of specific literary training in his early years. In later life he made fewer slips. Nevertheless, as Longfellow's finely modulated instrument will carry some of his light conceptions farther down the years than they would be likely to win through their own force, so we may reasonably have confidence that the entire naturalness of Whittier's art, despite its narrow technical range, — he never wrote a sonnet, for example, — will continue long to please the lovers of poetry.

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# AMERICA, ALTRURIA, AND THE COAST OF BOHEMIA.

In A Traveller from Altruria[1] Mr. Howells has turned aside for a moment from fiction, and written the confession of his faith. It is not put forth as an apology or a personal confession; he is far more preoccupied with the gospel itself than with the circumstances of its revelation; but it can hardly be amiss for us to glance back at the origin and growth of his creed as far as they can be traced in his novels, for to try to enter into an author's thought by the door through which he has himself approached it is to obtain a base for criticism. Mr. Howells began as a poet and suburban idyllist, with defective literary and historical standards, but with fine literary gifts and delicate observation of contemporary traits. The poet heart is still alive in him, the historic sense still undeveloped. He is still too contemporaneous, but the main factor in the rise of his later art and of his new creed has been the element, not of poetry, but of realism. Turning to the life about him for his subjects, he studied it more and more closely, reproduced it more faithfully, and, from an idyllist, became a realist: at first, a realist in method, as in Silas Lapham; afterwards, under the influence of Tolstóy, a realist by conviction, with a deep sense of the sacredness of the real, and of the value of those simple and homely virtues which seem to have wandered least from the underlying truths of life. In The Minister's Charge and Annie Kilburn this faith has produced a final and reorganizing stamp; altruism is already there, but its part is that of an interpretative faculty. As such, it is distinctly a new note in our literature. The separate traits of New England life have perhaps been rendered as vividly by other writers, but nowhere else do we find the common mind delineated with such tenderness and comprehension. No such attempt has ever been made to unravel the divers threads of our social life; to reveal mind to mind and class to class; to show the part of ignorance in human failings, of kindliness in human virtue. So far, these two novels, together with the admirable Hazard of New Fortunes, express the same feeling as A Traveller from Altruria, only less distinctly formulated, and we cannot but look upon them as the high-water mark of Mr. Howells's achievement, both as thinker and writer; but the evolution of the Utopian from the realist was a step perhaps no less necessary, and certainly no less interesting.

When we demand that the artist, face to face with the realities of life, shall remain wholly an artist, and pipe to our dancing, we are apt to ignore the fact that comprehension, to be rounded and complete, must pass into action of some sort, and that it is only at certain high periods of culture that art is in itself an active force, and an adequate answer to the claims of life. A close relation to the real brings a deepened perception of pain and discord, and an inevitable sense of "the pity of it." Tolstóy, who of all writers of fiction had the clearest, strongest, and, one would have said, the most serene perception of reality, abandoned realism and art together under the impulse of this vision, and sought refuge in a new altruistic gospel which reads like an altruism of despair. Mr. Howells has not experienced the reaction with this Slavic excess: realism has retained its hold upon him; he has searched the skies for promise of a better dawn, and has evolved an altruism of hope, a Utopia.

If men are inclined to smile at any Utopia, they are apt to be especially crit-

[1] *A Traveller from Altruria.* Romance. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1894.

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ical of one belonging to their own day, and struck off on the reverse side of existing social conditions. Mr. Howells bids us "look here, upon this picture, and on this." Altruria looms up vaguely, but the counterfeit presentment of America is unmistakable in its clearness, and, except for a few unimportant details, it is a just and vigorous representation. In a series of conversations which are at once thoroughly colloquial and well sustained, our political system and social organization are passed in review, and looked at not only from the point of view of the Altrurian and of his hardly less allegorical literary host, but also as the most intelligent thinkers in the country are coming to regard them. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find elsewhere, in so short a space, so able and clear-sighted a report of the trend and status of our social life. Alongside of those great economic problems which are closing in our horizon — problems of labor, competition, relation of employer and employed — we find the more unnoticed and intangible questions of our private and social intercourse dwelt upon with equal stress, and given a relative importance which may easily seem exaggerated. The loneliness of farm life, which we are wont to attribute merely to the number of acres, and that other loneliness belonging to town as well as country, and arising from endless social laminations, — the loneliness experienced by the Laphams in Nankeen Square; the position of the summer boarders in a country village as a population wholly apart from the resident one; the lack of any common basis of sympathy between rich and poor; and the constraint of intercourse, — all these matters are treated, not as accidental or individual manifestations, but as coming under the same head, and forming part of an unconsciously systematized habit of social snobbery or social indifference. We can point out exaggerations here and there in the detail of this arraignment, but they do not affect its general truth. We can show that some of the instances are unimportant, and others probably due to that difficulty of social intercourse which belongs to us as a people, or to our defective resources for amusement, rather than to any lack of good will; but we should have to go back and inquire what has clogged our intercourse as a people, when we are noted in our society relations for facility in conversation.

In this examination of our public and private life, Mr. Howells is making a new synthesis, from the American point of view, of the theme treated by Carlyle in Past and Present; but whereas Carlyle attributed the evil to the spread of democracy, and to the weakening of such ties of responsibility and of duty between man and man as had existed in older and more unequal traditions, Mr. Howells sees in it a departure from the democratic ideal and a denial of the principle of equality. Both would agree that the dangerous element was individualism, the right of the individual to act for his own interest without regard to that of his fellows; and so far both would lay the blame at the door of that glorious liberty which is fast ceasing to be our pride. Both turn to love as the solution. Carlyle prescribes it with an admixture of obedience on the one hand, and of rightly exercised authority on the other; Mr. Howells would have it mingled with equality: the one is the historical idea, the other the Utopian.

In the light of this gospel, men move and have their being in Altruria. America prostrates herself before the millionaire. Altruria will have no hero, save perhaps "some man who, for the time being, has given the greatest happiness to the greatest number;" she has discarded ideals, which she regards as uncertain and meteoric lights, for a steadfast and universal ideal. Money is abolished, and trade in kind is carried on peacefully, with no thought of gain. The danger of most socialistic schemes lies

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in the tendency to look for salvation to a widespread material well-being, and to a general spiritual well-being which would be practically no less material. There are passages which indicate that Mr. Howells is not altogether free from this tendency, but it attaches to the letter, not to the spirit of his doctrine. It is the spirit which is distinctive in Altruria, but we must confess that this does not make its realization seem the nearer. Mr. Howells would have this realization brought about by popular vote, which has so far been an effectual instrument in the establishment of competition and millionaire worship. By force Charlemagne baptized the Saxons, but it would take a miracle, and an altruistic one, to bring a modern Anglo-Saxon people as one man to the waters of grace, to induce men to vote for the abolishment of all that they have lived by heretofore. Regarded as a working political programme, Altruria presents many difficulties of this sort. The narrative or practically dialogue form in which the book is cast gives Mr. Howells the opportunity of answering beforehand many of the objections to his scheme, and his answers show a remarkable combination of rapt conviction with dexterity of argument. His method is not a sentimental one. His appeal is to that Christian ideal of brotherly love which we outwardly profess, and to that democratic idea of equality which we openly despise; and his argument is not addressed to the feelings alone, but consists in examination of the intellectual grounds on which we base our unchristian theory of *laissez-faire*, and our undemocratic habit of regarding the majority of our fellow-beings with a stereotyped contempt. Unless the one consideration of practical unfeasibility be held to outweigh all the others, it must be owned that the balance often tips in favor of the Altrurian.

But to make practical adaptability the sole, or even the primary test of a Utopia is to take a puerile and short-sighted view of the matter. The real test lies in its value as a thought, and in the relation of this thought to actual life. Utopia can never be a fact, but it should always stand before us as an ideal, in the same way that the perfect state or action is held up as an ideal to the individual mind. Whatever great change in the structure or conditions of society may occur in the future (and some such change is to be expected, if only from the natural tendency of all social organisms to put on new forms in the course of time) will hardly result from a movement on the part of one class, or from a specific measure or plan. But the tendency of the change will be due to the impetus given by right or wrong thought and action. We have no right to say that evils are irremediable till they have brought about the catastrophe that ends in death. The idea that the spring of life can be wholly regulated by legislation we justly dismiss as facile and mechanical. But the doctrine of laissez-faire is no less mechanical; held up as a necessary law for human action, it is a discreditable one, and it is slowly being discredited the world over. Against this doctrine Mr. Howells has entered a significant and beautiful protest in A Traveller from Altruria. Its peculiar strength lies in the fact that it is made at once from the intellectual and from the emotional side. No superstition is more rife among us than that of treating all public questions by cleverness alone, and reserving heart for our private affairs. We need to go a little way from realism towards Utopianism, if only to get free of the argument that because things are, therefore they must be. The notion of the divine right of kings perished, not through revolution alone, but because of the gradual awakening of men's minds to the fact that it had no foundation; and we may some day discover that the theory of the divine right of millionaires is not built upon a rock. When we have got rid of this popular

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cult and of a few of our intellectual Philistinisms, we may be able to compare notes with a traveler from Altruria on more equal terms.

If we need any further indication of the fact that Mr. Howells, in becoming a Utopian, has preserved his mental balance and his realism, it is to be found in the circumstance that he can turn from the thoughts which have filled his mind in these latter years to the production of a novel like The Coast of Bohemia,[1] a piece of light literature, very much in his earlier manner, but in no disaccord with any later thought. It is a love story, pure and simple, in which the course of true love is hindered from running smooth by a touch of extra conscientiousness on the part of the lady, a fine degree of chivalry on that of the lover, and a slight excess of romanticism on that of the friend and confidante. These motives are indicated with great sureness and delicacy, and worked out with admirable fidelity to life. Slight as the story is, it is true throughout. The characters belong to our every-day American life: their leanings to Bohemia carry them no farther than its coast; their devotion to art does not lift them too high above their surroundings; and the poetry of their love is enveloped in no unreal glamour, but is part of the common poetry of the world. Artistically, the book is as good as anything Mr. Howells has done: the proportions are well preserved, the story winds and unwinds itself in an easy manner, the characters are attractive and clearly outlined. There is a good deal of detail, but there is no stress laid upon one feature to the disregard of others; everything is in keeping. We could wish that Mr. Howells had allowed us to become a little more intimate with his charming heroine, and had been willing to engage our sympathies a little deeper. In his novels, as in Altruria, he is too distrustful of ideals, too jealous lest an individual should draw away something of the interest with which the common life should inspire us. If a Utopia points the way to happier things for a society, surely the height attained here and there by human lives is the most palpable evidence given to us of the possibility of higher good for all. But we should lose a great deal if Mr. Howells were to wander from the path of realism in search of ideal characters for his novels. It is by making us see America more truly, by bringing out its light and shade, exposing its evil and its good; it is by his sincere delineation — which is at the same time an interpretation — of American and of human life, that Mr. Howells points the way toward that comprehension and justice which lie on the attainable side of Altruria.

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## COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

*Fiction.* The Potter's Thumb, by Flora Annie Steel. (Harpers.) Mrs. Steel has seldom done better work than is to be found in this novel, or more graphically and convincingly shown her really marvelous knowledge of Indian life, — the life of the native millions as well as that of the ruling thousands. This being so, we the more regret that the complexities of the plot and the occasional allusiveness of the writer's manner in treating it may somewhat repel certain readers. For, in truth, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the story is profoundly and even painfully interesting. In brief, the tale turns upon the endeavors of the Dewan of Hodinugger to obtain the key of the sluice-gates of the canal, and his use of Mrs. Boynton, an amiable, all-

[1] *The Coast of Bohemia.* By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

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fascinating woman, with little heart and an easily persuaded conscience, as an instrument to that end. Between them, the brave, straightforward, honest lad who guards the key is brought to despair and death, while the woman who is mainly responsible for the tragedy goes scatheless. As usual, the very atmosphere of the East pervades the story, and, incidentally, we are made vividly conscious of the unchronicled courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice which hold for England her Indian Empire. — The White Crown, and Other Stories, by Herbert D. Ward. (Houghton.) Readers of The Atlantic will not have forgotten the capital story of The Missing Interpreter which Mr. Ward contributed to it two or three years ago. The ingenuity which he displayed, though marked, was in fine subordination to the more enduring quality of human portraiture under simple conditions. In his other stories as here collected, there is more than once a disposition to give undue weight to the merely ingenious, and to overvalue the details of invention. In The Semaphore, for example, Mr. Ward has taken infinite pains to understand, and repeat for his readers, the details connected with the management of a signal station on a railway. Yet in the movement of the story all these details choke the action at the most critical point, and we doubt greatly if most readers are patient enough to master them. This is a minor error, however, and is something of an evidence that Mr. Ward is not going to be slovenly in his work. We look to see this interesting book followed by others of the same zest, but with more ordered material. — The Maiden's Progress, a Novel in Dialogue, by Violet Hunt. (Harpers.) A very "modern" tale, whose heroine, the daughter of a *savant* absorbed in his studies, and an amiable, affectionate, but weak mother, is appropriately renamed Moderna by her friends. After going through the usual experiences of a successful *débutante*, she begins to find the life of society unsatisfying, and so dabbles a little in art and literature, and finally essays a plunge into Bohemia, but is speedily rescued by her earliest and worthiest admirer. The author has insight, vivacity, and humor, and her dialogues are always piquant and entertaining, and sometimes exceedingly clever. Her cynicism is not very profound, nor her satiric exaggeration greater than is permissible in scenes of "genteel comedy," to adopt a term familiar to our grandparents, and no serious harm comes of her heroine's escapades. Considering the achievements of some of her compeers, Miss Hunt deserves credit for her self-restraint, and one feels that Moderna, with all her waywardness, will live happy ever after. — The Doomswoman, by Gertrude Atherton. (Tait, Sons & Co.) A story of California just before the American occupation. In a series of brief scenes, the story-teller aims to set forth the old story of fascination of a woman by a man who is an enemy of the house, and to inweave some notion of the life of the day, and the attitude taken by native Californians toward the new-comers. She does not succeed in impressing the reader with the truthfulness of the story, and partly, perhaps, because, although told in the first person, the teller seems singularly outside of it all. — Baron Montez of Panama and Paris, by A. C. Gunter (Home Publishing Co., New York), is quite another sort of story. Here haughty typewriters, and American business men, and the great blizzard, and conversation as it is, and the Panama canal, and kodaks, and large sums of money, and Paris and New York, with a real street car and conductor, are whipped into a frothy mass in which float a few crumbs of solid food. — A Modern Wizard, by Rodrigues Ottolengui. (Putnams.) The Wizard laid claim to being a descendant of Mexican priests, and to possessing many secrets which modern science is only now bringing to light. Thus he put himself in the very lead of his time by administering to his two wives the bacilli of diphtheria, and in the end, in order to evade the law against sane murderers, by chaining himself in a crypt, and taking his own newly discovered drug, sanatoxine, which made a maniac of him. It is a fit conclusion for an unbalanced tale. — A Protégé of Jack Hamlin's, and Other Stories, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) If Bret Harte is not so altogether interesting as he used to be, it is not because he does not tell his stories so well, — he tells them, on the whole, rather better, — but because his stories are not so well worth telling. In the California of nowadays Bret Harte would not find so much that really suits his literary aptitudes as he found in the California of the fifties. Of



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those times, the reader of this latest batch of stories will catch, now and then, some affectionate reminiscence. — A Washington Symphony, by Mrs. William Lamont Wheeler. (Putnams.) A knowledge of Washington society is scarcely a substitute for a training in the writing of novels, but perhaps this is not a novel. It has conversation, a few persons who carry the conversation on, and a mystery, which is solved before the book is ended. — Carlotta's Intended, and Other Stories, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. (Harpers.) Several of these tales show a little effort, a little lack of truth. Possibly the reason is not far to seek. For the most part, these are not stories of negro life, with the humor and pathos of which Mrs. Stuart is so intimately familiar. Of such tales, however, there is one, and a very charming one, — Duke's Christmas. It seems to come, like the narrative of Miss Murfree, for instance, of Miss Wilkins or Miss Jewett, of a disposition to find a soul of good in things ugly, if not evil ; and of a conviction that the more or less uncouth characters of which these stories tell are abundantly worth knowing. Such a disposition and conviction are natural in the art of a democratic age.—Hypnotic Tales and Other Tales, by James L. Ford. (George H. Richmond & Co., New York.) An amusing collection of Puck stories. The notion of the Hypnotic Tales, that a hypnotist should make all the people in a company tell true stories of their experience, is a clever one, and it is a pity Mr. Ford did not make cleverer use of it. — Charley, a Village Story, by S. D. Gallaudet. (Putnams.) A pathetic little story, told with simplicity and directness, though the various figures, at least the principal ones, lack outline, so to speak, and are done with a wash. — Micah Clarke, the earliest, and as yet the best of Dr. Conan Doyle's historical novels, has heretofore borne the imprint of the Messrs. Harpers only on the blue paper covers of the Franklin Square Library ; but they have now reissued the work in a handsome cloth-bound volume, and it will doubtless be welcome to many readers, old and new, in this more attractive and permanent form. — Late issues in Harper's Franklin Square Library are : Van Bibber and Others, by Richard Harding Davis ; Sarah, a Survival, by Sydney Christian ; A Cumberer of the Ground, by Constance Smith ; and With the Help of the Angels, by Wilfrid Woollam. Love and Shawl-Straps, by Annette L. Noble, appears as the first volume of Putnams' Hudson Library ; and The Queen of Ecuador, by R. M. Manley, begins the Traveller's Library (The Hagemann Publishing Co.). Weyman's The House of the Wolf is reprinted in the Globe Library (Rand, McNally & Co.), and the same publishers issue The Red Sultan, by J. Maclaren Cobban. Another paper-covered novel is The Bachelor of the Midway, by the Author of Dr. Jack. (The Mascot Publishing Co.)

*Poetry and the Drama.* We have received from Longmans new editions of Owen Meredith's Lucile, The Wanderer, and Selected Poems. In an Introduction to this last volume, the author's daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, writes with discrimination of her father's work, but does not help matters at this late day by giving the reasons for the failure of successive volumes to capture either the public or the critics. No such apology would have been needed had Lord Lytton put into much of his verse the directness and grasp that mark such a poem, for example, as Twins, unpublished before the appearance of these Selected Poems. The text of The Wanderer follows that of the first edition, 1857 ; and wise it was to discard the changes by which the author, in later life, sought to make these poems of youth conform with the thoughts of middle age. Lucile, even in new dress, strikes the pathetic note of a song that is no longer sung. What sadder fate is there than that which overtakes sheet music that is turning yellow without winning the dues of lovely old age ! — Columbus the Discoverer, a Drama, by Walter Warren. (Arena Publishing Co., Boston.) Mr. Warren does not scrimp his stage. Some forty figures appear and disappear, besides the citizens, officers, soldiers, courtiers, sailors, settlers, women, etc. No doubt Columbus had to do with quite as many persons in real life, but the dramatist's art demands more selection and concentration. In his desire, moreover, to make his drama properly psychological, Mr. Warren appears to have resolved it into a sort of conversational narrative. — Theatricals, Two Comedies, by Henry James. (Harpers.) Mr. James has no hesitation in acknowledging that these plays "had not the good fortune to consort" with the con-

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ditions under which it was hoped that they would be presented upon the stage. He accordingly recommends his "melancholy subterfuge" of printing the pieces in a book "to his numerous fellow-sufferers." Truly, it does not seem extraordinary that the comedies, and particularly Tenants, the first, were not deemed suitable for acting. One is fully aware that a play which "reads well" may, for the same causes, act ill; but the contrary position, that reading ill means acting well, could hardly be maintained. It cannot be said that either of these plays reads especially well. The plot of the second, Disengaged, being an adaptation of one of Mr. James's short stories, is far the cleverer of the two; but in each the dialogue has the fatal quality of sounding nearly always like the careful, characteristic English of Mr. James, and not like the speech of persons who are shown in many ways to be but every-day mortals. Yet is it not a form of praise to say that an author fails to put appropriate words into the mouths of commonplace characters? — El Nuevo Mundo, by Louis James Block. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) It is not altogether easy to divine Mr. Block's argument in this dignified verse. He makes a poetical survey of history, with the view, apparently, of discovering the growth of the conception of liberty, and finds at last the consummation in America. There are fine phrases, and the general impression produced by the poem is that of a loftiness of design fairly well sustained; but there is an impression also of vagueness, as if somewhat too wide a landscape was surveyed for any distinct, well-composed picture. — Allegretto, by Gertrude Hall. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. (Roberts.) If the verses in this book are not invariably satisfactory, it is because the labor of the file has been spared. The thought is nearly always suitable for a maker of what Mr. Austin Dobson calls "familiar verse;" and when Miss Hall has taken the trouble, or has had the happy fortune, to do her work well, it is charming. Much of the rhyming is for young readers, and the illustrations are delightfully appropriate. Taken for all in all, they stand upon a level more constantly high than that of the verses, and in a few instances, as for example in A Kitten, their cleverness is the salvation of the rhymes. — The Fairest of the Angels, and Other Verse, by Mary Colborne-Veel. (Horace Cox, London.) A volume of poems by a writer in New Zealand. There is a delicate fancy and a pure, cheerful sentiment pervading these verses which commend them to readers of refinement. Now and then a stronger note is struck, and one comes to believe that the writer may some time do even better things; for there is no forcing of the note. It is a simple, sometimes playful fancy that controls rather than a vivid imagination, but here again the fancy comes easily.

*Sociology and Finance.* Pleasure and Progress. An Attempt to prove that the Pursuit of Pleasure is the sine qua non of Intellectual, Moral and Social Development, and that the Promotion of Pleasure is the Duty of Philanthropy and Statesmanship. By Albert M. Lorentz. (The Truth Seeker Co., New York.) The proper publisher for this entertaining though scarcely conclusive book would be the Half-Truth Finder Company. After reading the author's diagnosis of our social disorders, one looks eagerly for the remedy, and finds it to consist in executing the law of Individual Sovereignty; and on further inquiry, this is to be brought about by Wholesale Distribution on the part of the government. "Each can then work according to inclination, and indulge according to desert; none need then want, if he is willing to work." — Prisoners and Paupers. A Study of the Abnormal Increase of Criminals and the Public Burden of Pauperism in the United States; the Causes and Remedies. By Henry M. Boies. (Putnams.) There is an undercurrent of thought in this book which we are likely to meet frequently hereafter, namely, a recognition of the paramount interests of society in any concern for the individual. Thus, Mr. Boies holds firmly to the opinion, which appears to be gaining ground. that the only course to be taken with the deplorably vicious is to seclude them from the world, especially with a view to checking the increase of the vicious class through reproduction. It may be so, but possibly there lurks in the principle that as yet ill-defined defect which may be characterized as social selfishness, a most portentous evil, which is attending the development of a conscious socialism. — Progressive Taxation in Theory and Practice, by Edwin R. A. Seligman. (American

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Economic Association, Ithaca, N. Y.) The simplest definition of progressive taxation would seem to be, taxation at a rate which increases with the increase of the income, and Mr. Seligman undertakes to show how this principle has been more or less involved in schemes of taxation from the outset. A graduated income tax has, in the United States, rarely found adequate expression, but he seems to look for a more thorough application of the principle in the case of corporations. He anticipates the day in America when federal taxation will consist in "a well-considered system of indirect taxes, possibly supplemented at intervals by some form of a direct land or income tax. State revenues will be derived almost exclusively from corporation taxes and inheritance taxes, while real estate will be relegated to the local divisions." — Elements of Life Insurance, by M. M. Dawson. (The Independent Printing and Publishing Co., Chicago.) A clearly written treatise, dealing with the principles which underlie the various forms of life insurance, and the application in the conduct of the business. The book no doubt has its value chiefly for those engaged in the organization of companies, but it is interesting reading to all students of society, for it is not impossible that in this association we have the basis for a far-reaching organization of social relations, not perhaps superseding savings-banks, but extending their scope. — Governments and Politicians, Ancient and Modern, by Charles Marcotte. (The Author, Chicago.) In a high tone of voice the writer inveighs against democratic institutions, calls upon all inhabitants of a republic to see how much better a monarchy is, and to Americans, especially, points out the inconsistencies between their beliefs and their practices. Much of what he says has a basis of truth, though there is not in the method of its deliverance that philosophic breadth and sureness which one would expect from the author of a circular accompanying the book; for there we read, "This treatise refutes the ideas of Voltaire, Rousseau, Thomas Paine, Bentham, Mills [*sic*], Victor Hugo, R. G. Ingersoll, C. W. Eliot, and other philosophers." — An Introduction to the Study of the Dependent, Defective, and Delinquent Classes, by Charles Richmond Henderson. (Heath.) Among Dependents are the homeless and orphans; among Defectives, blind and deaf mutes, the insane, the feeble-minded; among Delinquents, criminals, political, occasional, habitual, professional, and instinctive. It helps to make these distinctions, since upon a just discrimination depends much of the value of such therapeutic agencies as are at the disposition of society. Dr. Henderson analyzes the whole subject with care, and though he aims at a scientific discussion, his real interest is a humane one, and looks to a sound and healthy condition of society out of love for humanity, and not out of professional zeal.

*History and Biography.* Noah Porter, a Memorial by Friends. Edited by George S. Merriam. (Scribners.) Stern justice, if that must be involved, would emphasize the fact that the book before us is a memorial by friends; that it lovingly and unconsciously puts President Porter's life in the perspective of its importance to his own world rather than to the world at large. Nevertheless, the world at large should be interested in preserving an ample, adequate memory of this most notable representative of a type of college president. For whatever else may be said of that type, it had in it an element of permanent strength; it set character above scholarship. Though, unfortunately, it also hampered the freedom of scholarship by the authority of tradition, at all events it produced in Noah Porter a nobly efficient man. — Maximilian and Carlotta, a Story of Imperialism, by John M. Taylor. (Putnams.) The time has not yet come for a complete and authoritative history of the latest Mexican empire to be written, but Mr. Taylor has constructed from such materials as are easily accessible an intelligent and well-arranged narrative. He tells the story of the empire from its inception to its tragic close, and writes fairly and sympathetically of the two principal actors, or rather victims; the pair to whom nature and fortune had given so many good gifts, and who were so strangely and fatally misplaced amidst the turmoils of a Mexican revolution. The author's style is somewhat crude and over-rhetorical, but he is so deeply interested in his subject, which is in itself so interesting, that he seldom fails to hold the reader's attention. If the latter is of a literal turn of mind, he will find the writer's various references to "Hapsburg

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House" slightly confusing; for in this, so to speak, residential manner Mr. Taylor usually designates the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine. — Recollections of a Virginian in the Mexican, Indian, and Civil Wars, by General Dabney Herndon Maury. (Scribners.) A frank, hearty, and entertaining narrative, in which the Virginian pride in family and associations is delightfully expressed. General Maury tells his brief anecdotes well, and is far from being a mere random story-teller. One of the most amusing and honorable passages in his life was when, after the war for the Union was over, he set up a school, and then ran away from it as soon as the boys began to come, leaving it in the hands of a capable teacher. That is a characteristic sentence in which he states that McClellan, for whom he had a high regard, was in sympathy with the Southern States, yet "never wavered in his natural allegiance to Pennsylvania." There is a whole history of a Southerner's mind in that sentence. — My Paris Note-Book, by the Author of An Englishman in Paris. (Lippincott.) Two years ago, An Englishman in Paris had for a short time a quite exceptional success; its compiler, in describing the supposed author, having adroitly made it appear that he could be no less a personage amongst the English in Paris than the late Sir Richard Wallace, and some critics were deceived who should have been slower to do such injustice to that gentleman's memory. The "Englishman" proved to be a Parisian journalist of Dutch extraction, a considerable portion of whose recollections antedated his birth. The Note-Book is greatly inferior to the earlier work in cleverness and readability. To compensate for a rather scanty supply of material, everything is told at the utmost possible length, including certain stories of "my uncle," said to have been related by the Emperor Louis Napoleon to the great-uncles of the writer. The conversations, however, are hardly convincing, and the revelations contained therein are mostly second-hand tales. The author has neither the lightness of touch nor the literary grace which may give a certain value even to idle gossip, and his latest volume does not rise above the level of "personal" journalism. — Two German Giants, Frederic the Great, and Bismarck, the Founder and the Builder of the German Empire, by John Lord, D. D., LL. D. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) All the unity this book possesses is brought out in this, the main portion of its title-page. Except that one man delivered the two lectures that make up the bulk of the volume, and that the subject in each instance was a "German Giant," there is no connection between them. Nor is the general cohesion strengthened by the addition of Bayard Taylor's Character Sketch of Prince Bismarck, and the "Iron Chancellor's" speech before the Reichstag in 1888 on enlarging the German army. Nevertheless, each section of the book has an interest and value of its own. — Heinrich Heine's Life Told in His Own Words. Edited by Gustav Karpeles. Translated by Arthur Dexter. (Holt.) An intensely interesting patchwork of poems, letters, and memoirs. They give us the man, — his morbid self-consciousness, the lack of complete dignity and self-respect, the almost unearthly conjunction of wit, humor, and pathos, and his deep-down earnestness. Strange incongruity of a man in motley wearing the sword, as he himself said, "of a brave soldier in the Liberation War of humanity"! His cap and bells we never can keep quite out of sight and hearing, but we shall remember Heine most by token of the sword with which he smote the Philistines.

*Psychology.* Psychology, Descriptive and Explanatory, a Treatise of the Phenomena, Laws, and Development of Human Mental Life, by George Trumbull Ladd. (Scribners.) Professor Ladd belongs to the older school of psychologists, who are ready to accept the results of physiological and biological investigation, but refuse to limit their inquiries to such contributions. The phenomena of the human mind, they believe, cannot all be referred to somatic influences, and in their study of the will especially they discover a process of development which supposes psychic laws not to be crowded back into the physiological envelope. The volume before us has great value as a full, vigorous, and independent study, which takes up material from a large and varied supply without loss to the writer's own productive power. — Cock Lane and Common Sense, by Andrew Lang. (Longmans.) Mr. Lang's last appearance was in a book of verses; the next may be in literary history, letters to the shades of the great, or what not. Though there is hardly any telling where he

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will "turn up," it is almost certain that he will present himself attractively. This book is a series of essays on subjects of psychical research and the like. As the author's Custom and Myth showed the permanence of certain folk stories throughout the world's history, the present volume sets forth the resemblances between psychic phenomena of widely various times and places. Clearly, no single age or country can boast a monopoly of levitation, second-sight, spirit-tappings, and haunted houses. It is amusing, by the way, to remember in connection with the treatment of this last topic the clever lines The Haunted Homes of England, in the recent volume of verses. — The Law of Psychic Phenomena, a Working Hypothesis for the Systematic Study of Hypnotism, Spiritism, Mental Therapeutics, etc., by Thomson Jay Hudson. (McClurg.) Mr. Hudson essays to bring the results of a number of students and experimenters into a comprehensive order, and his working hypothesis which is to systematize these results is that the duality of man furnishes the explanation. He presents this hypothesis in three terms: that man has two minds, an objective and a subjective; that the objective mind is constantly amenable to control by suggestion; and that the subjective mind is incapable of inductive reasoning.

*Science.* The Physiology of the Senses, by John Gray M'Kendrick and William Snodgrass. (Scribners.) One of the series of University Extension Manuals. The aim of the book, as explained in the preface, is "to give a succinct account of the functions of the organs of sense as these are found in man and the higher animals." The work is confined pretty strictly to this purpose, and the authors appear to have yielded only in a very slight degree to the temptation to make excursions into the field of physiological psychology. — The Science of Mechanics, a Critical and Historical Exposition of its Principles, by Dr. Ernst Mach. Translated from the second German edition by Thomas J. McCormack. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) Dr. Mach's method is to treat successively the development of the principles of statics and dynamics by reference to the results obtained by the great philosophers, from Archimedes downward, subjecting each to a critical analysis. Then he considers the extension of the principles discovered in the deduction of modern science, and finally examines the formal as distinguished from the deductive development of physical science. A brief final chapter discusses the relations of mechanics to other departments of knowledge. — Total Eclipses of the Sun, by Mabel Loomis Todd. (Roberts.) The first volume in the Columbian Knowledge Series. A lively and well-illustrated little book, which is descriptive, explanatory, historical, and readable. Mrs. Todd answers, before they are asked, all the questions that the layman would be likely to ask regarding this curious subject.

*Religion.* The Spirit of God, by P. C. Mozoomdar. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.) A most interesting book in its personal, and probably to a large extent representative expression of the fusion of Christianity and Hinduism in the faith of the Brahmo-Somaj. How active is the life which results we cannot say; it is not easy to determine in any such statement the devotional, contemplative spirit and the energizing principle. But there is a very sweet, pure note in this volume, rendering it a beautiful exposition of one of the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith, and helping the Christian student to an apprehension of the universality of the doctrine. — The Meaning and the Method of Life, a Search for Religion in Biology, by George M. Gould. (Putnams.) Dr. Gould essays to explain, through living organisms, the presence of the invisible force which makes them living. But does he not make a fundamental error in separating the apparently active organisms from the apparently inactive ones? Perhaps, if his theory could carry with it a more penetrating sight, he would double the force of the theory. Behind his cloud of words there is light which breaks through now and then in a warming as well as illuminating fashion. — How to Begin to Live Forever, by J. M. Hodson. (Randolph.) Neither better nor worse than a thousand and one other sermon-like tracts — still unpublished.

*Travel and Adventure.* Hawaii, by Anne M. Prescott. (Chas. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco.) A paper-covered book of 250 pages, giving, apparently, in the form of letters, a variety of bits of information, comment, and sentiment respecting Hawaii, by a lady who appears to have been a resident, and perhaps a teacher, in Honolulu. It is intelligently written; it yields rather frequently to the seductive charm of the air,

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but it is in good taste. An appendix gives considerable statistical and recent historical information. Miss Prescott's sympathy appears to be with the late queen, but it is not obtruded. — The Kingdom of the "White Woman," a Sketch, by M. M. Shoemaker. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Fifteen years ago Mr. Shoemaker spent a winter in Mexico, when it had not become the great resort for travelers it now is, and this volume is, in effect, the portfolio of a man of letters, — studies, sketches, occasional pictures; many of them interesting either in subject or treatment, and none over-labored. The book, besides, has several half-tone pictures, chiefly of views, which poorly represent the author's own artistic sense. — Famous Adventures and Prison Escapes of the Civil War. (The Century Co.) A group of seven sketches detailing such thrilling experiences as Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison, the Locomotive Chase in Georgia, and the Escape of General Breckinridge. The adventures and exploits were on both sides, and the narrators are those who took some part in the scenes. Thus the stories are at first hand, and they form a permanent contribution to our history. Such incidents make novels tame.

*Textbooks and Education.* Logic, Inductive and Deductive, by William Minto. (Scribners.) One of the University Extension Manuals. Professor Minto has attempted, in this manual, to put the study of logical formulæ on a historical basis, and to increase the power of logic as a practical discipline. In the latter regard, he has rendered his book especially valuable by taking illustrations of errors from familiar and yet far-reaching instances, and introduces thus a considerable body of highly instructive fact. Throughout the book one perceives the presence of a quickening spirit. — The Science of Education, by Johann Friedrich Herbart. (Heath.) The translation of this classic of pedagogy, published first in Germany in 1806, must prove of inestimable service to teachers, particularly to those — and they are many — who forever tend to shrink and harden into mere schoolmasters. It will enlarge their conception of the aim and scope of education, and put mere instruction in its right perspective. At the same time, it will give to the part the schoolmaster plays a new meaning and dignity. The new philosophy will pick a few flaws — the wonder will be how *very* few — in Herbart's ethics and psychology, and in his application of these sciences to education; but the enthusiasm and large-mindedness of the book before us must make it, for teachers, permanently inspiring. — Public Libraries in America, by William I. Fletcher. (Roberts.) To a reading man this little volume is truly fascinating, for it sets forth in excellent order the history, function, organization, and methods of public libraries; it shows what is to be expected; it illustrates buildings and librarians; and is throughout marked by precision, good judgment, and enthusiasm. To the young man or woman entering on the noble vocation of librarianship it is of great service, and a patriotic American may well take pride in the movement which it celebrates. — History of Modern Philosophy, by Richard Falckenberg. (Holt.) The translation before us, by Professor Armstrong of Wesleyan, is from the second edition (1892) of Professor Falckenberg's admirable work. It has the benefit, however, of additions and corrections sent on by the author, and of a practically new section on British and American philosophy by the translator. Thus we have here, for the period which the history covers, — the period from Nicolas of Cusa to the present time, — the latest, and, for its purposes, the best compendious account of modern philosophy. It will serve not only, of course, as a textbook, but for the general reader as well. — Elementary Composition and Rhetoric, by W. E. Mead. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston.) The most vital thing in this little book is Professor Mead's belief that students should be brought up to look upon composition not as a mere school exercise, but as something *real*. For this very reason, oddly enough, Professor Mead devotes a third of his book to stock subjects, model plans, and the like, instead of emphasizing the uselessness and the danger of doing anything but inducing a pupil to choose subjects out of his own experience, and to treat them in his own way. To such, however, as seem hopelessly blind to their own experience, this simple and generally sensible little book may be of some transient use. Otherwise it hardly makes good any reason for existence. — The Step-Ladder, a Collection of Prose and Poetry, designed for Use in Children's Classes in Elocution, and for Supplementary Reading in Public and Private

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Schools, by Margaret A. Klein. (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.) A better selection than one usually finds in books of this class, though it is not altogether easy to see the ground of the compiler's classification or the end to be attained.

*Essays and Reprints.* Ruminations, The Ideal American Lady, and Other Essays, by Paul Siegvolk. (Putnams.) There is an air of sobriety about these papers which takes one back to a school of staid American writers who followed Irving at a distance, Tuckerman being perhaps the best illustration of the class. The reflections are sensible, eminently respectable, and sometimes charged with solid wisdom, but the manner is not very enlivening, and the leisure which they suggest is a somewhat sleepy leisure. The topics touched on, or rather handled, are, Concerning Women, Touches of Nature, Every-Day Talk, Shreds of Character, Social Hints and Studies, Author and Artist, Concerning Life and Death. — In Maiden Meditation, by E. V. A. (McClurg.) The compiler and writer of this little book describes it as a "simple record of a woman's moods, caprices, tendernesses, dreams." Under the titles, After the Ball, After Dinner, After Church, After a Wedding, After One Summer, she embroiders upon her own personal reflection suggestions from her reading so deftly that it is not easy to say what is her own and what borrowed. The general effect is light and agreeable, and perhaps the secret is disclosed when she says: "Often when sewing or dressing, I have before me a book with marked passages or a newspaper clipping that I am conning again and again, or I am repeating some verse or sentiment that has struck my fancy. I believe that the most delightful and satisfactory education is gained in this way, little by little, until it is wrought in the memory, is a part of one's being, and seems but the echo of one's thought." But not every one can thus make bits of stuff form a graceful pattern. — Two more numbers of the Temple Shakespeare, Love's Labour's Lost and Much Ado About Nothing (Macmillan), continue the pleasure which this delightful little edition is giving readers of Shakespeare. We might almost say "readers" in distinction from "students," since the scheme of editing is such as to be most agreeable to those who wish to enjoy their Shakespeare intelligently.

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## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

**The Last of the Great Poets of France.**

At the burial of Leconte de Lisle in the Paris cemetery of Montparnasse, on Saturday, July 21 of this year, French letters seemed to be mourning the century's end. The poet had died four days before, in the house of Meyerbeer's niece, for whose gracefully feminine book (La Voie Douloureuse, signed "Jean Dornis") he had written his last words to the world of letters in a preface full of his fine Olympian disdain for the romance of realism. The names of those who walked in procession to do him a last honor, or who had heaped his funeral car with flowers, reached from the veteran poet and politician Auguste Vacquerie, who was of the household of Victor Hugo, and Judith Gautier, to the daintiest of the new generation, like Stephen Liégeard and Paul Hervieu. President Casimir-Perier trampled once more on the *protocole* which prescribes what the head of the French state shall and shall not do ceremonially, by sending his own special representative to this non-official funeral train. The Minister of Public Instruction (M. Leygues, who is also a "young" poet) came forward to make one of the customary discourses at the tomb, "in the name of the government." In a happy epigram he gave the dead man's place in French literature: "Scarcely known to his contemporaries, he dies immortal."

In the name of the French Academy, where eight years before Leconte de Lisle had taken the seat of Victor Hugo, his champion and friend, M. Gaston Boissier uttered the melancholy of a passing age: "Before its end, the century sees disappearing, one after the other, all those who made its glory. Shall they be worthily replaced? and what is in store for us in the

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century which is soon to begin? Who can say?"

Yet more pronounced in the same sense was the third brief panegyric, by M. de Heredia, the latest successful French poet, though not the youngest either in matter or in form: "France has lost the last of her great poets. None shall take up the sceptre which he received from the failing hands of Victor Hugo."

Perhaps only the Olympians become immortal in the after-life of literary fame. Certainly, nothing could have been more remote from the doings of the every-day world than the career of Leconte de Lisle. Born and reared in an island of the southern seas, there was no creole softness of human sympathy manifest in him. Once only has he confided something of himself to his hewn and chiseled cyclopean verse. It is, very briefly, that one whom he had seen passing down the mountain side in the sweet mornings of his own youth —

"Dans ta grâce naïve et ta rose jeunesse" —

now lies sleeping beneath the wild grass that grows along the arid sands by the sea, far away at La Réunion.

"Maintenant, dans le sable aride de nos grèves,
Sous les chiendents, au bruit des mers,
Tu reposes parmi les morts qui me sont chers,
O charme de mes premiers rêves!"

A lifetime in Paris had not destroyed this charm of early dreams that came in a land where no great city was, and few dwellers to break outwardly the solitude which resounded interiorly with the mighty echoes of Homer. Those who can appreciate, to their own satisfaction, the qualities of a poet only when they can label them diversely make out Leconte de Lisle at once a pessimist and a Buddhist. But remembering his enchanted youth and the rude independence of character he had inherited from his Breton ancestors, it is not necessary to seek for names before understanding the threefold quality of his work.

His youth was scarcely over when he was first confronted with the great world. Sainte-Beuve, to whom he had a favorable introduction, invited him to dine, and recite some of his verses before two of the literary celebrities of the day, now utterly forgotten. One of these, an old man forgetful of his cue, surprised the young poet, who had not yet published a line, by greeting him effusively, — "Happy to press the hand that has written such beautiful things!" In spite of his revolt at such manifest insincerity, Leconte de Lisle went through his part, and, with the dessert, recited his first, and, as time has proved, his most famous piece, "Midi, roi des étés épandu sur la plaine!"

The noonday splendor of such verse at least won the sincere admiration of the great critic, and Sainte-Beuve's Causerie of the next Monday was given over to the new poet. The praise passed unheeded by a generation that was everywhere drunk with the revolutionary wine of 1848.

"On what did you live, master," asked a disciple, when the poet, after many years of waiting, had become a *chef d'école*, "between your twentieth and fortieth year?"

"On privations and Greek roots," was the grim reply.

It should, perhaps, be noted that, in these later years of comparative fame, Leconte de Lisle could never hear without a quiver of revulsion that first piece, which even young ladies had now learned to recite as a compliment to his presence. The climax was reached when Alexandre Dumas *fils*, who had been appointed to receive him into the French Academy, found nothing better in his work wherewith to adorn the solemn discourse of reception.

From disappointment and grinding poverty, and a sad irony that often goes along with such timidity as made the poet almost fiercely haughty at first approach, came the pessimism which astonishes in so uneventful a life.

"Oui! le mal éternel est dans sa plénitude!
L'air du siècle est mauvais aux esprits ulcérés.
Salut, oubli du monde et de la multitude;
Reprends-nous, ô Nature, entre tes bras sacrés!"

This disposition, as his verse had but just recounted, arises in the spirit of the man who, "held by weariness, turns pensive back toward the forgotten days." And the Buddhism, if such it be, can spring only from the yet earlier days, when life and death and all things that do but seem were contemplated in the solitude and under the sun of the tropics, where the universal light makes the individual to pale and fade.

"Et toi, divine Mort, où tout rentre et s'efface,
Accueille tes enfants dans ton sein étoilé;
Affranchis-nous du temps, du nombre et de l'espace,
Et rends-nous le repos que la vie a troublé."

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But it must have been that early and almost exclusive reading of Homer which gave to Leconte de Lisle's verse its savagely classical character. He remitted never an iota in the strictest rules of French versification, and the resonant roll of his alexandrines would have pleased the severest classicist of them all. "Marmorean verse" was his own special praise of what he admired in Victor Hugo, whose romanticism was not carried into the form of his best lines. Leconte de Lisle could not endure the fantastic meddling of the younger school with French prosody. Yet his own language had an Oriental richness under all its Greek emphasis; and Theodore de Banville said truly that "he forged gold in his workshop."

Fortune and popular fame could never come to such a poet. But something better happened to him. A choice circle of disciples gathered round him in the seventies, and from them came the last renaissance of poetry in France. Three of them are already consecrated by the Academy, — François Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, and De Heredia. Catulle Mendès and Verlaine were of the number. There were yet others who were not poets, such as Anatole France, who, with Alexandre Dumas *père* and Leconte de Lisle, once perpetrated a — Dictionnaire de Cuisine! and two years ago refused, lovingly, to fight a duel with the fiery old poet. All these were *Parnassiens;* it is their master who has died.

The Old-Time Politician. — I suppose that when civil service reform has become established in its widest application, the old-time politician will be an extinct animal whose lineaments are preserved only in literature; and doubtless such a consummation is to be desired. The reformers tell us so, and all respectable people are, or pretend to be, reformers. Nevertheless, in the confidence of the Club, I venture to say that the old-time politician had his good points. It might even be contended, without manifest absurdity, that he is (or was) the last lingering exponent of Feudalism. The essential characteristic of Feudalism I take to be that, under it, the relation between one man and another was based partly on self-interest, partly on kindly feeling. There was protection on the one side, and there was dependence on the other, — the sense of responsibility and the sense of loyalty; so that between superior and inferior there was a give-and-take of mutual good will and advantage. Whereas, under our modern, democratic, competitive system, the only bond between man and man is that of pure self-interest, — the "cash *nexus*."

The old-time politician had his feudal superiors and his feudal inferiors: he looked up to and obeyed the former, he looked after and protected the latter. He was a genial, sociable fellow, and, above all things, sympathetic. Governor Andrew used to say, "I like folks;" and that was the characteristic of the typical politician. Of course he cultivated and exaggerated this feeling, and sometimes he was actually cold-hearted, his apparent sympathy being mere affectation. I was once introduced to an ex-governor of Massachusetts, a man who was, and still is, extremely popular. We met in a business office where some business was in progress, and I really think that he tumbled over half a dozen chairs before he got near enough to grasp my hand. He shook it warmly, and smiled an unctuous smile. Then I understood, as I never had done before, why he was so popular. This was one type of politician, but not the best nor even the most common type.

I remember another meeting with another politician, — no less a person than a Senator of the United States. With this man's career I had long been familiar. I had read his speeches and knew his history, and often I had wondered what might be the secret of his success, for he had shown no indication of strong intellect or of strong character. When I met him, the mystery was solved. He had in a very high degree that sympathetic quality of which I am speaking. There was a native kindliness, a fellow-feeling about him, which gave a certain charm to everything that he said or did, and carried with it a conviction of sincerity. No doubt he had fostered this quality, and perhaps he professed a little more than he felt; still, there was something there by nature, a genuine sympathy with and concern for his fellow-men. Such a quality is a very beautiful one, and it ought to be attractive. Probably it was this gift which made Franklin Pierce a President of the United States, and an intimate friend of Hawthorne. Historically considered, Franklin Pierce's personality

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seems very thin and shadowy; but the fact remains that he was esteemed and loved by Hawthorne, the most fastidious and the most discerning man of his time.

Under the old system, men who had this gift of sympathy and its accompaniment of tact were naturally drawn to politics, and they found there ample scope for the exercise of their gifts and talents. Nor was there any lack of scope in old-fashioned politics for the gift of command, of leadership. Mr. Roscoe Conkling, for example, and Mr. Dean Richmond before him, were political bosses, but these gentlemen were bosses in the grand style. They were great feudal lords, who scorned the arts of popularity, and ruled because they were born to rule.

"But what of it?" the conscientious reformer will ask. "Why should your genial, kindly man meddle with politics. Why should he bring his favoritism and his 'magnetism' into the matter of office-holding? And is n't it better that the offices should be filled by competitive examination rather than by Roscoe Conkling?" Yes, no doubt; but still there is something to be said in behalf of the old system. It gave to certain qualities their natural supremacy. If a man had the capacity to lead men and to manage them, he became a leader and a manager. And so, on the other hand, there was developed in his followers an instinct of loyalty. But who can be loyal to a person selected by a process of competitive examinations? Who can be loyal to a mere idea? Doubtless a few persons are capable of loyalty to an idea; but the great majority of us have not this capacity. The old-fashioned politician, the boss (I will not shrink from the word), had toward his dependents that mingled feeling of kindness and superiority which befits a born leader of men. There was a remark made some years ago by a politician (whose party had just come into power) which was much quoted at the time, and quoted with horror. He said, "We really ought to take the boys in, and give them a chance to warm their toes;" *videlicet*, let them have a share of the spoils. This was a wrong sentiment, but still it was a kindly, humorous sentiment; and the relation between such a boss and his followers is not, as the reformers think, a purely mercenary one.

The reformers, it must be confessed, are, as a rule, somewhat cold in temperament, a little thin in mind, a trifle deficient in sympathy; not quite so close to nature as might be wished. We all know the type. It is peculiarly a Boston type. The reformer is usually a man whose circumstances in life have been so fortunate that he was never obliged, even as a boy, to black his own boots. Now, it is very hard (I do not say impossible) for a person who has never blacked his own boots to have that wide, democratic sympathy with "the plain people" which is really almost as necessary in a successful reformer as it could be in a corruptionist.

I was talking, the other day, with a very eminent and acute reformer (not a Bostonian), — a man whose name is known all over the country; and he spoke of a certain politician as a murderer, pure and simple. That was all. But upon inquiry I found that the fellow was not a murderer, in the ordinary sense. He had indeed killed a man, but it was in the course of a *vendetta;* it was the slayer of his brother whom he had killed. This put a different face upon the matter; but the difference was ignored, it was not even perceived, by the reformer to whom I refer. To him the man was a murderer, and nothing more. Such want of discrimination comes from being too respectable, from taking a conventional, formal view of life, from overlooking some essential facts of human nature.

Perhaps — as indeed I have admitted — the old-time politician was a little too much the child of nature; but if the reformers could only appreciate his good as well as his bad points, reform might come more quickly and with less friction.

Songs with Variations. — Not being a noted scientific bird-lover, but just a common, ignorant, obscure bird-lover, it may be presumption to think that I can add anything to the sum of bird-lore already accumulated. Perhaps, too, what I have to tell is not new. Yet no one can be expected to read all that ever was written upon this rich subject, and I am able to say truthfully that I have still to meet with a mention of what has been my own little private, unaided discovery. Even among those friends of mine who watch the ways of wild songsters, I find nobody who has observed this particular fact; or, observing, has given it thought; or, giving it thought, has, as it seems to me, rightly interpreted it.

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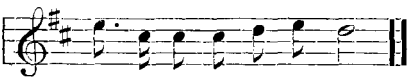
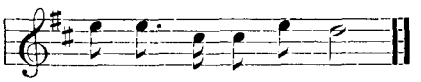
Not long ago I heard some one say, "The orioles don't sing as they used to." The tone bespoke a state of feeling such as Solomon certainly meant to reprehend when he wrote, "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" I, too, had noticed that the orioles were not singing as they used to sing year before last; and year before last I noticed a distinct variation in their songs from the previous year. The fullest phrase I ever heard from an oriole consisted of seven notes, thus: —



I took it down on paper right out of his mouth, and all the orioles I happened to hear for a long time after gave the same number and arrangement of notes, with the same rhythm, like a bugle-call. Then — very gradually it came about — I learned to listen for a variation in this perfect musical phrase. It was at the beginning of my interest in birds, and, being without assistance from people or books, it took me some years to recognize their songs by the tones, not by the themes. Thus I lost my orioles for a time, often thinking I was listening to some other bird. Then discovering that there were two kinds of oriole, I naturally explained the difference to myself by this fact. But the orchard oriole is by no means a common bird in our region, and now, as the result of watching the gay and gorgeous individual of the Baltimore class that builds year after year outside my window, I am convinced that these birds never give quite the same song for many consecutive seasons. For a number of years this outdoor neighbor of mine used to come with the following cheerful greeting, — cheerful, with a pretty slurring note of sentiment: —



I'm here, my love, I'm here.

For so did the mellow notes plainly seem to speak. I could not feel certain that he meant me, particularly when I spied his not too coy companion blazing about the larch-tree; yet I always answered him back, that he might know he was welcome. Here was substantially the same phrase, less one note, but the bold joyousness that I had come to associate with him was wanting. Gradually he docked his song yet more, so that for the last year or two it has been, "I 'm here, my love," or only the curt announcement, "I 'm here." And I will add that all his relatives in the town where I live have of late been similarly sparing in their remarks.

So much for a single class. But I have noticed the same thing in many other kinds of bird, — the song sparrow, for instance. The song sparrow has the most elaborate theme of any that may be called the simpler singers, as contrasted with the bobolink, the catbird, the mocking-bird.

This summer, a friend told me that she was "able to detect by their songs the *nine* different kinds of song sparrow." She was very triumphant over it, and it gave me pain to explain to her what, from my own observation, I believed to be the truth, namely, that there are almost as many different songs as there are song sparrows; moreover, that not only do individuals among them differ from one another in their arrangement of the three parts of their theme, or in the finish they bestow upon the separate parts, but the individual himself varies his notes from time to time, taking endless liberties with them according as the spirit moves him or his vocal powers permit. He may choose to stop short at the trill, though this is a rare occurrence; more often he begins with it, ending with the three sharp notes. Again, he practices the turn which at best is an uncertain phrase, singing it over by itself a number of times; quite discontented, it would seem, with its indeterminate character. Then, perhaps, he bursts out in a reckless, don't-care manner, as if snapping his claws at practice and perfection, jumbling his notes together like a music-box suddenly gone mad. It is a mistake to think that all the birds of a kind are equally gifted with all their fellows, as if they were little mechanical toys struck off by the gross, and warranted to produce precisely the same song. Why should it be so? Men differ in this respect; so do various domestic animals, — all of them, for aught I know. Two black-and-tan terriers living next door to each other have distinctive barks; the one can boast of a far wider compass than his friend, — I mean

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his enemy, — as well as of a more hideously exasperating quality in the tones.

I have the honor of acquaintance with a cat of high lineage. He is outwardly magnificent, and inwardly all that a cat should be, — the beau-ideal of cathood. But he has an inchoate mew. It is his one limitation, and one with which his owners do not quarrel. Cocks are notably many-voiced, and I doubt not that close observation would disclose fine characteristic shadings in the voices of those familiar creatures that respectively squawk, cluck, neigh, bray, and moo.

So, when we reflect that, next to man, the singing bird is, in the matter of vocal gifts, the most highly endowed of beings, it is hardly remarkable — except for the reason that people do not generally remark it — that he should have also the gift of varying expression.

Lately, I was obliged to stand up for the English sparrow's powers of vocalization. (I have undergone much contumely in his defense on the score of morals.) Three intelligent, well-bred people sat in a row and simultaneously laughed me to scorn because I asserted that this *canaille*, at certain times of the year, has a very sweet and winning voice. (Methought I heard some one snicker just now.)

Robins' voices vary widely. There be virago robins that shriek; nervous robins that jerk out their tones; lymphatic, conscientious robins that vocalize perfunctorily, giving never a note more or less, nor a compromising intonation. Then there are the rich-natured robins, whose capacity for joy and affection is expressed in the softest, richest, fullest sounds, in songs suggesting much more than mere unaccompanied melody, so sweet that the harmonies of each tone seem to be audible.

Does it sound fanciful to speak so of birds? I have long thought that the voice, above all other physical manifestations, is the *person;* I have learned to go by it largely in the interpretation of character. Few, perhaps, will grant me much in the way of bird personality. For my own part, I am willing to accept a psychology for pigs; I question whether every common porker can be made proficient in whist. I will swear that I have discovered "odds" in mosquitoes; there are *gourmets* and gormandizers among them, while in their "operatics" a sensitive ear may find scope for a wide exercise of taste. (I like the screamers, because they are the easiest caught.)

Wood thrushes make known their minute personalities by the differing musicalness that is in their throats. Sometimes they utter only the harsh click of the cicada, or squeak like the hinges of a little gate that needs oiling. I cannot be made to believe that a wood thrush with such a voice has the same soul-traits as that last wood thrush I heard. I did not see him, — one hardly ever sees him; I could not tell whether he was far or near. He seemed to be far, very far, yet his song was near: it filled all the wood, not with its loudness, but with its penetrativeness. It gave me a deliciously superstitious feeling, a mythological thrill, a strange sense of extreme ancientness; I was no analytic, investigating modern, but a simple, savage being with a rudimentary soul. I stood amid deep forests of the *Ur-Welt*, and heard tales of a vast past and a vaster future in the magic strains of this "Prophet Bird."

Over-Refined Pronunciation.

— In the September number of the Contributors' Club, in the article Impressions of the Theatre, a writer says: "Her enunciation, whether she spoke or sang, was perfect, — clear and well defined. When she came to the word 'maiden,' for example, the two syllables 'mai-den' must have dropped like pearls in the remotest corner of the upper gallery. In fact, her whole performance showed long and careful training," etc.

Of course, enunciation is not pronunciation, but does not the writer of the words quoted imply that "mai-den" is a good pronunciation of "maiden"? As a matter of fact, however, is not such a pronunciation as objectionable as "hea-ven" for "hev-vn," "e-vil" for "e-vl," "dĕ-vil" for "dev-vl"?

Is not over-refined pronunciation more objectionable than careless pronunciation? We all know persons who say "a-gāin" with frightfully exact inaccuracy. "Citizen" is another word that suffers in a similar way, and there are those who make a religion of "at all." Cannot some new and ingenious form of torture be invented as a punishment for those ignorantly exact cacoepists who inflict such sufferings on their fellow-beings?

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An Organ Interlude. — I could never tell how it happened, — whether because our engineers had lost their way, as had been alleged of the great Pathfinder when he essayed these same regions, or whether our negro guide had fallen asleep in the hot sun, and so been left behind, — but we were lost. The battlefield of Piedmont lay behind us, the Natural Bridge was on our left, and Staunton, our objective point, was — where?

After wandering hopelessly for some time, it became apparent to those whose sense of locality was an instinct that we were drifting aimlessly, after the usual device of the lost, in a series of circles, and our bewilderment was at its height when up rode a staff officer, galloping furiously, while flecks of foam upon his new uniform, and moisture dripping even from his sabre, attested the anxious eagerness of his errand. With a few hurried words reinforced by appropriate objurgation, this officer pointed out the right way, which having indicated, he disappeared in a whirlwind of dust which seemed to emit sparks — as the soldiers said — of profanity.

Now came a struggle. We were told to hasten for our lives, take any step we liked, carry our arms any way we chose, and proceed to Staunton across lots, as it were, since there were those upon our track who might make delay dangerous. The heat was terrible. It was the first time in my recollection when battle had brought no rain to temper the fever wrought by the elemental disturbances. The leaves of the forest drooped languidly in the breathless air. The little birds sat with open mouths, panting from exhaustion, and wholly undisturbed by the clatter of hurrying hosts. The few wild four-footed creatures that we passed were so oppressed by the heat as to make no attempt to escape, and indeed some of our men actually caught a beautiful little baby fawn, which, overcome by noon, had fallen asleep under an azalea bush. Emerging into the clearings, we noticed the same evidences of overpowering caloric: the cows would stand knee-deep in some stagnant pool and let the flies do their worst; horses and mules fared scarcely better, and were less patient under the affliction. Of course the suffering on the part of our warmly clad and heavily armed men was extreme, and every few minutes some poor fellow would fall forward on his face, sunstruck. The medical officers and their attendants were kept busy pouring water upon the prostrate forms of the fallen, — pouring it from a height as great as was attainable, sometimes standing up on their saddles for this purpose. Such, at the time whereof I write, was the approved method of treating *coup de soleil.*

Fortunately, Staunton was not very far away, and having eluded our crafty enemies by what was called "leg strategy," we soon had the happiness of marching into the captured town, where already "the marshal held the market-place." General Crook was there with fifteen loyal Virginia regiments, while, riding about in proud possession of roadway and sidewalk, could be seen the cavalry of Averill, with clanking sabres, jingling spurs, and patriotic sentiments.

Some sixty or more of our own men, who had fallen by the way from sunstroke, were now removed to a temporary hospital which had been improvised in the principal church of the town. Here already a goodly number of those who had been wounded in the battle of the day before were ensconced on some extemporized couches, in tranquil enjoyment of the light breeze that floated in through the pointed ecclesiastical windows.

The colors were about equally divided. The rebel wounded, cared for by our medical officers, were mingled indiscriminately with our own men; the various party-colored uniforms of gray and butternut-brown making, with the blue and the red and yellow facings of our cavalry and artillery uniforms, a curiously variegated tartan as viewed from the organ-loft above by a Scotch surgeon whose work it was to oversee the preparing of supplies.

The communion between victor and vanquished was friendly in the extreme, as was usually the case among the actual participants on the field; the hating being done mostly by politicians and other non-combatants who had more time for the indulgence of profitless rage and insidious distinctions.

The matter of supplies being arranged, it was not long before the hungry rebels were regaled with unwonted coffee and almost unassuageable hard-tack, luxuries whereof they had long forgotten the taste. Sisters of Mercy were to be seen, moving with noiseless tread, administering cooling drink, sponging the faces of the fever-

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stricken, and covering up the features of those who, after life's fitful fever, were sleeping well. A goodly number of Confederate officers in full uniform were chatting freely and comparing experiences with officers of our own army, not a few of whom discovered in the opponents of the day before classmates of auld lang syne at West Point, or comrades of Mexico or the plains; our army, in ante-war days, having been so small that all officers were known to one another. Then there would appear at the church door, from time to time, deputations of ladies from the town or vicinity to inquire for such of their kin as were being cared for under that hospitable roof: the calm, sad face of the Southern mother, realizing at last the bitterness of civil war, and now intent on such amelioration as might reach her son within those walls; the indignant Southern belle, whose unreasoning scorn we deplored, but could not help admiring. Occasionally there would appear negroes bringing fruit, milk, or wine, with the touching loyalty of old trusted house servants. One or two clergymen there were, and a Catholic priest, who added to sacerdotal functions the gentle mission of bringing letters, messages, etc. Beside these gentlemen and a stray hospital official, males there were none in the town, as every hand that could grasp a musket had long before been impressed for the cause.

The reaction which follows the excitement of a great battle usually finds expression in the writing of a multitude of letters, and now, throughout this large, cool church-hospital, could be seen men, in every attitude betokening weariness or languor, engaged in writing home. These letters might never reach their destination, for we were far within the enemy's lines, but it was a relief to the surcharged masculine heart to write, and at least try to convey the news that the writer was still in the land of the living, even though sorely hurt.

Gradually, as the day wore down, the fragrance of many flowers began to fill the church; for the Virginia ladies were not content with sending meat and wine to such of their friends as lay suffering there, but supplemented those gifts with large offerings of flowers, of royal hue and almost tropical luxuriance, such as the generous Southern climate loves to foster. They were sent to the rebels, but were equally enjoyed by all present, because community of goods was one of the necessary conditions of the place. The perfume of roses could not help dividing itself among friend and foe, even had our gallant adversaries desired otherwise, which I am sure they did not. Before the red Virginia sun had set on that hot June day, almost every water-pitcher was filled with June roses, every table was covered with them, while yet more flowers were sprinkled profusely on pillow and counterpane; and indeed it needed the piled accoutrements, the stacked muskets, with other paraphernalia of a military hospital, to enable the beholder to realize the fact of war, although the victims of the struggle, to the number of many hundreds, were there, breathing the flower-scented air, and watching the setting sun through the open windows of the church.

Suddenly there was a sound from the large organ of the church. Some unknown experimenter was trying his hand at the bellows, — a 'prentice hand it seemed, from the bustling and creaking that he made, — and I was a little surprised when I discovered that the "artist," as the boys dubbed him, was a Confederate officer in full cavalry uniform, pumping till he grew red in the face, while, seated at the keyboard, was the Scotch surgeon whose roving eyes had made tartan of the variegated hues in the motley array below. Now he was intent on what Tyndall, quoting from Helmholtz, calls "sound-tint." First came experimental chords, with a few tentative stops, to gauge the mettle and volume of the sonorous monster, which proved to be one of the best organs in the South, — one of those sweet-toned, old-fashioned, wooden-piped instruments like that whose melody has for half a century gone to the hearts of Sabbath worshipers in St. Paul's, New York. Soon the scheme expanded; chords modulated into fragments of chant, of symphony, and finally settled down into a military march, to the manifest delight of the listening men below. One by one, all the stops which represented the different instruments of a full military band were brought into requisition, until the walls of the building began to vibrate with these deep-toned volumes of sound, and the faintest of the wounded strove to beat time to the swaying rhythm. It is needless to say that the music thus evoked was all intended for

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Federal inspiration. Gradually the music from the vast organ grew more patriotic, more significantly suggestive. At last, when the great crash of the first few bars of the Star Spangled Banner shook the church, the meaning of the musician had become so clear that, as with one voice, Federal and Confederate, officer and soldier, wounded and dying, joined in the chorus, and sang, so far as I could judge, every man of them, to the end. Then each looked at the other, mute with the surprise of men whose hearts have been taken by storm.

The bitterness and cruelty, the ferocity of civil strife as compared with that which is international, are obvious enough, but in the former there is some compensation in the greater facilities afforded for the restoration of peace after the cessation of active hostilities. A common language; in the main a common faith, political and religious; and above all, such association of ideas as must exist among combatants who have been comrades in previous wars, would seem to conduce to the reëstablishment of good feeling when the *casus belli* shall have been removed.

The Star Spangled Banner is not a patriotic anthem of enthralling interest. The music is from an old English glee; and as to the words, the American does not live who can remember all of them. But on this occasion the song represented so much that was common to us all that when the defeated rebels found themselves singing it, they almost wondered that they ever could have rebelled. There were at this time, upon the political and military horizon, many gleams of the coming arch of peace, many evidences that the South was tired of the war, and that the North never loved it; and I think it may safely be assumed that one of the harbingers of the peace so soon to follow might have been detected in the sound of the organ at Staunton, and in the voices caught singing in unison with it.

Dona Ferentes. — We are told by Emerson that gifts should be representative of the giver. The florist should send his flowers, the gardener his fruits, the poet his poem, and the young girl her needlework, as, severally, the most befitting offerings. Each should bestow himself with his gift. From an economic point of view this system is an admirable one. Surely, a birthday gift of the sort thus indicated might suitably typify the "unbought grace of life." But suppose the estimable qualities which the would-be giver possesses prove not transferable? Is there any reason why a poet, who dearly loves a friend with no taste for verse, should refrain from sending that friend something the latter wants, rather than a poem which he does not want? Is there any reason why the dainty maiden, whose needlework is askew and stammers, as it were, should insist upon doing badly, for love's sake, that which another can do flawlessly, and which she can procure for a little money? Is there any reason why, because a man is a painter, he must needs send a picture to a blind friend, when something more available, though less representative of the giver, is at his command?

The essayist whose injunction furnishes my theme has so well covered whatever ground he has touched that to allude to topics consecrated by his pen savors of hardihood. Yet his insistent discrimination on this head seems to me of very doubtful utility. Gifts, one might say, should be representative not so much of the giver as of the receiver, who is to use them: to the *bon vivant*, a bottle of old Madeira; to the poet, a ream of such stationery as his Muse doth most affect; to the statesman, a handsomely engrossed copy of the Constitution; to the clergyman — but here humanity gives pause, for is not the largest room in the parsonage crammed with Bibles presented by blind good will? As in mixed company we adapt our conversation to the capacity, even to the professional comprehension, of those we meet, so should a like appreciation of the "fitness of things" accompany our acts of bestowal. Most serviceable, perhaps, are those gifts which cover a multitude of feelings and emotional occasions, which, by their very uselessness, or rather their purely ornamental efficacy, seem to sum up what is most needful in the giving of gifts, — some proof of the love of the giver, some evidence that the friend is remembered, some desire to afford pleasure, and through that pleasure to be remembered by the recipient. Such universal solvent of the question, What to give? has been reached by the world at large, which, waiving Mr. Emerson's doctrine of individualism in giving, merely sends flowers!

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